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Ambroise Paré and His Times, 1510-1590

Stephen Paget

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WITHDRAWN

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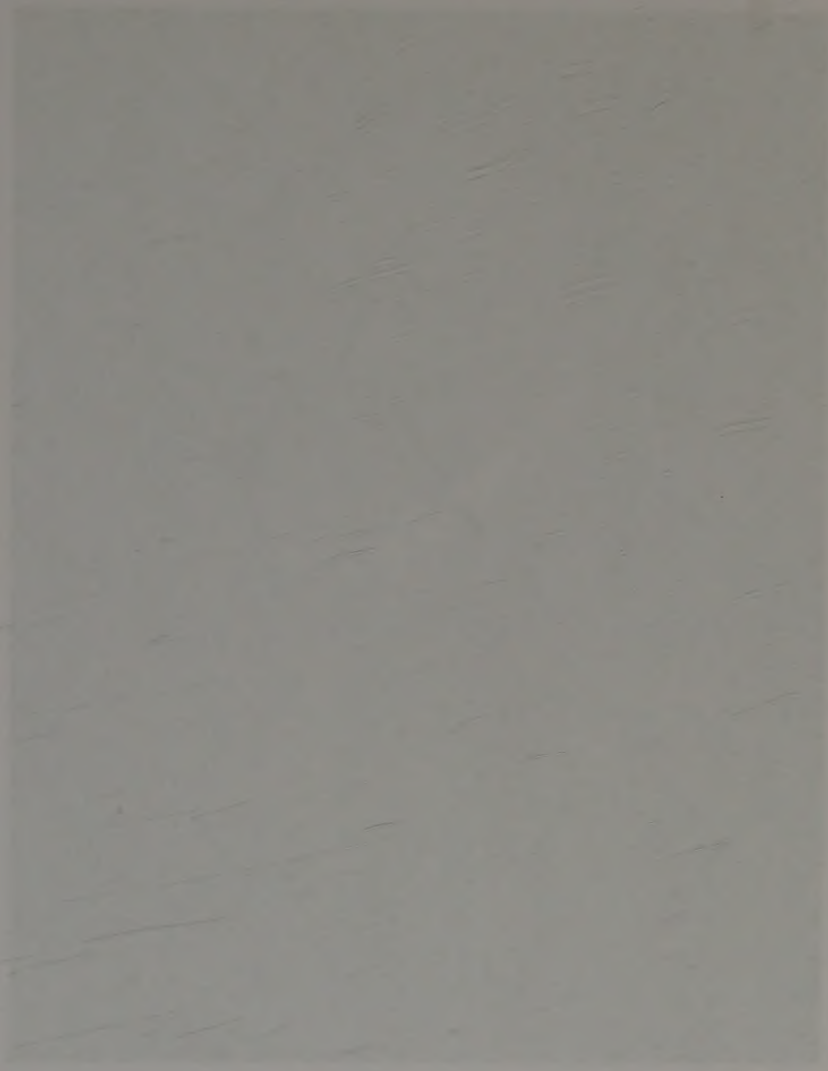

MBROISE PAINE

BY

STEPHEN [illegible]

AMBROISE PARÉ

AND HIS TIMES

1510-1590

BY

STEPHEN PAGET

"Doncques je vous prie humblement prendre en gré ce petit labeur: lequel si je cognois vous estre agreable, m' esforceray faire autre chose, selon que mon petit esprit pourra comprendre."—A. P.

ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK & LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1899

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THE BEQUEST OF
THEODORE JEWETT EASTMAN
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To

SIR THOMAS SMITH

SURGEON EXTRAORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SENIOR SURGEON TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

I Dedicate in Gratitude
This Story of the Life of Another
Great Surgeon

PREFACE.

EVEN though a book goes over old ground, it may yet be welcome ; and Ambroise Paré's life was so full of good works, adventure, and romance, that it ought to be known and honoured in other countries besides France. Therefore I have put these notes together, conveying into them the facts that have been established by Malgaigne, Le Paulmier, and other authors. We seldom hear his name in England : save that it is sometimes said he invented the ligature of arteries, which he did not; or he is mentioned in a First of October address to medical students; as was the fate of Hannibal in Juvenal's time—" Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias." Such an address, perfect of its kind, given in 1889 by Mr. Godlee at University College Hospital, set me to work on this present venture.

To Malgaigne, who edited Paré's works in 1840, and to MM. Le Paulmier, Bégin, and Turner we owe our knowledge of the details of his life. Dr.

Le Paulmier, himself descended from that Julien Le Paulmier who had a controversy with Paré about gunshot wounds, has published a whole host of valuable documents; parish registers, law reports, transfers of property, minutes of meetings, lists of the Royal household, and the like. From these, and from his own writings, we may almost know Ambroise Paré as if he were living now.

By help of text-books of history, and the memoirs of Pierre de L'Estoile, I have made a sort of background of the times in which his fourscore years were spent. I had intended to set the *Journeys in Diverse Places* at the beginning of this book, making the rest of it a commentary upon them; but it seemed better, after all, to give them their proper place in the story of his life. Yet they, of course, are the one thing here to be read again and again.

Mr. Pater's *Gaston de Latour* contains many exquisite pictures of France and of Paris, as Ambroise Paré saw his country. But Gaston himself, while he recalls Ambroise's patient, the Marquis D'Auret, is no more like Paré than my sentences are like the beauty of Mr. Pater's work.

By the kindness of Dr. Le Paulmier, I am allowed to reproduce the portrait and the autograph signature from his delightful book. The portrait, in the possession of Mme. La Marquise Le Charron,

LE TOUR DU TEMPLE.

CONSTRUCTED IN 1200; DESTROYED IN 1811.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

a descendant of one of Paré's daughters, was painted when he was sixty-five: the signature was written on a receipt for some money, a year later. The other illustrations are from Paré's books, from old prints in the British Museum, and from M. Martial's *Ancien Paris*. I hope that Mr. G. H. Putnam is right in his generous belief that what I have written is worthy of so many pictures.

London, 1897.

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Reproduced, with the permission of the author, from Dr. Le Paulmier's "Life of Paré."

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Constructed in 1300; destroyed in 1811.

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LE BOULEVART DU TEMPLE EN 1630.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

AMBROISE PARÉ

INTRODUCTION.

"Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves—
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves—
See! on the cumber'd plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MALGAIGNE, in his long and learned introduction to the works of Ambroise Paré, has said that the way was cleared for his coming, and all Europe seemed waiting and watching for him. But a man like Paré is welcome whenever he comes; nor are we here concerned with the history of surgery before he put his hand to it. From the time of Celsus, it was for the most part a history of decline and fall: the Arabian schools had set tradition and authority above observation and experiment; and so

long as the Church forbade the shedding of blood to the physicians, surgery was kept at the level of a low unorganised trade. Those who did great things in the Middle Ages for the practice of surgery may be counted on one hand: Constantine of Salerno, Guillaume de Salicetis, Lanfranc, Guy de Chauliac; and perhaps, for England, John of Gaddesden and John Ardern. And Guy de Chauliac—whose writings were expounded to Paré during his apprenticeship—was a man after Paré's own heart:—

"Let the surgeon be well educated, skilful, ready, and courteous. Let him be bold in those things that are safe, fearful in those that are dangerous; avoiding all evil methods and practices. Let him be tender with the sick, honourable to men of his profession, wise in his predictions; chaste, sober, pitiful, merciful; not covetous or extortionate; but rather let him take his wages in moderation, according to his work, and the wealth of his patient, and the issue of the disease, and his own worth." *

The service that these few great men did for surgery was twofold: they made a stand against the Arabian school, against Averroës and Avicenna, and they mostly wrote or translated in their mother-tongue, endeavouring to return past tradition to the pure teaching of Hippocrates. Malgaigne has been

* From the *Grande Chirurgie* of Guy de Chauliac, written in 1363, when he was physician to Pope Urban V. at Avignon.

careful to show how their work, long after they were dead, was brought to life again by the invention of printing, the discovery of the New World, and the return of the Renaissance to Greek art and manuscripts:—

"The hunt for Greek manuscripts was started on behalf of literature and theology: afterward came the turn of the sciences. A copy of Celsus was found in 1443 at Milan; Paulus Ægineta also was discovered about the same time; finally, several Greek manuscripts of Hippocrates and of Galen were unearthed. Men could now set the writings themselves against the translations and commentaries of the Arabians: Aristotle against Averroës, Galen against Avicenna. The commentator was often far gone from the sense and spirit of the original, and a choice must be made between them; and since the only ruling philosophy was still faith in authority, the oldest authority was judged to be the best: men left the Arabian standard and rallied round Hippocrates and Galen. This might seem only a change of masters, but it was not to be done without revolt. Soon they began to mistrust even their new masters: Aristotle did not always agree with Plato, nor Galen always with himself."

The great iconoclast was still to come: and this was Paracelsus. Born in 1493, more than a century after the death of Guy de Chauliac, and neither courteous, pitiful, nor sober, he yet had the strength for the work that must be done. He is the very

incarnation of the spirit of free thought in medicine, the man above all others who broke the Arabian schools, and struck at the solemn rubbish taught at the Universities. He had the courage to begin his lectures at Basel (1526) by lighting some sulphur in a brasier, and casting into it the books of Galen, Averroës, and Avicenna. "Sic vos ardebitis in Gehennâ" was his judgment on them; and he went on with his lecture part in Latin part in German. This was six years after Luther had burned the Pope's Bull, and the volumes of the canon law, at Wittenberg; and four years after his translation of the Bible. The same spirit moved two men so unlike: and it would be pleasant to write an essay on the hundred best books that have been burned.

When Paracelsus began lecturing, Ambroise Paré was sixteen years old. He was not much concerned at any time of his life with art, or literature, or logic, or philosophy. He was fond of animals, and had something of an ear for music, and a taste for poetry; but he learned no Greek or Latin in his boyhood, was not a student at any University, and cared for no country in the world save France. He thought for himself in surgery, but was no rebel against authority like that fallen angel Paracelsus: nor is there anything to show that he ever used his influence at the Court to help or hinder a political in-

trigue. Yet that his life may stand in proper relief, here must be noted some of the great changes that were at work on the nations while he lived.

In the year of his birth, 1510, Louis XII. was King of France, Maximilian was Emperor, Henry VIII. was King of England. During his life, the crown of France passed from Louis XII. to François I., then to Henri II., then to his three sons in succession, François II., Charles IX., and Henri III., and then to Henri IV. In England, Edward VI. succeeded to his father's throne, then Mary, then Elizabeth. The Empire passed from Maximilian to Charles V., and afterward to Philip of Spain. If we would measure Paré's life by English history, he was born three years before the battle of Flodden Field, and died a year and four months after the destruction of the Armada. When Luther burned the Pope's Bull, and Raphael died at Rome, and the Kings of France and England met on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Ambroise was a boy ten years old. At the death of Bayard, fourteen ; at the fall of Wolsey, twenty. When Calais was taken from England he was forty-eight; and following the fortunes of war, he served against the English in Brittany in 1543, at Boulogne in 1545, and at Havre in 1563:—perhaps the only army surgeon who has twice seen discretion outweigh valour with English soldiers.

But the fighting between France and England was nothing to him in comparison with the wars against Germany, Italy, and Spain. Other nations were involved in them—Switzerland and the Netherlands; the King of Catholic France made secret advances in 1535 toward the German Protestants, and openly allied himself in 1543 with the Sultan Suleiman; the favour of the Pope was now to the one side, now to the other; Italy was invaded again and again. From 1537 to 1558, the one great enemy against whom he served was the Emperor Charles V., or at the last his son, Philip of Spain, with their German and Spanish armies, and their Italian and English auxiliary forces; then, at the siege of Rouen in 1562, he first saw civil war, his country divided against herself, Catholic against Huguenot.

Before he died, the wheel had come full circle. From Louis XII. to Henri IV., from the battle of Spurs to the battle of Ivry, from Flodden Field to the Armada—whichever way his fourscore years are measured, they were long enough for a whole cycle of changes; and the great events through which he lived mark alike the length of his days, and the opportune moment of his death. As he grew older, the times got worse. All his life he had been in the midst of wars; but at first France was fighting a foreign enemy, Germany, Spain, or England; later,

came civil war, the wars of religion, and the massacres of the Huguenots; finally, the long death-struggle between Henri III. and the Guises, and the siege of Paris by Henri IV. All his life he had been under a despotism; but the Kings moved on a downward grade, with the influence of the Queen-Mother heavy on all three of her sons. All his life, he had a great love of the poor; but their misery reached its zenith in 1590, when during the siege they died, thousands of them, from starvation.

If Ambroise Paré had come to his end three years sooner than he did, he would have gone without hope for France. Between 1587 and 1590, the whole scene changed. In March, 1587, came the news of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots; in August, 1588, the Armada was destroyed; in December of the same year came the murder of the Guises. In January, 1589, the Queen-Mother died; in August the King was assassinated. The battle of Ivry was fought on March 14, 1590, and Paris was besieged by Henri IV. that same summer. And then, at the last, only four months before his death, in the eightieth year of his life, we read in the memoirs of Pierre de L'Estoile the exquisite story how Paré spoke his mind to the great Archbishop of Lyon, the chief leader of the League, the sworn enemy of the Huguenots. The two men met just

outside Paré's house; and at the sight of him, Paré broke down, not with rage, but with the misery of standing in his old age among the dead and dying, face to face with a priest who was furious against peace:—

"I remember about eight or ten days at most before the siege was raised, Monseigneur the Archbishop, going over the end of the Pont Saint Michel, when he found his way blocked by a crowd of those who were dying of hunger, they cried out to him begging for bread or else for death; he not knowing what to say to them, Master Ambroise Paré meets him, and says to him in a loud voice, 'Monseigneur, this poor people that you see here round you are dying of the cruel pains of famine, and they ask pity of you. For God's sake, Monsieur, have pity on them, if you want God to have pity on you; think a little of the high place to which God has called you, and how the cry of these poor men and women goes up to Heaven, and is a warning sent you by God, to remind you of the duties of your office, for which you have to answer to Him. Therefore, by that office and by the power that we all know you have, bring about peace for us, and give us a way of living, for the poor can no longer help themselves. Do you not see that all Paris is dying, because of the villains who wish to prevent peace, which is the special work of God? Set your whole strength against them, Monsieur; take in hand the cause of this poor afflicted people, and God will bless you and repay you.' Monseigneur the Archbishop said nothing, or next to nothing; only he was patient to hear him out and not interrupt him, which was not his

usual way; and he said afterward the good man had fairly astonished him; and again, this was not the sort of politics he was wont to hear talked; and Master Paré had waked him up, and made him think of many things."

The siege was raised on the 29th of August: Ambroise Paré died before the end of the year:—

"On Thursday, December the twentieth, the eve of Saint Thomas, at Paris in his own house, died Master Ambroise Paré, the King's surgeon, eighty years old, a learned man, and the chief of all surgeons; who, even against the times, all his life talked and spoke openly for peace and for the people; which made him as much beloved by the good as he was begrudged and hated by the wicked."

He lived into the beginning of better things for France. It was a long life, from Louis XII. to Henri IV., from Maximilian to Philip of Spain, from Henry VIII. to Elizabeth. Among his co-temporaries* were Ignatius Loyola and Saint Theresa, Luther and Erasmus, Calvin and Knox, Shakespeare and Rabelais, Raphael and Titian, Paracelsus, Servetus, Sylvius, and Vesalius. He

* Bernard Palissy, the potter, was born the same year as Ambroise; and the two old men were together in Paris so late as 1589, Paré in his home, Palissy in the Bastille. In Lent, 1575, Bernard Palissy gave three lectures in Paris, "On Springs, Stones, Metals, and Other Natures." (There is something in the title of these lectures that suggests a likeness between Palissy and Mr. Ruskin.) The price of admission was a crown; and Paré's name is on the subscribers' list.

followed the wars, off and on, for thirty-two years; he practised in Paris for more than half a century, and was surgeon to four kings; and even against the times he kept his hands clean, and his heart full of sympathy. He has been called the John Baptist of surgery, in the sense that he prepared the way for surgeons after him; but it would be hard to find a worse mistake than this. He never dreamed of modern surgery; he made no final change in the principles of his art, he only cared to practise it. Yet he has a right to the name; for he stood for the truth at the court of more than one Herod, and ever looked to see the deliverance of his country.

I.

BOYHOOD AND EARLY LIFE.

1510–1541.

"Between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born."
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMBROISE PARÉ was born in the little village of Bourg-Hersent, close to Laval, in Maine; the village has now become part of Laval. The year of his birth has been much disputed, and many different dates have been given for it; but nothing has been brought forward to set aside L'Estoile's evidence in favour of the year 1510. His father, according to one account, was "coffretier," a maker of wooden chests; according to another, he was valet-de-chambre and barber to the Seigneur de Laval. Ambroise had a sister, Catherine, who married Gaspard Martin, a master barber-surgeon of Paris: a brother, Jehan, who was a master barber-surgeon in practice at Vitré in Brittany; and another, also

called Jehan, who followed the father's trade, and was a chest-maker in Paris.

Of Gaspard Martin, we know that he became Ambroise's patient, and died after amputation of the leg, with the new method of ligature. Long afterward, only five years before Paré died, a pamphlet was published against him, by one Compérat, of Carcasonne, recalling the death of his brother-in-law under his hands.

The brother at Vitré is twice quoted by Ambroise, for his skill in detecting the sham diseases of professional beggars. His wife's name was Charlotte David; and he had a son, Bertrand, of whom we shall hear again. He died some time before 1549.

The brother in Paris lived in the Rue de La Huchette. He married Marie Périer, and after her death Marie de Neufville. There is reason to believe his business did not prosper. He died before 1560, leaving a daughter of his second wife. Her name was Jehanne, and of her, too, we shall hear more.

Of the boyhood of Ambroise Paré at Bourg-Hersent there are told two or three stories, which have no great authority. It is said he went to the village school; afterward his father put him to learn Latin with one M. d'Orsoy, chaplain in the house of a great gentleman near the village. The

PONT NEUF.

FROM MARTIAL'S "ANCIEN PARIS."

chaplain, being ill-paid for this service, set him to weed the garden and look after the mule. Then Laurence Colot came down from Paris to perform an operation on one of the chaplain's friends; Ambroise assisted him, and was fired to try his fortune in Paris. What we know for certain is that he never learned Greek or Latin, and that he was at Angers when he was fifteen years old:—

"I desire not to arrogate to myself that I have read Galen either in Greek or in Latin; for it did not please God to be so gracious to my youth that it should be instructed either in the one tongue or in the other." (1550).

"Anno Domini, 1525, when I was at Angers, I remember a rogue had cut off the arm of a hanged man, still foul and tainted, which he had attached to his doublet, fixing it with a fork against his side, and hid his own arm behind his back, under his cloak, that all might think the hanged man's arm was his own; and he kept begging alms at the door of the Temple,* for Saint Anthony's sake. One Good Friday, everyone was giving him alms, seeing the rotten limb, thinking he spoke truth. The rogue having little by little loosed the arm, at last it came away, and fell to the ground; and he going quick to pick it up, was seen by the people to have two good arms, beside that of the hanged man. Then he was taken and ordered to be whipped, by decision of the

* The Temple here is the chapel of the Huguenots; and this chance familiar reference to it has been taken as evidence that Ambroise was brought up as a Huguenot.

magistrate, with the rotten arm hanged round his neck, in front of his stomach : and banished for ever out of the country." (Book xix., ch. 21.)

Since his brother was in the profession, and his sister had married into it, Ambroise set himself to surgery. Where he served his apprenticeship, who was the master barber-surgeon who taught him, he does not say. There is a tradition that it was a barber-surgeon of Laval, named Vialot; or he may have gone to his brother at Vitré, or to someone at Angers; and it is possible that he served part at least of his apprenticeship in Paris. By 1533, he was at Paris: but the year of his going there is not known. Long after his death, there was published * in Paris a skit on the treatment of these apprentices by their masters: it throws back some light over these lean years of Paré's life:—

"The cock has scarce done crowing, when the apprentice must rise to sweep and throw open the shop, lest he lose the least payment that the tricks of the trade may bring him—some early beard to be shaved. From this time on to two o'clock, there are fifty customers; he must comb the wigs, hang about the parlour or the staircase selling his stock, put folks' hair in curl papers, cut it, or singe it. Toward evening, if the young man wishes to improve his mind, he will take a book; but the dul-

* *Le chirurgien médecin, ou Lettre au sujet des chirurgiens qui exercent la médecine.* Paris, 1726. Quoted by Malgaigne.

ness and weariness of learning, which come of his not being used to it, soon bring him a sound sleep, with interruptions from the doorbell, warning him some rustic wants his hair cut. Never did anyone ask so much of a servant, never in *The Islands* did a white man seek so greedily to get profit out of a black one, as a master barber-surgeon tries to make gain out of the bread and water he gives his apprentices. If it is not their afternoon out, he will not let them leave the shop, not even to go to Lecture, for fear of losing the worth of some beard which perhaps will not come after all. That is why the professors, out of kindness, give their Lectures to these unhappy young men at four o'clock in the morning."

These lectures, given in Paris and other University towns to the apprentices of the surgeons and barber-surgeons, were not such as to stand the test of being delivered at four in the morning. There is a good account of them in Malgaigne. They were of course given by physicians, or by University professors, not by surgeons; "probably the lecturer limited himself to expounding those portions of Guy de Chauliac which treated of wounds, tumours, and ulcers, adding a few general remarks on fractures and dislocations." The honour of the University forbade the professor to speak French, and the apprentices did not understand Latin. At Montpellier, a compromise was made: the professor read out his authority in Latin, and then commented on him in a mixed eloquence

half Latin, half French. We have the lectures given at Lyon by Jehan Falcon in 1520, and published by his widow in 1559. He begins with a careful study of the title of the book he is reading to his audience; observing that the word *title* is derived either from the Latin *tueri*, because it protects the author's work, or from the Greek *Titan*, which means the sun, and as the sun throws light on the world, so the title throws light on the book. Then, warming to his subject, he goes on to consider (1) To what part of philosophy does surgery belong? (2) What is the order of this book in regard to other books on surgery? (3) What is the subject chiefly treated in this book? (4) How many causes has this book?

"I find it has four causes: efficient, formal, final, and material. The efficient cause is twofold; universal, and particular. The universal cause is God, who is the cause of all things in this world. The particular cause is the doctor Guido (Guy de Chauliac), who was a very excellent man in medicine and in surgery, as he teaches you by his book. The material cause of this book is the human body, potent alike for health and for sickness, determined to manual operations, with which difference it is the subject of this book. And here we take material cause for matter, wherewith science is concerned."

These lectures of Jehan Falcon extend over 610 pages quarto; we can only hope that Ambroise

served his apprenticeship in some small country-town, far from physicians and professors.

He was at Paris in 1533, twenty-three years old, and the plague was raging there. The Paris of those days, growing under the hand of François I., was a walled city of some 150,000 inhabitants. The Louvre, the old Hôtel de Ville, and the great church of St. Eustache, were just beginning to be built; the Hôtel Cluny was about thirty years old; Nôtre Dame, Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, the Sainte Chapelle, the Hôtel Dieu, and the fortress of Le Grand Châtelet, were the great landmarks of the life of the city. There was no bridge across the whole width of the river, only bridges of wood or stone connecting La Cité with either bank of the Seine. The number of beggars, thieves, cut-throats, and paupers herded in Paris was frightful; an estimate of them, made in Paré's lifetime, puts the criminal classes at 6000 or 7000, the paupers at 8000 or 9000. And he who would know what the streets were like, and what sights were to be seen in them, must read the delightful memoirs of L'Estoile.

Three things Paré must obtain: board and lodging, plenty of practical work, and the diploma of the Barber-Surgeons. There was given to him, while yet unqualified, that which all students most desire, a resident appointment. He was made "compagnon

chirurgien" at the Hôtel Dieu, holding there the office of a House Surgeon or Resident Medical Officer. For three years he lived within the walls of the Hospital; in one place in his books he says it was four years. Sylvius (Dubois) was one of his teachers; Andreas Vesalius just missed, by a year or two, the happiness of being his friend.*

The Hôtel Dieu was founded by Saint Landry, Bishop of Paris, about the year 660, and was enlarged in the thirteenth century by Saint Louis. It was served by a brotherhood and sisterhood, vowed to the work, but not attached to any great monastic order. In the time of Saint Louis it had thirty brethren, twenty-five sisters, four priests, and four clerks in holy orders. The chapter of Nôtre Dame had authority over it, and appointed two of their own number as overseers; they also chose one of the brethren to be Master of the Hospital. In 1327, Charles IV. appointed two of the surgeons of Le Châtelet to visit it. The sisters appear to have done a good deal of the work; one of them im-

* Vesalius was born at Brussels, and had been educated at the University of Brussels before he came to Paris to study medicine. He was about three years older than Paré; they both had Sylvius for their teacher. The story that they were opposed in the wars, Paré with the King's army, Vesalius with the Emperor, is not probable. Paré's first sight of war was in 1537, and in that year Vesalius was already professor of anatomy at Padua. Probably they met over the death-bed of Henri II., in 1559.

parted to Ambroise her prescription for an ointment, and they attended some of the patients at their own homes: but this good custom was stopped in 1535, at the very time when he was resident at the Hospital. We know there were students at the Hôtel Dieu in his time, for in 1505 a Commission of eight citizens of Paris had been appointed to take charge of the temporal service of the Hospital, because of the disorder and neglect of the patients: the reforms ordered by the Commission were opposed by the brethren and sisters, and in 1537, at or just after the end of Paré's term of office, things came to a crisis and a riot occurred; certain students took the side of the sisters, and were sent to prison for their pains. (Malgaigne.)

It is certain that he got plenty of work out of the Hospital. He had the charge of patients, the privilege of making dissections and *post-mortem* examinations, the chance of teaching the students. In one winter he operated on four cases of loss of the nose from frost-bite; he saw the terrors of the plague, the whole practice,—out-patient and in-patient,—of the Hospital. He loved the work, and looked back to it with pride. To any present or future House Surgeon who may read this book, I would suggest that Paré seems to have worked well with everybody in the Hospital, and that his departure

from it was followed by a regular riot of the students within its walls; as though he had done good work under a bad set of rules.

Having left his beloved Hospital, he was not the man to hang about it unemployed, or to put his whole life into a barber-surgeon's shop and wait for work to come. Practice, and plenty of it, he must have at once, and a livelihood; practice anywhere, and at any cost. Here, then, the river of his life divides into two streams, which flowed side by side for more than thirty years, before they joined again, in Paris in 1569, and ran to the sea. He would live a double life,—with the army in times of war, at Paris in the intervals of peace. He took a foothold in Paris, and went off to the wars with Colonel Montejan. For more than thirty years he stood the strain of this twofold work; and toward the end of that time it was no longer the Emperor against whom he served, but his own countrymen.

There was in his time no organised army medical service. The King took with him his own physicians, who were priests. The Seigneurs had their own physicians, priests or clerks in holy orders, who also served as chaplains to the army. A host of barber-surgeons, irregular practitioners, and quacks, followed the troops with drugs and ointments; women skilled to suck and dress wounds went in

and out of the camp; the soldiers had their own rough and ready remedies for gunshot wounds; Paré notes one, which was a drink of gunpowder stirred in water. When Saint Louis (1226–1270) went on the Crusades he had with him Jehan Pitard, his chief surgeon, and others to work under him; the Seigneurs brought their own physicians and surgeons, just as they brought their own following of soldiers. Toward the end of the thirteenth century came the invention of gunpowder: with the use of powder and shot came the belief that gunshot wounds had a special virulence: and the treatment with boiling oil was practised by general consent long after Paré, within forty-eight hours of his first sight of fighting, had discovered the folly of it.

He had no recognised position in the army, no rank in the camp; he was paid by the job. He attached himself first to one great man, then to another, till in 1552 he was made one of the King's surgeons-in-ordinary. Pigray, one of his pupils, who afterward, on Paré's recommendation, was made surgeon to the King, did the same: there was no organisation of this branch of the service. It is true that François I., about 1538, sent Paré's friend and fellow-worker, Théodoric de Héry, to the French troops in Italy, but this was a special mission.

Some attempt to organise a medical service for his own army was made by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in the time of Louis XI. (1461–1483). He attached a surgeon to each company of eight hundred men; and of course he and his officers had also their own physicians and surgeons with them :—

"The Duke himself has four surgeons, for his own person and for those immediately around him ; and certainly they are not the least occupied of his attendants : for the Duke is a Prince of such chivalry and martial exercises, that by wounds of all kinds there are often so many to be dressed, in his own house or elsewhere, that fifty surgeons hard at work would have enough to do for the proper cure. These four surgeons of the Duke take nothing from the poor, nor from the foreign soldiers in the Duke's pay ; they duly attend him with their drugs and ointments, and have access to his bedchamber at all hours, just like the physicians. . . . He has six physicians ; and these, when he is at table, sit behind the bench, and counsel him with their advice what viands are most profitable to him." *

When Paré joined the army, he went simply as a follower of Colonel Montejan, having neither rank, recognition, nor regular payment. His fees make up in romance for their irregularity: a cask of wine, fifty double ducats and a horse, a diamond, a collection of crowns and half-crowns from the ranks, other

* Ollivier de La Marche ; quoted by Malgaigne, from whom the above facts are taken.

"honourable presents and of great value"; from the King himself, three hundred crowns, and a promise he would never let him be in want; another diamond, this time from the finger of a duchess: and a soldier once offered a bag of gold to him.

He qualified as a master barber-surgeon in 1541,* being at that time thirty-one years old. The corporation of barber-surgeons was a body of some antiquity; they are mentioned so far back as the year 1301, and new rules were made for them in 1371. The King's chief barber was their head; the church of Saint Sepulchre, in the rue Saint-Denis, was their centre; Saint Cosmo and Saint Damien were their patron saints. In 1572, they prescribed a four years' course of study to their apprentices; the examination-fees were a crown to each examiner; and to obtain the title of Master it was necessary to pay a further fee to the Faculty of Medicine, to undertake the dissections in the schools, and to take an oath, renewed every Saint Luke's Day. They were jealously restricted in the amount of surgery they might practise; fighting their way up into the territory of the surgeons, just as the surgeons were fighting against the supremacy of the physicians.

There were two examinations, a year apart: and Ambroise and his friend Théodoric de Héry got

* Trévédy is wrong in giving "about 1536" as the date.

through them side by side. Here is the entry of payment of their fees for the Mastership *:

A Razoribus de novo examinatis:
A duobus rasoribus qui anno præterito examinati fuerant, videlicet, ab

Ambrosio Parré..... 72 sols 6 deniers parisis.
Theodorico de Héri..... 72 sols 6 deniers parisis.

Or it may be that Paré and de Héry were examined a second time because things did not go well with them on the first occasion.

Time has spared and Malgaigne has given to us the record of a batch of candidates who passed their examination about this time. There were fifteen of them; we are not told of those who failed to satisfy the examiners of this Conjoint Board. We shall hear of Dr. Flesselles again.

"Nous Philippes Flesselles, docteur regent en la Faculté de medecine, et medecin juré du roy nostre sire audit Chastelet de Paris, et Jean Maillard, docteur regent en ladite Faculté, substitut en l' absence dudit de Flesselles, et Pascal Bazin, chirurgien juré du roy nostre sire audit Chastelet, et Sebastien Danisy, prevost desdits chirurgiens à Paris, et François Bourlon, chirurgiens jurés à Paris; et ledit Bourlon commis par Guillaume Roger, chirurgien juré du roy nostre sire audit Chastelet, parceque ledit Roger estoit detenu au lict malade d' une fiévre tierce:

* From Le Paulmier's most admirable work *Ambroise Paré d'après de Nouveaux Documents*. Paris: Charavay Frères. 1884.

Certifions qu' en vertu de certaine ordonnance donnée en la chambre de la police, datée du sixiesme jour d'aoust, et signée Valet, nous avons procedé à l' audition, examen, et experience des dessous nommés sur le fait de la cognition et curation des clouds, bosses, antrax, et charbons, tant sur les differences d' iceux que sur les phlebotomies et saignées, diversions qui en tels cas convient et se devoient faire et aussi pour la parfaite curation d' icelles : et tout veu et consideré, les responces des dessous nommés, tant en Theorique que Pratique, les disons estre idoines et suffisans pour guerir lesdits clouds, antrax, bosses, et charbons : le tout certifions estre vray : tesmoins nos seings manuels icy mis le vingt sixiesme jour du mois d' aoust l' an mil cinq cens quarante cinq."

Then follow the names of the successful candidates.

Here, with his admission to the Barber-Surgeons, ends the first chapter of Ambroise Paré's life. Next come the *Journeys in Diverse Places*, written in Paris, long after the events, and published in 1585, in the fourth edition of his collected works, when he was midway between the threescore years and ten and the fourscore years.

He wrote them in answer to an attack made upon him in 1580 by Etienne Gourmelen, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine. This Gourmelen published in 1580 a book on surgery, in which he asserted that Paré's use of the ligature after an amputation was vastly inferior to the old established use of the cautery. The book was an idiotic appeal to authority

and tradition; the very thing that Paracelsus would have loved to burn. But it has an everlasting merit, inasmuch as it drew from Paré his *Apologie et Traicte contenant les Voyages faicts en divers Lieulx: par Ambroise Paré, de Laval, Conseiller et Premier Chirurgien du Roy.*

He begins with a furious rejoinder to his adversary. Gourmelen had appealed to authority; Paré takes him to authority, and shows him that the use of the ligature is no new thing. Then comes a long list of cases where he had used it with success after amputation. Finally, the appeal to experience. The whole argument runs thus: (1) It is nothing new to stop a vessel, bleeding in a wound, with the ligature. (2) I am the first surgeon who has ever used the ligature to stop the bleeding of the wounds made by amputations. (3) I have had good results by this method. (4) My discovery was made not by sitting in a chair and thinking, but by years of hard practical work in Paris and with the army.

From the whole of his life, he takes that great part of it which was spent with the army, and leaves his practice in Paris out of the question. Once started on the story of the wars, he tells it to the end, to a time many years later than the great discovery; not from vanity, but from love of good stories, and vehement determination to force on

VARIOUS CAUTERIES, AND A BRASIER.

FROM PARÉ'S WORKS.

Gourmelen the unwelcome fact that his life, in comparison with Paré's, has been a failure: theory against fact, books against patients, talk against work.

"Moreover, you say you will teach me my lesson in the operations of Surgery: which I think you cannot do: for I did not learn them in my study, or by hearing for many years the lectures of Physicians: but I was Resident three years in the Hospital of Paris, where I was able to see and learn much of the works of Surgery upon an infinity of sick folk, with Anatomy on a quantity of dead bodies: as I have often given good proof in public at the Schools of Medicine in Paris. And my good luck has made me see much more than this. For being called to the service of the Kings of France (four of whom I have served) I have been in company at Battles, Skirmishes, Assaults, and Besiegings of Towns and Fortresses: as also I have been shut up in Towns with the Besieged, having charge to dress the Wounded. Also, I have dwelt many years in this great and famous City of Paris, where thanks be to God I have always lived in very good reputation with all men, and have not held the lowest rank among those of my Estate; seeing there has not been found a cure, were it never so great and difficult, that my hand and judgment have not been required. Now will you dare to say you will teach me to perform the works of Surgery, you who have never yet come out of your study? . . . I believe you have never come out of your study, save to teach Theorick (if you have been able to do even that). But the operations of Surgery are learned by the eye, and by the hand.

"Let me say you are like a young lad, of Low Brittany, who asked leave of his father to come to Paris. When he

had come, the Organist of the Church of Our Lady found him at the Palace gate: who took him to blow the organs, and there he was three years. He sees he can speak a little French, and goes home to his father, and tells him he speaks good French, and moreover knows how to play well on the organs; his father received him very joyfully, that he was so clever in a short time. He went to the Organist of their great church there, and prayed him to let his son play on the organs, so that he might know whether he were a skilful master as he said: which the Master Organist granted willingly. Being entered into the organs, he cast himself with a great leap at the Bellows: the Master Organist bids him play, and he himself would blow the Bellows. Then the young man tells him, *I know nothing else but only how to play on the Bellows.* You too, *mon petit Maistre*, I think you know nothing else but how to chatter in a Chair: but as for me, I will play upon the keys, and make the organs sound. . . .

"See now, *mon petit Maistre*, my answer to your Calumnies: and I pray you, if you have a good mind to the Publick, to review and correct your Book so soon as you can, not to keep young Surgeons in error by reading therein, where you teach them to use hot Irons after the amputation of Limbs to staunch the Blood, seeing there is another way not so cruel, and more sure and easy. Moreover if to-day after some Assault on a City, where diverse Soldiers have had legs and arms broken and carried off by Cannon-shots, or Cutlasses or other Instruments of War, if you should use hot Irons to stay the flow of Blood, you would need a Furnace, and much charcoal to heat them: and the Soldiers would have you in such horror for your cruelty, they would kill you like a Calf. . . ."

The rest of the answer to Gourmelen is no less emphatic, showing the wonderful vigour and spirit of Ambroise Paré's old age. He appeals, once and forever, from tradition to experience; he will show this "petit maistre," this ass, what it really means, to be a surgeon.

Room then for Paré himself: hear him tell in his own last words the wonderful romance of his thirty years' service in the army: surely one of the most delightful set of stories in the world. I put such notes as may be useful well out of the way, that nothing may interrupt him.

II.

"JOURNEYS IN DIVERSE PLACES."
1537–1569.

A Soldier. "We know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us."

King Henry. "Every subject's duty is the King's—but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed—wash every mote out of his conscience."

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.*

THE JOURNEY TO TURIN. 1537.

I WILL here shew my readers the towns and places where I found a way to learn the art of surgery: for the better instruction of the young surgeon.

And first, in the year 1536, the great King Francis sent a large army to Turin, to recover the towns and castles that had been taken by the Marquis du Guast, Lieutenant-General of the Emperor. M. the Constable, then Grand Master, was Lieutenant-General of the army, and M. de Montejan was Colonel-General of the infantry, whose surgeon I was at this

time. A great part of the army being come to the Pass of Suze, we found the enemy occupying it; and they had made forts and trenches, so that we had to fight to dislodge them and drive them out. And there were many killed and wounded on both sides,—but the enemy were forced to give way and retreat into the castle, which was captured, part of it, by Captain Le Rat, who was posted on a little hill with some of his soldiers, whence they fired straight on the enemy. He received an arquebus-shot in his right ankle, and fell to ground at once, and then said, "Now they have got the Rat." I dressed him, and God healed him.

We entered pell-mell into the city, and passed over the dead bodies, and some not yet dead, hearing them cry under our horses' feet; and they made my heart ache to hear them. And truly I repented I had left Paris to see such a pitiful spectacle. Being come into the city, I entered into a stable, thinking to lodge my own and my man's horse, and found four dead soldiers, and three propped against the wall, their features all changed, and they neither saw, heard, nor spake, and their clothes were still smouldering where the gunpowder had burned them. As I was looking at them with pity, there came an old soldier who asked me if there were any way to cure them. I said no. And then he went up to them

and cut their throats, gently, and without ill will toward them. Seeing this great cruelty, I told him he was a villain: he answered he prayed God, when he should be in such a plight, he might find someone to do the same for him, that he should not linger in misery.

To come back to my story, the enemy were called on to surrender, which they did, and left the city with only their lives saved, and the white stick in their hands; and most of them went off to the Château de Villane, where about two hundred Spaniards were stationed. M. the Constable would not leave these behind him, wishing to clear the road for our own men. The castle is seated on a small hill; which gave great confidence to those within, that we could not bring our artillery to bear upon them. They were summoned to surrender, or they would be cut in pieces: they answered that they would not, saying they were as good and faithful servants of the Emperor, as M. the Constable could be of the King his master.* Thereupon our men by night hoisted up two great cannons, with the help of the Swiss soldiers and the lansquenets; but as ill luck would have it, when the cannons were in position, a gunner stupidly set fire to a bag full of gunpowder, whereby he was burned, with ten or

* Brave response de soldats.—A. P.

twelve soldiers; and the flame of the powder discovered our artillery, so that all night long those within the castle fired their arquebuses at the place where they had caught sight of the cannons, and many of our men were killed and wounded. Next day, early in the morning, the attack was begun, and we soon made a breach in their wall. Then they demanded a parley: but it was too late, for meanwhile our French infantry, seeing them taken by surprise, mounted the breach, and cut them all in pieces, save one very fair young girl of Piedmont, whom a great seigneur would have. . . . The captain and the ensign were taken alive, but soon afterward hanged and strangled on the battlements of the gate of the city, to give example and fear to the Emperor's soldiers, not to be so rash and mad as to wish to hold such places against so great an army.*

The soldiers within the castle, seeing our men come on them with great fury, did all they could to defend themselves, and killed and wounded many of our soldiers with pikes, arquebuses, and stones, whereby the surgeons had all their work cut out for them. Now I was at this time a fresh-water soldier; I had not yet seen wounds made by gunshot at the first dressing. It is true I had read in John de Vigo, first book, *Of Wounds in General*, eighth chapter,

* Punition exemplaire.—A. P.

that wounds made by firearms partake of venenosity, by reason of the powder; and for their cure he bids you cauterise them with oil of elders scalding hot, mixed with a little treacle. And to make no mistake, before I would use the said oil, knowing this was to bring great pain to the patient, I asked first before I applied it, what the other surgeons did for the first dressing; which was to put the said oil, boiling well, into the wounds, with tents and setons; wherefore I took courage to do as they did.* At last my oil ran short, and I was forced instead thereof to apply a digestive made of the yolks of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine. In the night I could not sleep in quiet, fearing some default in not cauterising, that I should find the wounded to whom I had not used the said oil dead from the poison of their wounds; which made me rise very early to visit them, where beyond my expectation I found that those to whom I had applied my digestive medicament had but little pain, and their wounds without inflammation or swelling, having rested fairly well that night; the others, to whom the boiling oil was used, I found feverish, with great pain and swelling about the edges of their wounds. Then I resolved never more to burn thus cruelly poor men with gunshot wounds.

While I was at Turin, I found a surgeon famed

* Experience rend l'homme hardy.—A. P.

above all others for his treatment of gunshot wounds; into whose favour I found means to insinuate myself, to have the recipe of his balm, as he called it, wherewith he dressed gunshot wounds. And he made me pay my court to him for two years, before I could possibly draw the recipe from him. In the end, thanks to my gifts and presents, he gave it to me; which was to boil, in oil of lilies, young whelps just born, and earth-worms prepared with Venetian turpentine. Then I was joyful, and my heart made glad, that I had understood his remedy, which was like that which I had obtained by chance.

See how I learned to treat gunshot wounds; not by books.

My Lord Marshal Montejan remained Lieutenant-General for the King in Piedmont, having ten or twelve thousand men in garrison in the different cities and castles, who were often fighting among themselves with swords and other weapons, even with arquebuses. And if there were four wounded, I always had three of them; and if there were question of cutting off an arm or a leg, or of trepanning, or of reducing a fracture or a dislocation, I accomplished it all. The Lord Marshal sent me now here now there to dress the soldiers committed to me who were wounded in other cities beside Turin, so that I was always in the country, one way or the other.

M. the Marshal sent to Milan, to a physician of no less reputation than the late M. le Grand for his success in practice, to treat him for an hepatic flux, whereof in the end he died. This physician was some while at Turin to treat him, and was often called to visit the wounded, where always he found me; and I was used to consult with him, and with some other surgeons; and when we had resolved to do any serious work of surgery, it was Ambroise Paré that put his hand thereto, which I would do promptly and skilfully, and with great assurance, insomuch that the physician wondered at me, to be so ready in the operations of surgery, and I so young. One day, discoursing with the Lord Marshal, he said to him *:

"Signor, tu hai un Chirurgico giovane di anni, ma egli è vecchio di sapere é di esperientia: Guardato bene, perche egli ti fara servicio et honore." That is to say, "Thou hast a surgeon young in age, but he is old in knowledge and experience: take good care of him, for he will do thee service and honour." But the good man did not know I had lived three years at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, with the patients there.

In the end, M. the Marshal died of his hepatic flux. He being dead, the King sent M. the Marshal d'Annebaut to be in his place: who did me the

* Tesmoignage de la dexterité de l' Autheur.—A. P.

INSTRUMENTS OF GENERAL SURGERY.

FROM PARÉ'S WORKS.

1. A lancet, which has on it the crest of Diane de Poitiers.
2. An incision-knife. 3. A small knife folding into a sheath.
4. A director. 5. A cataract-needle, screwing into a handle.
6. A small saw.

honour to ask me to live with him, and he would treat me as well or better than M. the Marshal de Montejan. Which I would not do, for grief at the loss of my master, who loved me dearly; so I returned to Paris.

The Journey to Marolle and Low Brittany. 1543.

I went to the Camp of Marolle, with the late M. de Rohan, as surgeon of his company; where was the King himself. M. d'Estampes, Governor of Brittany, had told the King how the English had hoist sail to land in Low Brittany; and had prayed him to send, to help him, MM. de Rohan and de Laval, because they were the seigneurs of that country, and by their help the country people would beat back the enemy, and keep them from landing. Having heard this, the King sent these seigneurs to go in haste to the help of their country; and to each was given as much power as to the Governor, so that they were all three the King's Lieutenants. They willingly took this charge upon them, and went off posting with good speed, and took me with them as far as Landreneau. There we found every one in arms, the tocsin sounding on every side, for a good five or six leagues round the harbours, Brest, Couquet, Crozon, le Fou, Doulac, Laudanec; each well

furnished with artillery, as cannons, demi-cannons, culverins, muskets, falcons, arquebuses; in brief, all who came together were well equipped with all sorts and kinds of artillery, and with many soldiers, both Breton and French, to hinder the English from landing as they had resolved at their parting from England.

The enemy's army came right under our cannons: and when we perceived them desiring to land, we saluted them with cannon-shot, and unmasked our forces and our artillery. They fled to sea again. I was right glad to see their ships set sail, which were in good number and good order, and seemed to be a forest moving upon the sea. I saw a thing also whereat I marvelled much, which was, that the balls of the great cannons made long rebounds, and grazed over the water as they do over the earth. Now to make the matter short, our English did us no harm, and returned safe and sound into England. And they leaving us in peace, we stayed in that country in garrison until we were assured that their army was dispersed.

Now our soldiers used often to exercise themselves with running at the ring, or with fencing, so that there was always some one in trouble, and I had always something to employ me. M. d'Estampes, to make pastime and pleasure for the Seigneurs de

Rohan and de Laval, and other gentlemen, got a number of village girls to come to the sports, to sing songs in the tongue of Low Brittany: wherein their harmony was like the croaking of frogs when they are in love. Moreover, he made them dance the Brittany *triori*, without moving feet or hips: he made the gentlemen see and hear many good things.

At other times they made the wrestlers of the towns and villages come, where there was a prize for the best: and the sport was not ended but that one or other had a leg or arm broken, or the shoulder or hip dislocated.

There was a little man of Low Brittany, of a square body and well set, who long held the credit of the field, and by his skill and strength threw five or six to the ground. There came against him a big man, one Dativo, a pedagogue, who was said to be one of the best wrestlers in all Brittany: he entered into the lists, having thrown off his long jacket, in hose and doublet: when he was near the little man, it looked as though the little man had been tied to his girdle. Nevertheless, when they gripped each other round the neck, they were a long time without doing anything, and we thought they would remain equal in force and skill: but the little man suddenly leaped beneath this big Dativo, and took him on his shoulder, and threw him to earth on his back all

spread out like a frog; and all the company laughed at the skill and strength of the little fellow. The great Dativo was furious to have been thus thrown to earth by so small a man: he rose again in a rage, and would have his revenge. They took hold again round the neck, and were again a good while at their hold without falling to the ground: but at last the big man let himself fall upon the little, and in falling put his elbow upon the pit of his stomach, and burst his heart, and killed him stark dead. And knowing he had given him his death's blow, took again his long cassock, and went away with his tail between his legs, and eclipsed himself. Seeing the little man came not again to himself, either for wine, vinegar, or any other thing presented to him, I drew near to him and felt his pulse, which did not beat at all: then I said he was dead. Then the Bretons, who were assisting at the wrestling, said aloud in their jargon, "Andraze meuraquet enes rac un bloa so abeuduex henelep e barz an gouremon enel ma hoa engoustun." That is to say, "This is not in the sport." And someone said that this great Dativo was accustomed to do so, and but a year past he had done the same at a wrestling. I must needs open the body to know the cause of this sudden death. I found much blood in the thorax . . . I tried to find some internal opening whence it might

have come, which I could not, for all the diligence that I could use.* . . . The poor little wrestler was buried. I took leave of MM. de Rohan, de Laval, and d'Estampes. M. de Rohan made me a present of fifty double ducats and a horse, M. de Laval gave me a nag for my man, and M. d'Estampes gave me a diamond worth thirty crowns: and I returned to my house in Paris.

The Journey to Perpignan. 1543.

Some while after, M. de Rohan took me with him posting to the camp at Perpignan. While we were there, the enemy sallied out, and surrounded three pieces of our artillery before they were beaten back to the gates of the city. Which was not done without many killed and wounded, among the others M. de Brissac, who was then grand master of the artillery, with an arquebus-shot in the shoulder. When he retired to his tent, all the wounded followed him, hoping to be dressed by the surgeons who were to dress him. Being come to his tent and laid on his bed, the bullet was searched for by three or four of the best surgeons in the army, who could not find it, but said it had entered into his body.

At last he called for me, to see if I could be

* J'eusse bien voulu, mon petit maistre, vous voir pour sçavoir trouver l'ouverture.—A. P.

more skilful than they, because he had known me in Piedmont. Then I made him rise from his bed, and told him to put himself in the same posture that he had when he was wounded,* which he did, taking a javelin in his hand just as he had held his pike to fight. I put my hand around the wound, and found the bullet. . . . Having found it, I showed them the place where it was, and it was taken out by M. Nicole Lavernot, surgeon of M. the Dauphin, who was the King's Lieutenant in that army; all the same, the honour of finding it belonged to me.

I saw one very strange thing, which was this: a soldier in my presence gave one of his fellows a blow on the head with a halbard, penetrating to the left ventricle of the brain; yet the man did not fall to the ground. He that struck him said he heard that he had cheated at dice, and he had drawn a large sum of money from him, and was accustomed to cheat. They called me to dress him; which I did, as it were for the last time, knowing that he would die soon. When I had dressed him, he returned all alone to his quarters, which were at the least two hundred paces away. I bade one of his companions send for a priest to dispose the affairs of his soul; he got one for him, who stayed with him to his last breath. The next day, the patient sent for me by his girl, dressed in boy's

* Addresse de l'Autheur.—A. P.

apparel, to come and dress him; which I would not, fearing he would die under my hands; and to be rid of the matter I told her the dressing must not be removed before the third day. But in truth he was sure to die, though he were never touched again. The third day, he came staggering to find me in my tent, and the girl with him, and prayed me most affectionately to dress him, and showed me a purse wherein might be an hundred or sixscore pieces of gold, and said he would give me my heart's desire; nevertheless, for all that, I put off the removal of the dressing, fearing lest he should die then and there. Certain gentlemen desired me to go and dress him; which I did at their request; but in dressing him he died under my hands in a convulsion. The priest stayed with him till death, and seized his purse, for fear another man should take it, saying he would say masses for his poor soul. Also he took his clothes, and everything else.

I have told this case for the wonder of it, that the soldier, having received this great blow, did not fall down, and kept his reason to the end.

Not long afterward, the camp was broken up from diverse causes: one, because we were told that four companies of Spaniards were entered into Perpignan: the other, that the plague was spreading through the camp. Moreover, the country folk warned us there

would soon be a great overflowing of the sea, which might drown us all. And the presage which they had, was a very great wind from sea, which rose so high that there remained not a single tent but was broken and thrown down, for all the care and diligence we could give; and the kitchens being all uncovered, the wind raised the dust and sand, which salted and powdered our meats in such fashion that we could not eat them; and we had to cook them in pots and other covered vessels. Nor was the camp so quickly moved but that many carts and carters, mules and mule drivers, were drowned in the sea, with great loss of baggage.

When the camp was moved I returned to Paris.

The Journey to Landresy. 1544.

The King raised a great army to victual Landresy. Against him the Emperor had no fewer men, but many more, to wit, eighteen thousand Germans, ten thousand Spaniards, six thousand Walloons, ten thousand English, and from thirteen to fourteen thousand horse. I saw the two armies near each other, within cannon-shot; and we thought they could not withdraw without giving battle. There were some foolish gentlemen who must needs approach the enemy's camp; the enemy fired on them with light field pieces; some died then and there, others had their

arms or legs carried away. The King having done what he wished, which was to victual Landresy, withdrew his army to Guise, which was the day after All Saints, 1544; and from there I returned to Paris.

The Journey to Boulogne. 1545.

A little while after, we went to Boulogne; where the English, seeing our army, left the forts which they were holding, Moulambert, le petit Paradis, Monplaisir, the fort of Chastillon, le Portet, the fort of Dardelot. One day, as I was going through the camp to dress my wounded men, the enemy who were in the Tour d' Ordre fired a cannon against us, thinking to kill two men-at-arms who had stopped to talk together. It happened that the ball passed quite close to one of them, which threw him to the ground, and it was thought the ball had touched him, which it did not; but only the wind of the ball full against his corselet, with such force that all the outer part of his thigh became livid and black, and he could hardly stand. I dressed him, and made diverse scarifications to let out the bruised blood made by the wind of the ball; and by the rebounds that it made on the ground it killed four soldiers, who remained dead where they fell.

I was not far from this shot, so that I could just feel the moved air, without its doing me any harm

save a fright, which made me duck my head low enough; but the ball was already far away. The soldiers laughed at me, to be afraid of a ball which had already passed. *Mon petit maistre*, I think if you had been there, I should not have been afraid all alone, and you would have had your share of it.

Monseigneur the Duc de Guise, François de Lorraine, was wounded before Boulogne with a thrust of a lance, which entered above the right eye, toward the nose, and passed out on the other side between the ear and the back of the neck, with so great violence that the head of the lance, with a piece of the wood, was broken and remained fast; so that it could not be drawn out save with extreme force, with smith's pincers. Yet notwithstanding the great violence of the blow, which was not without fracture of bones, nerves, veins, and arteries, and other parts torn and broken, my lord, by the grace of God, was healed. He was used to go into battle always with his vizard raised: that is why the lance passed right out on the other side.

The Journey to Germany. 1552.

I went to Germany, in the year 1552, with M. de Rohan, captain of fifty men-at-arms, where I was surgeon of his company, as I have said before. On this expedition, M. the Constable was general of the

army; M. de Chastillon, afterward the Admiral, was chief colonel of the infantry, with four regiments of lansquenets under Captains Recrod and Ringrave, two under each; and every regiment was of ten ensigns, and every ensign of five hundred men. And beside these were Captain Chartel, who led the troops that the Protestant princes had sent to the King (this infantry was very fine, and was accompanied by fifteen hundred men-at-arms, with a following of two archers apiece, which would make four thousand five hundred horse); and two thousand light horse, and as many mounted arquebusiers, of whom M. d'Aumalle was general; and a great number of the nobility, who were come there for their pleasure. Moreover, the King was accompanied by two hundred gentlemen of his household, under the command of the Seigneurs de Boisy and de Canappe, and by many other princes. For his following, to escort him, there were the French and Scotch and Swiss guards, amounting to six hundred foot soldiers; and the companies of MM. the Dauphin, de Guise, d'Aumalle, and Marshal Saint André, amounting to four hundred lances; which was a marvellous thing, to see such a multitude; and with this equipage the King entered into Toul and Metz.

I must not omit to say that the companies of MM. de Rohan, the Comte de Sancerre, and de Jarnac,

which were each of them of fifty horse, went upon the wings of the camp. And God knows how scarce we were of victuals, and I protest before Him that at three diverse times I thought to die of hunger; and it was not for want of money, for I had enough of it; but we could not get victuals save by force, because the country people collected them all into the towns and castles.

One of the servants of the captain-ensign of the company of M. de Rohan went with others to enter a church where the peasants were retreated, thinking to get victuals by love or by force; but he got the worst of it, as they all did, and came back with seven sword-wounds on the head, the least of which penetrated to the inner table of the skull; and he had four other wounds upon the arms, and one on the right shoulder, which cut more than half of the blade-bone. He was brought back to his master's lodging, who seeing him so mutilated, and not hoping he could be cured, made him a grave, and would have cast him therein, saying that else the peasants would massacre and kill him. I in pity* told him the man might still be cured if he were well dressed. Diverse gentlemen of the company prayed he would take him along with the baggage, since I was willing to dress him; to which he agreed,

* Charité de l'Autheur.—A. P

AMPUTATING INSTRUMENTS.

FROM PARÉ'S WORKS.

1. An amputating-saw. 2. An amputating-knife. 3. A forceps for picking up the vessels for ligature after amputation. 4. Drainage tubes and sponge.

and after I had got the man ready, he was put in a cart, on a bed well covered and well arranged, drawn by a horse. I did him the office of physician, apothecary, surgeon, and cook. I dressed him to the end of his case, and God healed him; insomuch that all the three companies marvelled at this cure. The men-at-arms of the company of M. de Rohan, the first muster that was made, gave me each a crown, and the archers half a crown.

The Journey to Danvilliers. 1552.

On his return from the expedition against the German camp, King Henry besieged Danvilliers, and those within would not surrender. They got the worst of it, but our powder failed us; so they had a good shot at our men. There was a culverin-shot passed through the tent of M. de Rohan, which hit a gentleman's leg who was of his household. I had to finish the cutting off of it, which I did without applying the hot irons.

The King sent for powder to Sedan, and when it came we began the attack more vigorously than before, so that a breach was made. MM. de Guise and the Constable, being in the King's chamber, told him, and they agreed that next day they would assault the town, and were confident they would enter into it; and it must be kept secret, for fear the enemy

should come to hear of it; and each promised not to speak of it to any man. Now there was a groom of the King's chamber, who being laid under the King's camp-bed to sleep, heard they were resolved to attack the town next day. So he told the secret to a certain captain, saying that they would make the attack next day for certain, and he had heard it from the King, and prayed the said captain to speak of it to no man, which he promised; but his promise did not hold, and forthwith he disclosed it to a captain, and this captain to a captain, and the captains to some of the soldiers, saying always, "Say nothing." And it was just so much hid, that next day early in the morning there was seen the greater part of the soldiers with their boots and breeches cut loose at the knee for the better mounting of the breach. The King was told of this rumour that ran through the camp, that the attack was to be made; whereat he was astonished, seeing there were but three in that advice, who had promised each other to tell it to no man. The King sent for M. de Guise, to know if he had spoken of this attack; he swore and affirmed to him he had not told it to anybody; and M. the Constable said the same, and told the King they must know for certain who had declared this secret counsel, seeing they were but three. Inquiry was made from cap-

tain to captain. In the end they found the truth; for one said, "It was such an one told me," and another said the same, till it came to the first of all, who declared he had heard it from the groom of the King's chamber, called Guyard, a native of Blois, son of a barber of the late King Francis. The King sent for him into his tent, in the presence of MM. de Guise and the Constable, to hear from him whence he had his knowledge, and who had told him the attack was to be made; and said if he did not speak the truth he would have him hanged. Then he declared he lay down under the King's bed thinking to sleep, and so having heard the plan he revealed it to a captain who was a friend of his, to the end he might prepare himself with his soldiers to be the first at the attack. Then the King knew the truth, and told him he should never serve him again, and that he deserved to be hanged, and forbade him ever to come again to the Court.*

The groom of the chamber went away with this to swallow, and slept that night with a surgeon-in-ordinary of the King, Master Louis of Saint André; and in the night he gave himself six stabs with a knife, and cut his throat. Nor did the surgeon perceive it till the morning, when he found his bed all bloody, and the dead body by him.

* Que c'est de révéler les secrets des Princes.—A. P.

He marvelled at this sight on his awaking, and feared they would say he was the cause of the murder; but he was soon relieved, seeing the reason, which was despair at the loss of the good friendship of the King.

So Guyard was buried. And those of Danvilliers, when they saw the breach large enough for us to enter, and our soldiers ready to assault them, surrendered themselves to the mercy of the King. Their leaders were taken prisoners, and their soldiers were sent away without arms.

The camp being dispersed, I returned to Paris with my gentleman whose leg I had cut off; I dressed him, and God healed him. I sent him to his house merry with a wooden leg; and he was content, saying he had got off cheap, not to have been miserably burned to stop the blood, as you write in your book, *mon petit maistre.*

The Journey to Château le Comte. 1552.

Some time after, King Henry raised an army of thirty thousand men, to go and lay waste the country about Hesdin. The King of Navarre, who was then called M. de Vendosme, was chief of the army, and the King's Lieutenant. Being at St. Denis, in France, waiting while the companies passed by, he sent to Paris for me to speak with him. When I

came he begged me (and his request was a command) to follow him on this journey; and I, wishing to make my excuses, saying my wife was sick in bed, he made answer there were physicians in Paris to cure her, and he, too, had left his wife, who was of as good a house as mine, and he said he would use me well, and forthwith ordered I should be attached to his household. Seeing this great desire he had to take me with him, I dared not refuse him.

I went after him to Château le Comte, within three or four leagues of Hesdin. The Emperor's soldiers were in garrison there, with a number of peasants from the country round. M. de Vendosme called on them to surrender; they made answer that he should never take them, unless it were piecemeal; let him do his worst, and they would do their best to defend themselves. They trusted in their moats, which were full of water; but in two hours, with plenty of faggots and casks, we made a way for our infantry to pass over, when they had to advance to the assault; and the place was attacked with five cannons, and a breach was made large enough for our men to enter; where those within received the attack very valiantly, and killed and wounded a great number of our men with arquebuses, pikes, and stones. In the end, when they saw themselves overpowered, they set fire to their powder and ammu-

nition, whereby many of our men were burned, and some of their own. And they were almost all put to the sword; but some of our soldiers had taken twenty or thirty, hoping to have ransom for them: and so soon as this was known, orders were given to proclaim by trumpet through the camp, that all soldiers who had Spaniards for prisoners must kill them, on pain of being themselves hanged and strangled: which was done in cold blood.

Thence we went and burned several villages; and the barns were all full of grain, to my very great regret. We came as far as Tournahan, where there was a large tower, whither the enemy withdrew, but we found the place empty: our men sacked it, and blew up the tower with a mine of gunpowder, which turned it upside down. After that, the camp was dispersed, and I returned to Paris. And the day after Château le Comte was taken, M. de Vendosme sent a gentleman under orders to the King, to report to him all that had happened, and among other things he told the King I had done very good work dressing the wounded, and had showed him eighteen bullets that I had taken out of their bodies, and there were many more that I had not been able to find or take out; and he spoke more good of me than there was by half. Then the King said he would take me into his service, and

commanded M. de Goguier, his first physician, to write me down in the King's service as one of his surgeons-in-ordinary, and I was to meet him at Rheims within ten or twelve days: which I did. And the King did me the honour to command me to live near him, and he would be a good friend to me. Then I thanked him most humbly for the honour he was pleased to do me, in appointing me to serve him.

The Journey to Metz. 1552.

The Emperor having besieged Metz with more than an hundred and twenty thousand men, and in the hardest time of winter,—it is still fresh in the minds of all—and there were five or six thousand men in the town, and among them seven princes; MM. le Duc de Guise, the King's Lieutenant, d'Enghien, de Condé, de la Montpensier, de la Roche-sur-Yon, de Nemours, and many other gentlemen, with a number of veteran captains and officers: who often sallied out against the enemy (as I shall tell hereafter), not without heavy loss on both sides. Our wounded died almost all, and it was thought the drugs wherewith they were dressed had been poisoned. Wherefore M. de Guise, and MM. the princes, went so far as to beg the King that if it were possible I should be sent to them with a supply of drugs, and

they believed their drugs were poisoned, seeing that few of their wounded escaped. My belief is that there was no poison; but the severe cutlass and arquebus wounds, and the extreme cold, were the cause why so many died. The King wrote to M. the Marshal de Saint André, who was his Lieutenant at Verdun, to find means to get me into Metz, whatever way was possible. MM. the Marshal de Saint André, and the Marshal de Vielleville, won over an Italian captain, who promised to get me into the place, which he did (and for this he had fifteen hundred crowns). The King having heard the promise that the Italian captain had made, sent for me, and commanded me to take of his apothecary, named Daigne, so many and such drugs as I should think necessary for the wounded within the town; which I did, as much as a post-horse could carry. The King gave me messages to M. de Guise, and to the princes and the captains that were in Metz.

When I came to Verdun, some days after, M. the Marshal de Saint André got horses for me and for my man, and for the Italian captain, who spoke excellent German, Spanish, and Walloon, beside his own mother-tongue. When we were within eight or ten leagues of Metz, we began to go by night only; and when we came near the enemy's camp I saw, more

than a league and a half off, fires lighted all round the town, as if the whole earth were burning; and I believed we could never pass through these fires without being discovered, and therefore hanged and strangled, or cut in pieces, or made to pay a great ransom. To speak truth, I could well and gladly have wished myself back in Paris, for the great danger that I foresaw. God guided our business so well, that we entered into the town at midnight, thanks to a signal the captain had with another captain of the company of M. de Guise; to whom I went, and found him in bed, and he received me with high favour, being right glad at my coming.

I gave him my message as the King had commanded me, and told him I had a little letter for him, and the next day I would not fail to deliver it. Then he ordered me a good lodging, and that I should be well treated, and said I must not fail next morning to be upon the breach, where I should find all the princes and seigneurs, and many captains. Which I did, and they received me with great joy, and did me the honour to embrace me, and tell me I was welcome; adding they would no more be afraid of dying, if they should happen to be wounded.

M. le Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon was the first who entertained me, and inquired what they were saying at the Court concerning the town of Metz.

I told him all that I chose to tell. Forthwith he begged me to go and see one of his gentlemen named M. de Magnane, now Chevalier of the Order of the King, and Lieutenant of His Majesty's Guards, who had his leg broken by a cannon-shot. I found him in bed, his leg bent and crooked, without any dressing on it, because a gentleman promised to cure him, having his name and his girdle, with certain words (and the poor patient was weeping and crying out with pain, not sleeping day or night for four days past). Then I laughed at such cheating and false promises; and I reduced and dressed his leg so skilfully that he was without pain, and slept all the night, and afterward, thanks be to God, he was healed, and is still living now, in the King's service. The Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon sent me a cask of wine, bigger than a pipe of Anjou, to my lodging, and told me when it was drunk, he would send me another; that was how he treated me, most generously.

After this, M. de Guise gave me a list of certain captains and seigneurs, and bade me tell them what the King had charged me to say; which I did, and this was to commend him to them, and give them his thanks for the duty they had done and were doing in holding his town of Metz, and that he would remember it. I was more than eight days acquitting myself of this charge, because they were many.

First, to all the princes; then to others, as the Duke Horace, the Count de Martigues, and his brother M. de Baugé, the Seigneurs de Montmorency and d'Anville, now Marshal of France, M. de la Chapelle aux Ursins, Bonnivet, Carouge, now Governor of Rouen, the Vidasme de Chartres, the Count de Lude, M. de Biron, now Marshal of France, M. de Randan, la Rochefoucaut, Bordaille, d' Estrés the younger, M. de Saint Jehan en Dauphiné, and many others whom it would take too long to name; and also to many captains, who had all done their duty well for the defence of their lives and of the town. Afterward I asked M. de Guise what it pleased him I should do with the drugs I had brought with me; he bade me distribute them to the surgeons and apothecaries, and principally to the poor wounded soldiers, who were in great numbers in the Hospital. Which I did, and can truly say I could not so much as go and see all the wounded, who kept sending for me to visit and dress them.

All the seigneurs within the town asked me to give special care, above all the rest, to M. de Pienne, who had been wounded, while on the breach, by a stone shot from a cannon, on the temple, with fracture and depression of the bone. They told me that so soon as he received the blow, he fell to the ground as dead, and cast forth blood by the mouth, nose, and ears,

with great vomiting, and was fourteen days without being able to speak or reason; also he had tremors of a spasmodic nature, and all his face was swelled and livid. He was trepanned at the side of the temporal muscle, over the frontal bone. I dressed him, with other surgeons, and God healed him; and to-day he is still living, thank God.

The Emperor attacked the town with forty double cannons, and the powder was not spared day or night. So soon as M. de Guise saw the artillery set and pointed to make a breach, he had the nearest houses pulled down and made into ramparts, and the beams and joists were put end to end, and between them faggots, earth, beds, and wool-packs; then they put above them other beams and joists as before. And there was plenty of wood from the houses in the suburbs; which had been razed to the ground, for fear the enemy should get under cover of them, and make use of the wood; it did very well for repairing the breach. Everybody was hard at work carrying earth to repair it, day and night; MM. the princes, the seigneurs, and captains, lieutenants, ensigns, were all carrying the basket, to set an example to the soldiers and citizens to do the like, which they did; even the ladies and girls, and those who had not baskets, made use of cauldrons, panniers, sacks, sheets, and all such things to carry the earth; so that the

FRANÇOIS, DUC DE GUISE.

FROM A PRINT BY THERET.

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE PRINT-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

enemy had no sooner broken down the wall than they found behind it a yet stronger rampart. The wall having fallen, our men cried out at those outside, "Fox, fox, fox," and they vented a thousand insults against one another. M. de Guise forbade any man on pain of death to speak with those outside, for fear there should be some traitor who would betray what was being done within the town. After this order, our men tied live cats to the ends of their pikes, and put them over the wall and cried with the cats, "Miaut, Miaut."

Truly the Imperials were much enraged, having been so long making a breach, at great loss, which was eighty paces wide, that fifty men of their front rank should enter in, only to find a rampart stronger than the wall. They threw themselves upon the poor cats, and shot them with arquebuses as men shoot at the popinjay.

Our men often ran out upon them, by order of M. de Guise; a few days ago, our men had all made haste to enrol themselves in sallying-parties, chiefly the young nobility, led by experienced captains; and indeed it was doing them a great favour to let them issue from the town and run upon the enemy. They went forth always an hundred or six score men, well armed with cutlasses, arquebuses, pistols, pikes, partisans, and halbards; and advanced as far as the

trenches, to take the enemy unawares. Then an alarum would be sounded all through the enemy's camp, and their drums would beat *plan, plan, ta ti ta, ta ta ti ta, tou touf touf.* Likewise their trumpets and clarions rang and sounded, *To saddle, to saddle, to saddle, to horse, to horse, to horse, to saddle, to horse, to horse.* And all their soldiers cried, "*Arm, arm, arm! to arms, to arms, to arms! arm, to arms, arm, to arms, arm*":—like the hue-and-cry after wolves; and all diverse tongues, according to their nations; and you saw them come out of their tents and little lodgings, as thick as little ants when you uncover the ant-hills, to bring help to their comrades, who were having their throats cut like sheep. Their cavalry also came from all sides at full gallop, *patati, patata, patati, patata, pa, ta, ta, patata, pata, ta,* eager to be in the thick of the fighting, to give and take their share of the blows. And when our men saw themselves hard pressed, they would turn back into the town, fighting all the way; and those pursuing them were driven back with cannon-shots, and the cannons were loaded with flint-stones and with big pieces of iron, square or three-sided. And our men on the wall fired a volley, and rained bullets on them as thick as hail, to send them back to their beds; whereas many remained dead on the field: and our men also

did not all come back with whole skins, and there were always some left behind (as it were a tax levied on us) who were joyful to die on the bed of honour. And if there was a horse wounded, it was skinned and eaten by the soldiers, instead of beef and bacon; and if a man was wounded, I must run and dress him. Some days afterward there were other sallies, which infuriated the enemy, that we would not let them sleep a little in safety.

M. de Guise played a trick upon them: he sent a peasant, who was none of the wisest, with two letters to the King, and gave him ten crowns, and promised the King would give him an hundred if he got the letters to him. In the one letter M. de Guise told the King that the enemy shewed no signs of retreating, and had put forth all their strength and made a great breach, which he hoped to defend, even at the cost of his own life and of all who were in the town; and that the enemy had planted their artillery so well in a certain place (which he named) that it was with great difficulty he could keep them from entering the town, seeing it was the weakest place in the town; but soon he hoped to rebuild it well, so that they should not be able to enter. This letter was sewed in the lining of the man's doublet, and he was told to be very careful not to speak of it to any person. And the other

letter was given to him, wherein M. de Guise told the King that he and all those besieged with him hoped to guard the town well; and other matters which I leave untold here. He sent out the man at night, and he was taken by the enemy's guard and brought to the Duke of Alva, that the Duke might hear what was doing in the town; and the peasant was asked if he had any letters. He said "Yes," and gave them the one; and they having seen it asked him if he had not another. He said "No." Then he was searched, and they found on him that which was sewed in his doublet; and the poor messenger was hanged and strangled.

The letters were taken to the Emperor, who called his council, where it was resolved, since they had been unable to do anything at the first breach, the artillery should forthwith be set against the place which they thought weakest, where they put forth all their strength to make a fresh breach; and they sapped and mined the wall, and tried hard to make a way into the Hell Tower, but dared not assault it openly.

The Duke of Alva represented to the Emperor that every day their soldiers were dying, to the number of more than two hundred, and there was so little hope of entering the town, seeing the time of year and the great number of our soldiers

who were in it. The Emperor asked what men they were who were dying, and whether they were gentlemen and men of mark; answer was made to him "They were all poor soldiers." Then said he, "It was no great loss if they died," comparing them to caterpillars, grasshoppers, and cockchafers, which eat up the buds and other good things of the earth; and if they were men of any worth they would not be in his camp at six livres the month, and therefore it was no great harm if they died. Moreover, he said he would never depart from the town till he had taken it by force or by famine, though he should lose all his army; because of the great number of princes who were shut up in it, with the greater part of the nobility of France, who he hoped would pay his expenses four times over; and he would go yet again to Paris, to see the Parisians, and to make himself King of all the kingdom of France.

M. de Guise, with the princes, captains, and soldiers, and in general all the citizens of the town, having heard the Emperor's resolve to exterminate us all, forbade the soldiers and citizens, and even the princes and seigneurs, to eat fresh fish or venison, or partridges, woodcocks, larks, francolines, plovers, or other game, for fear these had acquired any pestilential air which could bring infection among us. So they had to content themselves with the fare of

the army; biscuit, beef, salt cow-beef, bacon, cervelas, and Mayence hams; also fish, as haddock, salmon, shad, tunny, whale, anchovy, sardines, herrings; also peas, beans, rice, garlic, onions, prunes, cheeses, butter, oil, and salt; pepper, ginger, nutmegs and other spices to put in our pies, mostly of horses, which without the spice had a very bad taste. Many citizens, having gardens in the town, had planted them with fine radishes, turnips, carrots, and leeks, which they kept flourishing and very dear, for the extreme necessity of the famine. Now all these stores were distributed by weight, measure, and justice, according to the quality of the persons, because we knew not how long the siege would last. For after we heard the Emperor's words, how he would not depart from before Metz, till he had taken it by force or by famine, the victuals were cut down; and what they used to distribute to three soldiers was given to four; and it was forbidden to them to sell the remains which might be left after their meals; but they might give them to the rabble. And they always rose from table with an appetite, for fear they should be subject to take physick.

And before we surrendered to the mercy of the enemy, we had determined to eat the asses, mules, and horses, dogs, cats, and rats, even our boots and collars, and other skins that we could have softened

and stewed. And, in a word, all the besieged were resolved to defend themselves valiantly with all instruments of war; to set the artillery at the entry of the breach, and load with balls, stones, cart-nails, bars and chains of iron; also all sorts and kinds of artificial fires, as barricadoes, grenades, stink-pots, torches, squibs, fire-traps, burning faggots; with boiling water, melted lead, and lime, to put out the enemy's eyes. Also, they were to make holes right through their houses, and put arquebusiers in them, to take the enemy in flank and hasten his going, or else give him stop then and there. Also they were to order the women to pull up the streets, and throw from their windows billets, tables, trestles, benches, and stools, to dash out the enemy's brains. Moreover, a little within the breach, there was a great stronghold full of carts and palisades, tuns and casks; and barricades of earth to serve as gabions, interlaid with falconets, falcons, field-pieces, crooked arquebuses, pistols, arquebuses, and wild-fires, to break their legs and thighs, so that they would be taken from above and on the flank and from behind; and if they had carried this stronghold, there were others where the streets crossed, every hundred paces, which would have been as bad friends to them as the first, or worse, and would have made many widows and orphans. And if fortune had been so

hard on us that they had stormed and broken up our strongholds, there would yet have been seven great companies, drawn up in square and in triangle, to fight them all at once, each led by one of the princes, for the better encouragement of our men to fight and die all together, even to the last breath of their souls. And all were resolved to bring their treasures, rings, and jewels, and their best and richest and most beautiful household stuffs, and burn them to ashes in the great square, lest the enemy should take them and make trophies of them. Also there were men charged to set fire to all the stores and burn them, and to stave in all the wine-casks; others to set fire to every single house, to burn the enemy and us together. The citizens thus were all of one mind, rather than see the bloody knife at their throats, and their wives and daughters ravished and taken by the cruel savage Spaniards.

Now we had certain prisoners, who had been made secretly to understand our last determination and desperation; these prisoners M. de Guise sent away on parole, who being come to their camp, lost no time in saying what we had told them; which restrained the great and vehement desire of the enemy, so that they were no longer eager to enter the town to cut our throats and enrich themselves with the spoils. The Emperor, having heard the decision

of this great warrior, M. de Guise, put water in his wine, and restrained his fury; saying that he could not enter the town save with vast butchery and carnage, and shedding of much blood, both of those defending and of those attacking, and they would be all dead together, and in the end he would get nothing but ashes; and afterward men might say it was a like destruction to that of the town of Jerusalem, made of old time by Titus and Vespasian.

The Emperor thus having heard our last resolve, and seeing how little he had gained by his attack, sappings, and mines, and the great plague that was through all his camp, and the adverse time of the year, and the want of victuals and of money, and how his soldiers were disbanding themselves and going off in great companies, decided at last to raise the siege and go away, with the cavalry of his vanguard, and the greater part of the artillery and engines of war. The Marquis of Brandebourg was the last to budge from his place; he had with him some troops of Spaniards and Bohemians, and his German regiments, and there he stopped for a day and a half, to the great regret of M. de Guise, who brought four pieces of artillery out of the town, which he fired on him this side and that, to hurry him off: and off he went, sure enough, and all his men with him.

When he was a quarter of a league from Metz, he was seized with a panic lest our cavalry should fall upon his tail; so he set fire to his store of powder, and left behind him some pieces of artillery, and a quantity of baggage, which he could not take along with him, because their vanguard and their great cannons had broken and torn up the roads. Our cavalry were longing with all their hearts to issue from the town and attack him behind; but M. de Guise would never let them, saying on the contrary we had better make their way smooth for them, and build them gold and silver bridges to let them go; like the good pastor and shepherd, who will not lose one of his sheep.

That is how our dear and well-beloved Imperials went away from Metz, which was the day after Christmas Day, to the great content of those within the walls, and the praise of the princes, seigneurs, captains, and soldiers, who had endured the travail of this siege for more than two months. Nevertheless, they did not all go: there wanted more than twenty thousand of them, who were dead, from our artillery and the fighting, or from plague, cold, and starvation (and from spite and rage that they could not get into the town to cut our throats and plunder us): and many of their horses also died, the greater part whereof they had eaten instead of beef and bacon.

We went where their camp had been, where we found many dead bodies not yet buried, and the earth all worked up, as one sees in the Cemetery of the Holy Innocents during some time of many deaths. In their tents, pavilions, and lodgings were many sick people. Also cannon-shot, weapons, carts, waggons, and other baggage, with a great quantity of soldier's bread, spoiled and rotted by the snows and rains (yet the soldiers had it but by weight and measure). Also they left a good store of wood, all that remained of the houses they had demolished and broken down in the villages for two or three leagues around; also many other pleasure-houses, that had belonged to our citizens, with gardens and fine orchards full of diverse fruit-trees. And without all this, they would have been benumbed and dead of the cold, and forced to raise the siege sooner than they did.

M. de Guise had their dead buried, and their sick people treated. Also the enemy left behind them in the Abbey of Saint Arnoul many of their wounded soldiers, whom they could not possibly take with them. M. de Guise sent them all victuals enough, and ordered me and the other surgeons to go dress and physick them, which we did with a good will; and I think they would not have done the like for our men. For the Spaniard is very cruel, treacherous, and inhuman, and so far enemy of all nations:

which is proved by Lopez the Spaniard, and Benzo of Milan, and others who have written the history of America and the West Indies: who have had to confess that the cruelty, avarice, blasphemies, and wickedness of the Spaniards have utterly estranged the poor Indians from the religion that these Spaniards professed. And all write that they are of less worth than the idolatrous Indians, for their cruel treatment of these Indians.

And some days later M. de Guise sent a trumpet to Thionville to the enemy, that they could send for their wounded in safety: which they did with carts and waggons, but not enough. M. de Guise gave them carts and carters, to help to take them to Thionville. Our carters when they returned told us the roads were all paved with dead bodies, and they never got half the men there, for they died in their carts: and the Spaniards seeing them at the point of death, before they had breathed their last, threw them out of the carts and buried them in the mud and mire, saying they had no orders to bring back dead men. Moreover, our carters said they had found on the roads many carts stuck in the mud, full of baggage, for which the enemy dared not send back, lest we who were within Metz should run out upon them.

I would return to the reason why so many of them died; which was mostly starvation, the plague,

and cold. For the snow was more than two feet deep upon the ground, and they were lodged in pits below the ground, covered only with a little thatch. Nevertheless, each soldier had his camp-bed, and a coverlet all strewed with stars, glittering and shining brighter than fine gold, and every day they had white sheets, and lodged at the sign of the Moon, and enjoyed themselves if only they had been able, and paid their host so well over night that in the morning they went off quits, shaking their ears: and they had no need of a comb to get the down and feathers out of their beards and hair, and they always found a white table-cloth, and would have enjoyed good meals but for want of food. Also the greater part of them had neither boots, half-boots, slippers, hose, nor shoes: and most of them would rather have none than any, because they were always in the mire up to mid-leg. And because they went bare-foot, we called them the Emperor's Apostles.

After the camp was wholly dispersed, I distributed my patients into the hands of the surgeons of the town, to finish dressing them: then I took leave of M. de Guise, and returned to the King, who received me with great favour, and asked me how I had been able to make my way into Metz. I told him fully all that I had done. He gave me two hundred crowns, and an hundred which I had when I set out:

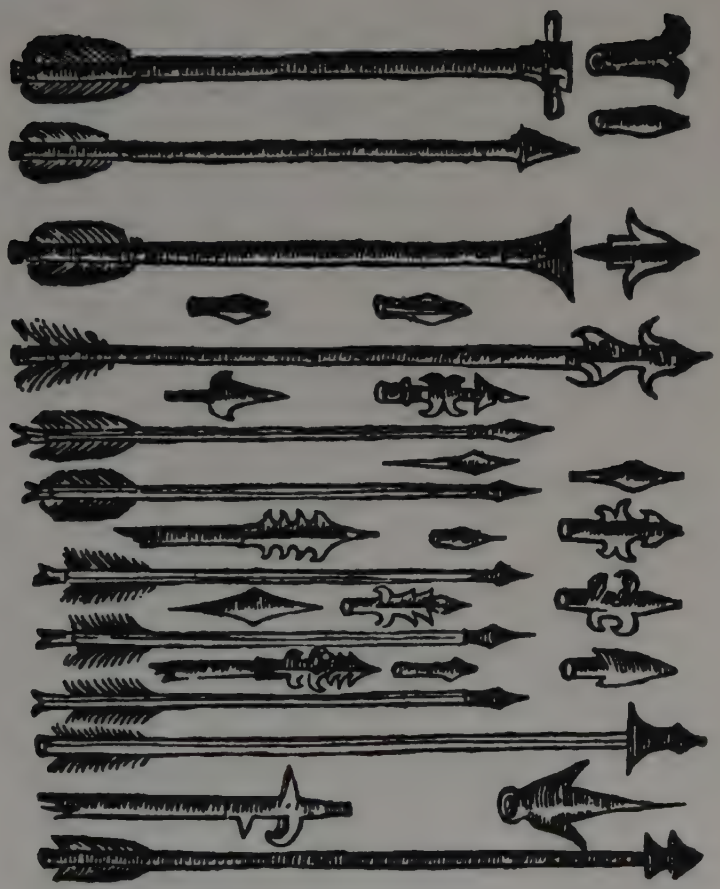
and said he would never leave me poor. Then I thanked him very humbly for the good and the honour he was pleased to do me.

The Journey to Hesdin. 1553.

The Emperor Charles laid siege to the town of Theroüenne; and M. le Duc de Savoie was General of his whole army. It was taken by assault: and there was a great number of our men killed and taken prisoners.

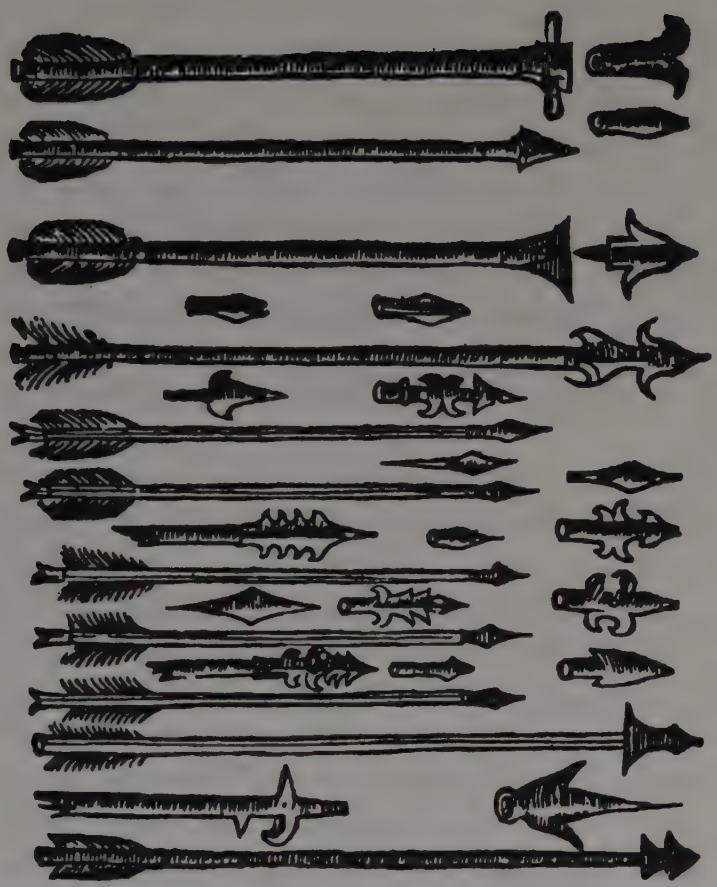
The King, wishing to prevent the enemy from besieging the town and castle of Hesdin also, sent thither MM. le Duc de Bouillon, le Duc Horace, le Marquis de Villars, and a number of captains, and about eighteen hundred soldiers: and during the siege of Theroüenne, these Seigneurs fortified the castle of Hesdin, so that it seemed to be impregnable. The King sent me to the Seigneurs, to help them with my art, if they should come to have need of it.

Soon after the capture of Theroüenne, we were besieged in Hesdin. There was a clear stream of running water within shot of our cannon, and about it were fourscore or an hundred of the enemy's rabble, drawing water. I was on a rampart watching the enemy pitch their camp; and seeing the crowd of idlers round the stream, I asked M. du Pont, commissary of the artillery, to send one cannon-shot



VARIOUS ARROWS, AND DETACHABLE ARROW-HEADS.

FROM PARÉ'S WORKS.



VARIOUS ARROWS, AND DETACHABLE ARROW-HEADS.

FROM PARÉ'S WORKS.

among this *canaille:* he gave me a flat refusal, saying that all this sort of people was not worth the powder would be wasted on them. Again I begged him to level the cannon, telling him, "The more dead, the fewer enemies"; which he did for my sake: and the shot killed fifteen or sixteen, and wounded many. Our men made sorties against the enemy, wherein many were killed and wounded on both sides, with gunshot or with fighting hand to hand; and our men often sallied out before their trenches were made; so that I had my work cut out for me, and had no rest either day or night for dressing the wounded.

And here I would note that we had put many of them in a great tower, laying them on a little straw: and their pillows were stones, their coverlets were cloaks, those who had any. When the attack was made, so often as the enemy's cannons were fired, our wounded said they felt pain in their wounds, as if you had struck them with a stick: one was crying out on his head, the other on his arm, and so with the other parts of the body: and many had their wounds bleed again, even more profusely than at the time they were wounded, and then I had to run to staunch them. *Mon petit maistre*, if you had been there, you would have been much hindered with your hot irons; you would have wanted a lot

of charcoal to heat them red, and sure you would have been killed like a calf for your cruelty. Many died of the diabolical storm of the echo of these engines of artillery, and the vehement agitation and severe shock of the air acting on their wounds; others because they got no rest for the shouting and crying that were made day and night, and for want of good food, and other things needful for their treatment. *Mon petit maistre*, if you had been there, no doubt you could have given them jelly, restoratives, gravies, pressed meats, broth, barley-water, almond-milk, blanc-mange, prunes, plums, and other food proper for the sick; but your diet would have been only on paper, and in fact they had nothing but beef of old shrunk cows, seized round Hesdin for our provision, salted and half-cooked, so that he who would eat it must drag at it with his teeth, as birds of prey tear their food. Nor must I forget the linen for dressing their wounds, which was only washed daily and dried at the fire, till it was as hard as parchment: I leave you to think how their wounds could do well. There were four big fat rascally women who had charge to whiten the linen, and were kept at it with the stick; and yet they had not water enough to do it, much less soap. That is how the poor patients died, for want of food and other necessary things.

One day the enemy feigned a general attack, to

draw our soldiers into the breach, that they might see what we were like: every man ran thither. We had made a great store of artificial fires to defend the breach; a priest of M. le Duc de Bouillon took a grenade, thinking to throw it at the enemy, and lighted it before he ought: it burst, and set fire to all our store, which was in a house near the breach. This was a terrible disaster for us, because it burned many poor soldiers; it even caught the house, and we had all been burned, but for help given to put it out; there was only one well in the castle with any water in it, and this was almost dry, and we took beer to put it out instead of water; afterward we were in great want of water, and to drink what was left we must strain it through napkins.

The enemy, seeing the explosion and violence of the fires, which made a wonderful flame and thundering, thought we had lit them on purpose to defend the breach, and that we had many more of them. This made them change their minds, to have us some other way than by attack: they dug mines, and sapped the greater part of our walls, till they came near turning our castle altogether upside down; and when the sappers had finished their work, and their artillery was fired, all the castle shook under our feet like an earthquake, to our great astonishment. Moreover, they had levelled five pieces of

artillery, which they had placed on a little hillock, so as to have us from behind when we were gone to defend the breach. M. le Duc Horace had a cannon-shot on the elbow, which carried off his arm one way and his body the other, before he could say a single word; his death was a great disaster to us, for the high rank that he held in the town. Also M. de Martigues had a gunshot wound which pierced his lungs: I dressed him, as I shall tell hereafter.

Then we asked leave to speak with the enemy; and a trumpet was sent to the Prince of Piedmont, to know what terms he would give us. He answered that all the leaders, such as gentlemen, captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, would be taken prisoners for ransom, and the soldiers would leave the town without their arms; and if we refused this fair and honest offer, we might rest assured they would take us next day, by attack or otherwise.

A council was held, to which I was called, to know if I would sign the surrender of the town; with many captains, gentlemen, and others. I answered it was not possible to hold the town, and I would sign the surrender with my own blood, for the little hope I had we could resist the enemy's forces, and for the great longing I had to be out of this hell and utter torture; for I slept neither night nor day for the great number of the wounded, who were about two

hundred. The dead were advanced in putrefaction, piled one upon the other like faggots, and not covered with earth, because we had none. And if I went into a soldier's lodging, there were soldiers waiting for me at the door when I came out, for me to dress others; it was who should have me, and they carried me like the body of a saint, with my feet off the ground, fighting for me. I could not satisfy this great number of wounded: nor had I got what I wanted for their treatment. For it is not enough that the surgeon do his duty toward his patients, but the patient also must do his; and the assistants, and external things, must work together for him: *see Hippocrates, Aphorism the First.*

Having heard that we were to surrender the place, I knew our business was not prospering; and for fear of being known, I gave a velvet coat, a satin doublet, and a cloak of fine cloth trimmed with velvet, to a soldier; who gave me a bad doublet all torn and ragged with wear, and a frayed leather collar, and a bad hat, and a short cloak; I dirtied the neck of my shirt with water mixed with a little soot, I rubbed my hose with a stone at the knees and over the heels, as though they had been long worn, I did the same to my shoes, till one would have taken me for a chimney-sweep rather than a King's surgeon. I went in this gear to M. de Martigues, and prayed

him to arrange I should stop with him to dress him; which he granted very willingly, and was as glad I should be near him as I was myself.

Soon afterward, the commissioners who were to select the prisoners entered the castle, the seventeenth day of July, 1553. They took prisoners MM. le Duc de Bouillon, le Marquis de Villars, de Roze, le Baron de Culan, M. du Pont, commissary of the artillery, and M. de Martigues; and me with him, because he asked them; and all the gentlemen who they knew could pay ransom, and most of the soldiers and the leaders of companies; so many and such prisoners as they wished. And then the Spanish soldiers entered by the breach, unresisted; our men thought they would keep their faith and agreement that all lives should be spared. They entered the town in a fury to kill, plunder, and ravage everything: they took a few men, hoping to have ransom for them.* . . . If they saw they could not get it, they cruelly put them to death in cold blood.* . . . And they killed them all with daggers, and cut their throats. Such was their great cruelty and treachery; let him trust them who will.

To return to my story: when I was taken from the castle into the town, with M. de Martigues, there was one of M. de Savoie's gentlemen, who asked me

* An account of the torture is here omitted.

if M. de Martigues's wound could be cured. I told him no, that it was incurable: and off he went to tell M. le Duc de Savoie. I bethought myself they would send physicians and surgeons to dress M. de Martigues; and I argued within myself if I ought to play the simpleton, and not let myself be known for a surgeon, lest they should keep me to dress their wounded, and in the end I should be found to be the King's surgeon, and they would make me pay a big ransom. On the other hand, I feared, if I did not show I was a surgeon and had dressed M. de Martigues skilfully, they would cut my throat. Forthwith I made up my mind to show them he would not die for want of having been well dressed and nursed.

Soon after, sure enough, there came many gentlemen, with the Emperor's physician, and his surgeon, and those belonging to M. de Savoie, and six other surgeons of his army, to see M. de Martigues' wound, and to know of me how I had dressed and treated it. The Emperor's physician bade me declare the essential nature of the wound, and what I had done for it. And all his assistants kept their ears wide open, to know if the wound were or were not mortal. I commenced my discourse to them, how M. de Martigues, looking over the wall to mark those who were sapping it, was shot with an arque-

bus through the body, and I was called of a sudden to dress him. I found blood coming from his mouth and from his wounds. Moreover, he had a great difficulty of breathing in and out, and air came whistling from the wounds, so that it would have put out a candle; and he said he had a very great stabbing pain where the bullet had entered.* . . . I withdrew some scales of bone, and put in each wound a tent with a large head, fastened with a thread, lest on inspiration it should be drawn into the cavity of the chest; which has happened with surgeons, to the detriment of the poor wounded; for being fallen in, you cannot get them out; and then they beget corruption, being foreign bodies. The tents were anointed with a preparation of yolk of egg, Venice turpentine, and a little oil of roses. . . . I put over the wounds a great plaster of diachylum, wherewith I had mixed oil of roses, and vinegar, to avoid inflammation. Then I applied great compresses steeped in oxycrate, and bandaged him, not too tight, that he might breathe easily. Next, I drew five basons of blood from his right arm, considering his youth and his sanguine temperament. . . . Fever took him, soon after he was wounded, with feebleness of the heart. . . . His

*Details of the case, here omitted, show that it was hopeless from the first.

diet was barley-water, prunes with sugar, at other times broth: his drink was a ptisane. He could lie only on his back. . . . What more shall I say? but that my Lord de Martigues never had an hour's rest after he was wounded. . . . These things considered, Gentlemen, no other prognosis is possible, save that he will die in a few days, to my great grief.

Having finished my discourse, I dressed him as I was accustomed. When I displayed his wounds, the physicians and surgeons, and other assistants present, knew the truth of what I had said. The physicians, having felt his pulse and seen that the vital forces were depressed and spent, agreed with me that in a few days he would die. Then they all went to the Duc de Savoie, and told him M. de Martigues would die in a short time. He answered them, "Possibly, if he had been well dressed, he might have escaped death." Then they all with one voice said he had been very well dressed and cared for altogether, and it could not be better, and it was impossible to cure him, and his wound was of necessity mortal. Then M. de Savoie was very angry with them, and cried, and asked them again if for certain they all held his case hopeless: they answered, yes.

Then a Spanish impostor came forward, who prom-

ised on his life to cure him; and if he did not, they should cut him in an hundred pieces; but he would have no physicians, nor surgeons, nor apothecaries with him: and M. le Duc de Savoie forthwith bade the physicians and surgeons not go near M. de Martigues; and sent a gentleman to bid me, under pain of death, not so much as to touch him. Which I promised, and was very glad, for now he would not die under my hands; and the impostor was told to dress him, and to have with him no other physicians or surgeons, but only himself. By and bye he came, and said to M. de Martigues, "Señor Cavallero, M. de Savoie has bid me come and dress your wound. I swear to God, before eight days I will set you on horseback, lance in hand, provided none touch you but I alone. You shall eat and drink whatever you like. I will be dieted instead of you; and you may trust me to perform what I promise. I have cured many who had worse wounds than yours." And the Seigneurs answered him, "God give you His grace for it."

He asked for a shirt of M. de Martigues, and tore it in little strips, which he laid cross-wise, muttering and murmuring certain words over the wounds: having done this much for him, he let him eat and drink all he would, saying he himself would be dieted in his stead; which he did, eating but six prunes and

six morsels of bread for dinner, and drinking only beer. Nevertheless, two days later, M. de Martigues died: and my friend the Spaniard, seeing him at the point of death, eclipsed himself, and got away without good-bye to any man. And I believe if he had been caught he would have been hanged and strangled, for the false promise he made to M. le Duc de Savoie and many other gentlemen. M. de Martigues died about ten o'clock in the morning; and after dinner M. de Savoie sent the physicians and surgeons, and his apothecary, with a store of drugs to embalm him. They came with many gentlemen and captains of his army.

The Emperor's surgeon came to me, and asked me in a very friendly way to make the embalment; which I refused, saying that I was not worthy to carry his instrument-box after him. He begged me again to do it to please him, and that he would be very glad of it. . . . Seeing his kindness, and fearing to displease him, I then decided to show them the anatomist that I was, expounding to them many things, which would here be too long to recite.* . . Our discourse finished, I embalmed the body; and it was placed in a coffin. Then the Emperor's surgeon drew me aside, and told me, if I would stop with him, he would treat me well, and give me a new suit

* A discourse on anatomy is here omitted.

of clothes, and set me on horseback. I gave him many thanks, and said I had no wish to serve any country but my own.* Then he told me I was a fool, and if he were a prisoner as I was, he would serve a devil to get his freedom. In the end I told him flat I would not stop with him. The Emperor's physician then went back to M. de Savoie, and explained to him the causes of M. de Martigues' death, and that it was impossible for all the men in the world to have cured him; and assured him again I had done all that was to be done, and besought him to take me into his service; saying much more good of me than there was. He having been persuaded to do this, sent to me one of his stewards, M. du Bouchet, to tell me, if I would serve him, he would use me well; I sent back my very humble thanks, and that I had decided not to take service under any foreigner. When he heard my answer he was very angry, and said I ought to be sent to the galleys.

M. de Vaudeville, Governor of Graveline, and colonel of seventeen ensigns of infantry, asked him to send me to him, to dress an old ulcer on his leg, that he had had for six or seven years. M. de Savoie said he was willing, so far as I was concerned; and if I used the cautery to his leg, it would serve him right. M. de Vaudeville answered, if he saw me try-

* Brave response.—A. P.

ing it, he would have my throat cut. Soon after, he sent for me four German halberdiers of his guard; and I was terrified, for I did not know where they were taking me: they spoke no more French than I German. When I was come to his lodging, he bade me welcome, and said, now I belonged to him; and so soon as I had healed him, he would let me go without ransom. I told him I had no means to pay any ransom. He called his physician and his surgeon-in-ordinary, to show me his leg; and when we had examined it, we withdrew into a room, where I began my discourse to them.* . . . Then the physician left me with the surgeon, and went back to M. de Vaudeville, and said he was sure I could cure him, and told him all I had decided to do; which pleased him vastly. He sent for me, and asked if I thought I could cure him; I said yes, if he were obedient to what was necessary. He promised to do only what I wished and ordered; and so soon as he was healed, he would let me go home without ransom. Then I asked him to make better terms with me, saying it was too long to wait for my liberty: in fifteen days I hoped his ulcer would be less than half its present size, and give no pain; then his own surgeon and physician could finish the cure. He granted this to me. Then I took a piece

* A long surgical discourse is here omitted.

of paper to measure the size of the ulcer, and gave it to him, and kept another by me; I asked him to keep his promise, when I had done my work; he swore by the faith of a gentleman he would. Then I set myself to dress him properly, after the manner of Galen. . . He wished to know if it were true, what I said of Galen, and bade his physician look to it, for he would know it for himself; he had the book put on the table, and found that what I said was true; so the physician was ashamed, and I was glad. Within the fifteen days, it was almost all healed; and I began to feel happy about the compact made between us. He had me to eat and drink at his table, when there were no more great persons than he and I only. He gave me a big red scarf which I must wear; which made me feel something like a dog when they give him a clog, to stop him eating the grapes in the vineyards. His physician and surgeon took me through the camp to visit their wounded; and I took care to observe what our enemy was doing. I found they had no more great cannons, but only twenty-five or thirty field-pieces.

M. de Vaudeville held prisoner M. de Baugé, brother of M. de Martigues who died at Hesdin. M. de Baugé was prisoner at Château de La Motte au Bois, belonging to the Emperor; he had been captured at Theroüenne by two Spanish soldiers; and

M. de Vaudeville, when he saw him there, concluded he must be some gentleman of good family: he made him pull off his stockings, and seeing his clean legs and feet, and his fine white stockings, knew he was one to pay a good ransom. He told the soldiers he would give them thirty crowns down for their prisoner: they agreed gladly, for they had no place to keep him, nor food for him, nor did they know his value: so they gave their man into his hands, and he sent him off at once, guarded by four of his own soldiers, to Château de La Motte au Bois, with others of our gentlemen who were prisoners.

M. de Baugé would not tell who he was; and endured much hardship, living on bread and water, with a little straw for his bed. When Hesdin was taken, M. de Vaudeville sent the news of it to him and to the other prisoners, and the list of the killed, and among them M. de Martigues: and when M. de Baugé heard with his own ears his brother was dead, he fell to crying, weeping, and lamentation. His guards asked him why he was so miserable: he told them, for love of M. de Martigues, his brother. When he heard this, the captain of the castle sent straight to tell M. de Vaudeville he had a good prisoner: who was delighted at this, and sent me next day with four soldiers, and his own physician, to the castle, to say that if M. de Baugé

would pay him fifteen thousand crowns ransom, he would send him home free: and he asked only the security of two Antwerp merchants that he should name. M. de Vaudeville persuaded me I should commend this offer to his prisoner: that is why he sent me to the castle. He told the captain to treat him well and put him in a room with hangings, and strengthen his guard: and from that time onward they made a great deal of him, at the expense of M. de Vaudeville.

M. de Baugé answered that he could not pay his ransom himself: it depended on M. d' Estampes his uncle, and Mlle. de Bressure his aunt: he had no means to pay such a ransom. I went back with my guards, and gave this answer to M. de Vaudeville; who said, "Possibly he will not get away so cheap": which was true, for they knew who he was. Then the Queen of Hungary and M. le Duc de Savoie sent word to M. de Vaudeville that this mouthful was too big for him, and he must send his prisoner to them (which he did), and he had other prisoners enough without him. The ransom paid was forty thousand crowns, without other expenses.

On my way back to M. de Vaudeville, I passed by Saint Omer, where I saw their great cannons, most of which were fouled and broken. Also I passed by Theroüenne, where I saw not one stone left on

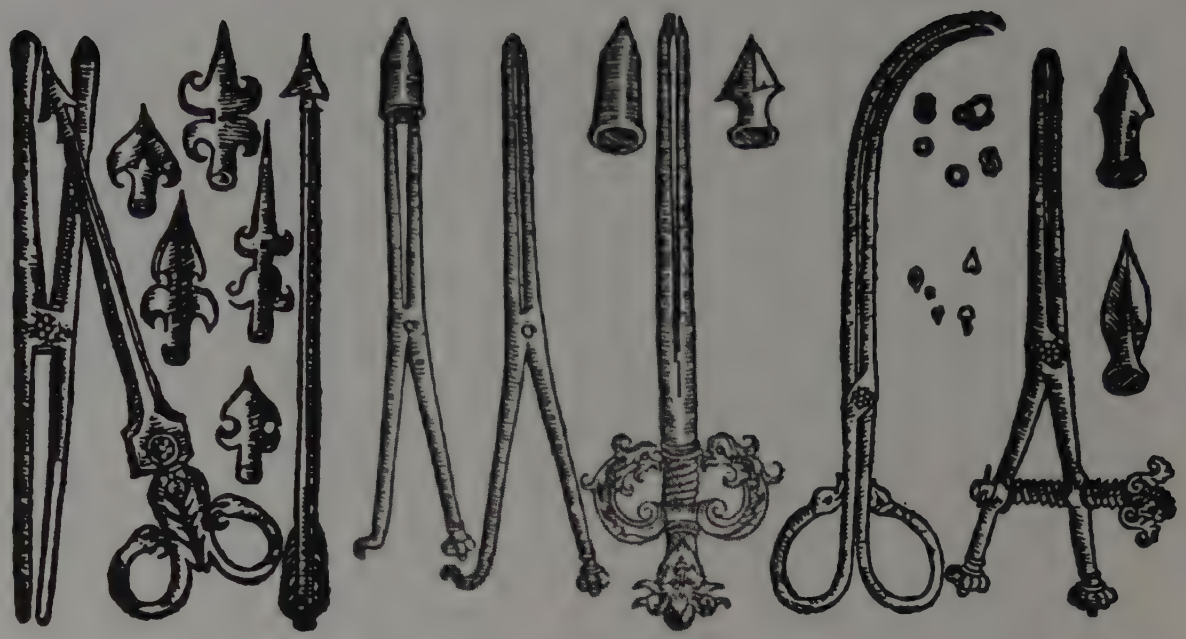
another, save a vestige of the great church: for the Emperor ordered the country people for five or six leagues round to clear and take away the stones; so that now you may drive a cart over the town: and the same at Hesdin, and no trace of castle and fortress. Such is the evil that wars bring with them.

To return to my story; M. de Vaudeville soon got the better of his ulcer, and was nearly healed: so he let me go, and sent me by a trumpet, with passport, as far as Abbeville. I posted from here, and went to find my master, King Henry, at Aufimon, who received me gladly and with good favour. He sent MM. de Guise, the Constable, and d' Estrés, to hear from me the capture of Hesdin; and I made them a true report, and assured them I had seen the great cannons they had taken to Saint Omer: and the King was glad, for he had feared the enemy would come further into France. He gave me two hundred crowns to take me home: and I was thankful to be free, out of this great torment and thunder of the diabolical artillery, and away from the soldiers, blasphemers and deniers of God. I must add that after Hesdin was taken, the King was told I was not killed but taken prisoner. He made M. Goguier, his chief physician, write to my wife that I was living, and she was not to be unhappy, and he would pay my ransom.

Battle of Saint Quentin. 1557.

After the battle of Saint Quentin, the King sent me to La Fère en Tartenois, to M. le Maréchal de Bourdillon, for a passport to M. le Duc de Savoie, that I might go and dress the Constable, who had been badly wounded in the back with a pistol-shot, whereof he was like to die, and remained prisoner in the enemy's hands. But never would M. le Duc de Savoie let me go to him, saying he would not die for want of a surgeon; that he much doubted I would go there only to dress him, and not rather to take some secret information to him; and that he knew I was privy to other things besides surgery, and remembered I had been his prisoner at Hesdin. M. le Maréchal told the King of this refusal: who wrote to M. le Maréchal, that if Mme. the Constable's Lady would send some quick-witted man of her household I would give him a letter, and had also something to say to him by word of mouth, entrusted to me by the King and by M. le Cardinal de Lorraine. Two days later there came one of the Constable's gentlemen of the bedchamber, with his shirts and other linen, to whom M. le Maréchal gave a passport to go to the Constable. I was very glad, and gave him my letter, and instructed him what his master must do now he was prisoner.

I thought, having finished my mission, to return



INSTRUMENTS FOR EXTRACTING ARROW-HEADS OR LINKS OF CHAIN-ARMOUR.

FROM PARÉ'S WORKS.

1. A dilator. 2. An arrow-head forceps. 3. An instrument like a glove-stretcher, so that the hollow arrow-head could be drawn out *over* the end of it. 4. A catcher with a sharp spike to seize a broken arrow. 5. A forceps. 6. A dilator. 7. An arrow, detachable arrow-heads, links of chain-armour.

to the King; but M. le Maréchal begged me to stop at La Fère with him, to dress a very great number of wounded who had retreated there after the battle, and he would write to the King to explain why I stopped; which I did. Their wounds were very putrid, and full of worms, with gangrene, and corruption; and I had to make free play with the knife to cut off what was corrupt, which was not done without amputation of arms and legs, and also sundry trepannings. They found no store of drugs at La Fère, because the surgeons of the camp had taken them all away; but I found the waggons of the artillery there, and these had not been touched. I asked M. le Maréchal to let me have some of the drugs which were in them, which he did; and I was given the half only at one time, and five or six days later I had to take the rest; and yet it was not half enough to dress the great number of wounded. And to correct and stop the corruption, and kill the worms in their wounds, I washed them with Ægyptiacum dissolved in wine and *eau-de-vie*, and did all I could for them; but in spite of all my care many of them died.

There were at La Fère some gentlemen charged to find the dead body of M. de Bois-Dauphin the elder, who had been killed in the battle; they asked me to go with them to the camp, to pick him

out, if we could, among the dead; but it was not possible to recognise him, the bodies being all far gone in corruption, and their faces changed. We saw more than half a league round us the earth all covered with the dead; and hardly stopped there, because of the stench of the dead men and their horses; and so many blue and green flies rose from them, bred of the moisture of the bodies and the heat of the sun, that when they were up in the air they hid the sun. It was wonderful to hear them buzzing; and where they settled, there they infected the air, and brought the plague with them. *Mon petit maistre*, I wish you had been there with me, to experience the smells, and make report thereof to them that were not there.

I was very weary of the place; I prayed M. le Maréchal to let me leave it, and feared I should be ill there; for the wounded men stank past all bearing, and they died nearly all, in spite of everything we did. He got surgeons to finish the treatment of them, and sent me away with his good favour. He wrote to the King of the diligence I had shown toward the poor wounded. Then I returned to Paris, where I found many more gentlemen, who had been wounded and gone thither after the battle.

THE JOURNEY TO THE CAMP AT AMIENS. 1558.

The King sent me to Dourlan, under conduct of Captain Gouast; with fifty men-at-arms, for fear I should be taken by the enemy; and seeing we were always in alarms on the way, I made my man get down, and made him the master; for I got on his horse, which carried my valise, and could go well if we had to make our escape, and I took his cloak and hat and gave him my mount, which was a good little mare; he being in front, you would have taken him for the master and me for the servant. The garrison inside Dourlan, when they saw us, thought we were the enemy, and fired their cannon at us. Captain Gouast, my conductor, made signs to them with his hat that we were not the enemy; at last they ceased firing, and we entered Dourlan, to our great relief.

Five or six days before this, a sortie had been made from Dourlan; wherein many captains and brave soldiers had been killed or wounded: and among the wounded was Captain Saint Aubin, *vaillant comme l'espée*, a great friend of M. de Guise: for whose sake chiefly the King had sent me there. Who, being attacked with a quartan fever, yet left his bed to command the greater part of his company. A Spaniard, seeing him in command, perceived he was a captain, and shot him through the neck with

an arquebus. Captain Saint Aubin thought himself killed: and by this fright I protest to God he lost his quartan fever, and was forever free of it. I dressed him, with Antoine Portail, surgeon-in-ordinary of the King; and many other soldiers. Some died, others got off with the loss of an arm or a leg or an eye, and said they had got off cheap, to be alive at all. Then, the enemy having broken up their camp, I returned to Paris.

I say nothing here of *mon petit maistre*, who was more comfortable in his house than I at the wars.

The Journey to Bourges. 1562.

The King with his camp was but a short time at Bourges, till those within the walls should surrender; and they came out with their goods saved. I know nothing worth remembering, but that a boy of the King's kitchen, having come near the walls of the town before the agreement had been signed, cried with a loud voice, "Huguenot, Huguenot, shoot here, shoot here," having his arm thrown up and his hand spread out; a soldier shot his hand right through with a bullet. When he was thus shot, he came to find me to dress him. And the Constable seeing the boy in tears, with his hand all bloody, asked who had wounded him: then a gentleman who had seen him shot said it served him right,

because he kept calling "Huguenot, hit here, aim here." And then the Constable said, this Huguenot was a good shot and a good fellow, for most likely if he had chosen to fire at the boy's head, he would have hit it even more easily than his hand. I dressed the kitchen boy, who was very ill. He recovered, but with no power in his hand: and from that time his comrades called him "Huguenot": he is still living now.

The Journey To Rouen. 1562.

Now, as for the capture of Rouen, they killed many of our men both before and at the attack: and the very next day after we had entered the town, I trepanned eight or nine of our men, who had been wounded with stones as they were on the breach. The air was so malignant, that many died, even of quite small wounds, so that some thought the bullets had been poisoned: and those within the town said the like of us; for though they had within the town all that was needful, yet all the same they died like those outside.

The King of Navarre was wounded, some days before the attack, with a bullet in the shoulder. I visited him, and helped to dress him, with one of his own surgeons, Master Gilbert, one of the chief men of Montpellier, and others. They could not

find the bullet. I searched for it very accurately, and found reason to believe it had entered at the top of the arm, by the head of the bone, and had passed into the hollow part of the bone, which was why they could not find it; and most of them said it had entered his body and was lost in it. M. le Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon, who dearly loved the King of Navarre, drew me aside and asked if the wound were mortal. I told him yes, because all wounds of great joints, and especially contused wounds, were mortal, according to all those who have written about them. He asked the others what they thought of it, and chiefly Master Gilbert, who told him he had great hope his Lord the King would recover; which made the Prince very glad.

Four days later, the King, and the Queen-mother, and M. le Cardinal de Bourbon, his brother, and M. le Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon, and M. de Guise, and other great persons, after we had dressed the King of Navarre, wished us to hold a consultation in their presence, all the physicians and surgeons together. Each of them said what he thought, and there was not one but had good hope, they said, that he would recover. I persisted always in the contrary. M. le Prince, who loved me, drew me aside, and said I was alone against the opinion of all the others, and prayed me not to be obstinate

against so many good men. I answered, When I shall see good signs of recovery, I will change my mind. Many consultations were held, and I never changed what I said, and the prognosis I had made at the first dressing, and said always the arm would fall into a gangrene: which it did, for all the care they could give to it; and he rendered his spirit to God the eighteenth day after his wound.

M. le Prince, having heard of it, sent to me his surgeon, and his physician, one Lefêvre, now physician-in-ordinary to the King and the Queen-mother, to say he wished to have the bullet, and we were to look for it, to see where it was. Then I was very glad, and assured them I should quickly find it; which I did in their presence, with many other gentlemen: it was just in the very middle of the bone. M. le Prince took and showed it to the King and to the Queen, who all said that my prognosis had come true. The body was laid to rest at Château Gaillard: and I returned to Paris, where I found many patients, who had been wounded on the breach at Rouen, and chiefly Italians, who were very eager I should dress them: which I did willingly. Many of them recovered: the rest died. *Mon petit maistre*, I think you were called to dress some, for the great number there was of them.

The Battle of Dreux. 1562.

The day after the battle of Dreux, the King bade me go and dress M. le Comte d'Eu, who had been wounded in the right thigh, near the hip-joint, with a pistol-shot: which had smashed and broken the thigh-bone into many pieces: whereon many accidents supervened, and at last death, to my great grief. The day after I came, I would go to the camp where the battle had been, to see the dead bodies. I saw, for a long league round, the earth all covered: they estimated it at twenty-five thousand men or more; and it was all done in less than two hours. I wish, *mon petit maistre*, for the love I bear you, you had been there, to tell it to your scholars and your children.

Now while I was at Dreux, I visited and dressed a great number of gentlemen, and poor soldiers, and among the rest many of the Swiss captains. I dressed fourteen all in one room, all wounded with pistol-shots and other diabolical firearms, and not one of the fourteen died. M. le Comte d'Eu being dead, I made no long stay at Dreux. Surgeons came from Paris, who fulfilled their duty to the wounded, as Pigray, Cointeret, Hubert, and others; and I returned to Paris, where I found many wounded gentlemen who had retreated thither after the battle, to have their wounds dressed; and I was not there without seeing many of them.

INSTRUMENTS FOR EXTRACTING BULLETS.

FROM PARÉ'S WORKS.

1. A dilator. 2, 3. A catcher, open and shut. 4. A blunt hook. 5, 6. A fine-toothed forceps, and a dilator. 7. A grooved forceps.

The Journey to Havre de Grace. 1563.

And I will not omit to tell of the camp at Havre de Grace. When our artillery came before the walls of the town, the English within the walls killed some of our men, and several pioneers who were making gabions. And seeing they were so wounded that there was no hope of curing them, their comrades stripped them, and put them still living inside the gabions, which served to fill them up. When the English saw that they could not withstand our attack, because they were hard hit by sickness, and especially by the plague, they surrendered. The King gave them ships to return to England, very glad to be out of this plague-stricken place. The greater part of them died, and they took the plague to England, and they have not got rid of it since. Captain Sarlabous, master of the camp, was left in garrison, with six ensigns of infantry, who had no fear of the plague; and they were very glad to get into the town, hoping to enjoy themselves there. *Mon petit maistre*, if you had been there, you would have done as they did.

The Journey to Bayonne. 1564.

I went with the King on that journey to Bayonne, when we were two years and more making the tour of well-nigh all this kingdom. And in many towns and villages I was called in consultation over

sundry diseases, with the late M. Chapelain, chief physician to the King, and M. Castellan, chief physician to the Queen-mother; honourable men and very learned in medicine and surgery. During this journey, I always inquired of the surgeons if they had noted anything rare in their practices, so that I might learn something new. While I was at Bayonne, two things happened worthy of remark by young surgeons. The first is, I dressed a Spanish gentleman, who had a great and enormous swelling of the throat. He had lately been touched by the deceased King Charles for the king's evil. I opened his swelling. . . . I left him in the hands of a surgeon of the town, to finish his cure. M. de Fontaine, Knight of the Order of the King, had a severe continued pestilent fever, accompanied with many inflammatory swellings in sundry parts of the body. He had bleeding at the nose for two days, without ceasing, nor could we staunch it: and after this hæmorrhage the fever ceased, with much sweating, and by and bye the swellings suppurated, and he was dressed by me, and healed by the grace of God.

Battle of Saint Denis. 1567.

As for the battle of Saint Denis, there were many killed on both sides. Our wounded withdrew to Paris to be dressed, with the prisoners they had

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taken, and I dressed many of them. The King ordered me, at the request of Mme. the Constable's Lady, to go to her house to dress the Constable; who had a pistol-shot in the middle of the spine of his back, whereby at once he lost all feeling and movement in his thighs and legs . . . because the spinal cord, whence arise the nerves to give feeling and movement to the parts below, was crushed, broken, and torn by the force of the bullet. Also he lost understanding and reason, and in a few days he died. The surgeons of Paris were hard put to it for many days to treat all the wounded. I think, *mon petit maistre*, you saw some of them. I beseech the great God of victories, that we be never more employed in such misfortune and disaster.

VOYAGE OF THE BATTLE OF MONCONTOUR. 1569.

During the battle of Moncontour, King Charles was at Plessis-les-Tours, where he heard the news of the victory. A great number of gentlemen and soldiers retreated into the town and suburbs of Tours, wounded, to be dressed and treated; and the King and the Queen-mother bade me do my duty by them, with other surgeons who were then on duty, as Pigray, du Bois, Portail, and one Siret, a surgeon of Tours, a man well versed in surgery, who was at this time surgeon to the King's brother. And for

the multitude of bad cases we had scarce any rest, nor the physicians either.

M. le Comte de Mansfeld, Governor of the Duchy of Luxembourg, Knight of the Order of the King, was severely wounded in the battle, in the left arm, with a pistol-shot which broke a great part of his elbow; and he withdrew to Borgueil near Tours. Then he sent a gentleman to the King, to beg him to send one of his surgeons, to help him of his wound. So they debated which surgeon they should send. M. le Maréchal de Montmorency told the King and the Queen that they ought to send him their chief surgeon; and urged that M. de Mansfeld had done much toward the victory.

The King said flat, he would not have me go, and wished me to stop with himself. Then the Queen-mother told him I would but go and come back, and he must remember it was a foreign lord, who had come, at the command of the King of Spain, to help him. Then he let me go, provided I came back very soon. So he sent for me, and the Queen-mother with him, and bade me go and find the Lord de Mansfeld, wherever he should be, to do all I could for him to heal his wound. I went to him, with a letter from Their Majesties. When he saw it, he received me with good-will, and forthwith dismissed three or four surgeons who were dressing

him; which was to my very great regret, because his wound seemed to me incurable.

Now many gentlemen had retreated to Borgueil, having been wounded: for they knew that M. de Guise was there, who also had been badly wounded with a pistol-shot through the leg, and they were sure that he would have good surgeons to dress him, and would help them, as he is kindly and very generous, and would relieve their wants. This he did with a will, both for their eating and drinking, and for what else they needed: and for my part, they had the comfort and help of my art: some died, others recovered, according to their wounds. M. le Comte Ringrave died, who was shot in the shoulder, like the King of Navarre before Rouen. M. de Bassompierre, colonel of twelve hundred horse, was wounded by a similar shot, in the same place, as M. de Mansfeld: whom I dressed, and God healed. God blessed my work so well, that in three weeks I sent them back to Paris: where I had still to make incisions in M. de Mansfeld's arm, to remove some pieces of the bones, which were badly splintered, broken, and carious. He was healed by the grace of God, and made me a handsome present, so I was well content with him, and he with me; as he has shown me since. He wrote a letter to M. le Duc d' Ascot, how he was

healed of his wound, and also M. de Bassompierre of his, and many others whom I had dressed after the battle of Moncontour; and advised him to ask the King of France to let me visit M. le Marquis d'Auret, his brother: which he did.

The Journey to Flanders. 1569.

M. le Duc d' Ascot did not fail to send a gentleman to the King, with a letter humbly asking he would do him so much kindness and honour as to permit and command his chief surgeon to visit M. le Marquis d' Auret, his brother, who had received a gunshot wound near the knee, with fracture of the bone, about seven months ago, and the physicians and surgeons all this time had not been able to heal him. The King sent for me and bade me go and see M. d' Auret, and give him all the help I could, to heal him of his wound. I told him I would employ all the little knowledge it had pleased God to give me.

I went off, escorted by two gentlemen, to the Chateau d' Auret, which is a league and a half from Mons in Hainault, where M. le Marquis was lying. So soon as I had come, I visited him, and told him the King had commanded me to come and see him and dress his wound. He said he was very glad I had come, and was much beholden to the King,

who had done him so much honour as to send me to him.

I found him in a high fever, his eyes deep sunken, with a moribund and yellowish face, his tongue dry and parched, and the whole body much wasted and lean, the voice low as of a man very near death: and I found his thigh much inflamed, suppurating, and ulcerated, discharging a greenish and very offensive sanies. I probed it with a silver probe, wherewith I found a large cavity in the middle of the thigh, and others round the knee, sanious and cuniculate: also several scales of bone, some loose, others not. The leg was greatly swelled, and imbued with a pituitous humor . . . and bent and drawn back. There was a large bedsore; he could rest neither day nor night; and had no appetite to eat, but very thirsty. I was told he often fell into a faintness of the heart, and sometimes as in epilepsy: and often he felt sick, with such trembling he could not carry his hands to his mouth. Seeing and considering all these great complications, and the vital powers thus broken down, truly I was very sorry I had come to him, because it seemed to me there was little hope he would escape death. All the same, to give him courage and good hope, I told him I would soon set him on his legs, by the grace of God, and the help of his physicians and surgeons.

Having seen him, I went a walk in a garden, and prayed God He would show me this grace, that he should recover; and that He would bless our hands and our medicaments, to fight such a complication of diseases. I discussed in my mind the means I must take to do this. They called me to dinner. I came into the kitchen, and there I saw, taken out of a great pot, half a sheep, a quarter of veal, three great pieces of beef, two fowls, and a very big piece of bacon, with abundance of good herbs: then I said to myself that the broth of the pot would be full of juices, and very nourishing.

After dinner, we began our consultation, all the physicians and surgeons together, in the presence of M. le Duc d'Ascot and some gentlemen who were with him. I began to say to the surgeons that I was astonished they had not made incisions in M. le Marquis' thigh, seeing that it was all suppurating, and the thick matter in it very fœtid and offensive, showing it had long been pent up there; and that I had found with the probe caries of the bone, and scales of bone, which were already loose. They answered me: "Never would he consent to it"; indeed, it was near two months since they had been able to get leave to put clean sheets on his bed; and one scarce dared touch the coverlet, so great was his pain. Then I said, "To heal him, we

must touch something else than the coverlet of his bed." Each said what he thought of the malady of the patient, and in conclusion they all held it hopeless. I told them there was still some hope, because he was young, and God and Nature sometimes do things which seem to physicians and surgeons impossible.* . . .

To restore the warmth and nourishment of the body, general frictions must be made with hot cloths, above, below, to right, to left, and around, to draw the blood and the vital spirits from within outward. . . . For the bedsore, he must be put in a fresh, soft bed, with clean shirt and sheets. . . . Having discoursed of the causes and complications of his malady, I said we must cure them by their contraries; and must first ease the pain, making openings in the thigh to let out the matter. . . . Secondly, having regard to the great swelling and coldness of the limb, we must apply hot bricks round it, and sprinkle them with a decoction of nerval herbs in wine and vinegar, and wrap them in napkins; and to his feet, an earthenware bottle filled with the decoction, corked, and wrapped in cloths. Then the thigh, and the whole of the leg, must be fomented with a decoction made of sage, rosemary, thyme, lavender, flowers of chamomile and melilot, red roses boiled in

* A long discourse on the case is here omitted.

white wine, with a drying powder made of oak-ashes and a little vinegar and half a handful of salt. . . . Thirdly, we must apply to the bedsore a large plaster made of the desiccative red ointment and of *Unguentum Comitissæ*, equal parts, mixed together, to ease his pain and dry the ulcer; and he must have a little pillow of down, to keep all pressure off it. . . . And for the strengthening of his heart, we must apply over it a refrigerant of oil of water-lilies, ointment of roses, and a little saffron, dissolved in rose-vinegar and treacle, spread on a piece of red cloth. For the syncope, from exhaustion of the natural forces, troubling the brain, he must have good nourishment full of juices, as raw eggs, plums stewed in wine and sugar, broth of the meat of the great pot, whereof I have already spoken; the white meat of fowls, partridges' wings minced small, and other roast meats easy to digest, as veal, kid, pigeons, partridges, thrushes, and the like, with sauce of orange, verjuice, sorrel, sharp pomegranates; or he may have them boiled with good herbs, as lettuce, purslain, chicory, bugloss, marigold, and the like. At night he can take barley-water, with juice of sorrel and of water-lilies, of each two ounces, with four or five grains* of opium, and the four cold seeds crushed, of each half an ounce; which is a good

* See page 211.

nourishing remedy and will make him sleep. His bread to be farm-house bread, neither too stale nor too fresh. For the great pain in his head, his hair must be cut, and his head rubbed with rose-vinegar just warm, and a double cloth steeped in it and put there; also a forehead-cloth, of oil of roses and water-lilies and poppies, and a little opium and rose-vinegar, with a little camphor, and changed from time to time. Moreover, we must allow him to smell flowers of henbane and water-lilies, bruised with vinegar and rose-water, with a little camphor, all wrapped in a handkerchief, to be held some time to his nose. . . . And we must make artificial rain, pouring water from some high place into a cauldron, that he may hear the sound of it; by which means sleep shall be provoked on him. As for the contraction of his leg, there is hope of righting it when we have let out the pus and other humors pent up in the thigh, and have rubbed the whole knee with ointment of mallows, and oil of lilies, and a little *eau-de-vie*, and wrapped it in black wool with the grease left in it; and if we put under the knee a feather pillow doubled, little by little we shall straighten the leg.

This my discourse was well approved by the physicians and surgeons.

The consultation ended, we went back to the

patient, and I made three openings in his thigh. . . . Two or three hours later, I got a bed made near his old one, with fair white sheets on it; then a strong man put him in it, and he was thankful to be taken out of his foul stinking bed. Soon after, he asked to sleep; which he did for near four hours: and everybody in the house began to feel happy, and especially M. le Duc d' Ascot, his brother.

The following days, I made injections, into the depth and cavities of the ulcers, of Ægyptiacum dissolved sometimes in *eau-de-vie*, other times in wine. I applied compresses to the bottom of the sinuous tracks, to cleanse and dry the soft spongy flesh, and hollow leaden tents, that the sanies might always have a way out; and above them a large plaster of Diacalcitheos dissolved in wine. And I bandaged him so skilfully that he had no pain; and when the pain was gone, the fever began at once to abate. Then I gave him wine to drink moderately tempered with water, knowing it would restore and quicken the vital forces. And all that we agreed in consultation was done in due time and order; and so soon as his pains and fever ceased, he began steadily to amend. He dismissed two of his surgeons, and one of his physicians, so that we were but three with him.

Now I stopped there about two months, not with-

out seeing many patients, both rich and poor, who came to me from three or four leagues round. He gave food and drink to the needy, and commended them all to me, asking me to help them for his sake. I protest I refused not one, and did for them all I could, to his great pleasure. Then, when I saw him beginning to be well, I told him he must have viols and violins, and a buffoon to make him laugh: which he did. In one month, we got him into a chair, and he had himself carried about in his garden and at the door of his château, to see everybody passing by.

The villagers of two or three leagues round, now they could have sight of him, came on holidays to sing and dance, men and women, pell-mell for a frolic, rejoiced at his good convalescence, all glad to see him, not without plenty of laughter and plenty to drink. He always gave them a hogshead of beer; and they all drank merrily to his health. And the citizens of Mons in Hainault, and other gentlemen, his neighbours, came to see him for the wonder of it, as a man come out of the grave; and from the time he was well, he was never without company. When one went out, another came in to visit him; his table was always well covered. He was dearly loved both by the nobility and by the common people; as for his generosity, so for his handsome

face and his courtesy: with a kind look and a gracious word for everybody, so that all who saw him had perforce to love him.

The chief citizens of Mons came one Saturday, to beg him let me go to Mons, where they wished to entertain me with a banquet, for their love of him. He told them he would urge me to go, which he did; but I said such great honour was not for me, moreover they could not feast me better than he did. Again he urged me, with much affection, to go there, to please him: and I agreed. The next day, they came to fetch me with two carriages: and when we got to Mons, we found the dinner ready, and the chief men of the town, with their ladies, who attended me with great devotion. We sat down to dinner, and they put me at the top of the table, and all drank to me, and to the health of M. le Marquis d'Auret: saying he was happy, and they with him, to have had me to put him on his legs again; and truly the whole company were full of honour and love for him. After dinner, they brought me back to the Château d'Auret, where M. le Marquis was awaiting me; who affectionately welcomed me, and would hear what we had done at our banquet; and I told him all the company had drunk many times to his health.

In six weeks he began to stand a little on crutches,

and to put on fat and get a good natural colour. He would go to Beaumont, his brother's place; and was taken there in a carrying-chair, by eight men at a time. And the peasants in the villages through which we passed, knowing it was M. le Marquis, fought who should carry him, and would have us drink with them; but it was only beer. Yet I believe if they had possessed wine, even hippocras, they would have given it to us with a will. And all were right glad to see him, and all prayed God for him.

When we came to Beaumont, everybody came out to meet us and pay their respects to him, and prayed God bless him and keep him in good health. We came to the château, and found there more than fifty gentlemen whom M. le Duc d'Ascot had invited to come and be happy with his brother; and he kept open house three whole days. After dinner, the gentlemen used to tilt at the ring and play with the foils, and were full of joy at the sight of M. d'Auret, for they had heard he would never leave his bed or be healed of his wound. I was always at the upper end of the table, and everybody drank to him and to me, thinking to make me drunk, which they could not; for I drank only as I always do.

A few days later, we went back; and I took my leave of Mdme. la Duchesse d'Ascot, who drew a diamond

from her finger, and gave it me in gratitude for my good care of her brother: and the diamond was worth more than fifty crowns. M. d' Auret was ever getting better, and was walking all alone on crutches round his garden. Many times I asked him to let me go back to Paris, telling him his physician and his surgeon could do all that was now wanted for his wound: and to make a beginning to get away from him, I asked him to let me go and see the town of Antwerp. To this he agreed at once, and told his steward to escort me there, with two pages. We passed through Malines and Brussels, where the chief citizens of the town begged us to let them know of it when we returned; for they too wished, like those of Mons, to have a festival for me. I gave them very humble thanks, saying I did not deserve such honour. I was two days and a half seeing the town of Antwerp, where certain merchants, knowing the steward, prayed he would let them have the honour of giving us a dinner or a supper: it was who should have us, and they were all truly glad to hear how well M. d' Auret was doing, and made more of me then I asked.

On my return, I found M. le Marquis enjoying himself: and five or six days later I asked his leave to go, which he gave, said he, with great regret. And he made me a handsome present of great

value, and sent me back, with the steward, and two pages, to my house in Paris.

I forgot to say that the Spaniards have since ruined and demolished his Château d' Auret, sacked, pillaged, and burned all the houses and villages belonging to him: because he would not be of their wicked party in their assassinations and ruin of the Netherlands.

I have published this Apologia, that all men may know on what footing I have always gone: and sure there is no man so touchy not to take in good part what I have said. For I have but told the truth; and the purport of my discourse is plain for all men to see, and the facts themselves are my guarantee against all calumnies.

III.

NOTES TO THE "JOURNEYS IN DIVERSE PLACES."

(The historical part of these notes is taken from Michelet, Guizot, Duruy, Malgaigne, and L'Estoile: the notes on the names mentioned by Paré are mostly taken from Le Paulmier and L'Estoile.)

1. The Journey to Turin. 1537.

THE peace of Cambrai, signed in 1529, lasted till 1536. During these years, François I. strengthened his army, allied himself with England, and sought to regain hold on Italy by the betrothal of the Dauphin, afterward Henri II., with Catherine de Medici, niece of Pope Clement VII. In 1535, the Emperor, Charles V., being now free from war with France, and seeing his power in Europe threatened by the Turks, sent a fleet of 500 ships and 30,000 men against the Turkish pirates in the Mediterranean, captured Tunis, and set at liberty 20,000 Christian slaves. The King of France had already, in 1534, made alliance with the Sultan, Suleiman II.,

against the Emperor; saying that when the wolves were worrying his sheep, he had a right to set the dogs on them. In 1536, one of the King's secret agents at Milan was put to death, at the instance of the Emperor, by François Sforza, Duke of Milan. Soon afterward, Sforza died; and the King, hoping to recover his lost possessions in Italy, advanced against Piedmont and Savoy.

War being declared, the Emperor sent against Marseilles the fleet which had returned from Tunis, and entered Provence in July, 1536, with an army of 50,000 men. The French army laid waste their own country, that he might find no foothold in it. The troops were ordered to demolish the villas and mills, burn the grain and fodder, stave in the wine-casks, and pollute the wells. Marseilles and Arles were to be held; the rest of the towns were to be left, with their fortifications broken down, abandoned to the enemy. In two months' time, the Emperor was forced to retreat from a country so desolate that his men were dying of hunger and dysentery. "From Aix to Fréjus, the roads along which he retreated were blocked with dying and dead soldiers, with harness, lances, pikes, arquebuses, and other equipment of men and horses, piled in heaps."

The expedition to Turin was made next year, 1537, and not, as Paré says, in 1536. The fighting at the

Pass of Suze, close to Mont Cenis, was in October, 1537; this same pass had been crossed by the French army, without opposition, in March 1536.

The Mont Cenis pass was the highroad from Paris to Venice and to the East. There is in the British Museum a little hand-book, 1480, for pilgrims from Paris to Jerusalem; "Le Voyage de la Saincte Cité de Hierusalem Avec la description des lieux ports villes cités et autres passaiges. Faict l'an mille quatre cents quatre vingtz. On les vend à Paris, en la rue neufve nostre Dame à l'enseigne sainct Nicolas par Pierre Sergent." It says of Mont Cenis:

"Cy apres s'ensuyt le commẽcement de la montaigne du mont Senis qui dure à monter une lieue, et deux lieues de loing: qui souvent est enclose et couverte de moult grãt habondance de neiges qui par temps venteux cheent et descendẽt impetueusemẽt sur les chemins, et après que les neiges sont cõsommés par pluye ou chaleur on trouve les mors et les portes-on en la logete q̃on apelle la chappelle des trãssis du mont Senys. Et la Descend jusques à Suze bonne Ville cinq lieues. Suze est le commencement de pimont lá oû on commence à compter les chemins par milles. Aussi les Orloges commencent à sonner autremet que en france, car ils sonnent pour midy xxiiii heures: et aussi, le dict lieu passé, les femmes ne portent pas de chaperons, mais seulement coiffes et couvrechefz."

It was at Turin that Paré first practised amputation at the elbow-joint; it was here also, always

ready to note small things, that he observed an old woman's treatment of burns by application of raw onions.

M. the Constable: Anne de Montmorency, born 1492, died at the battle of Saint Denis, 1567. After twenty years in the King's service, he fell into disgrace at Court, in 1541, through the hostility of the King's mistress, M. la Duchesse d'Etampes, but was recalled by Henri II. He was the uncle of Coligny. He received the office of High Constable in 1538.

M. de Montejan: Réné de Montejan, Seigneur de Montejan en Anjou, de Sillé, et de Beaupreau. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Brignoles in 1536. He was made Governor of Piedmont in 1537, and a Marshal of France in 1538. He died that same year. His wife was Philippes de Montespedon; after his death, she married Charles de Bourbon, Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon; she was godmother to Paré's child Ambroise (born May, 1576, died January, 1577).

M. d'Annebaut: Claude d'Annebaut, Chamberlain of the King, Knight of the Order of Saint Michel, was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, Feb. 25, 1525; made a Marshal of France in 1538, Governor of Piedmont, 1538, Ambassador at Venice, 1539, Admiral of France, 1544; died 1552.

2. The Journey to Marolles and Low Brittany. The Journeys to Landrecies, Perpignan, and Boulogne. 1543–1545.

Paré returned from Turin to Paris early in 1539, and was there till 1543. Between these years, he qualified as a master barber-surgeon, settled down, married Jehanne Mazelin, worked under Sylvius, and began writing his book on Gunshot Wounds.

After the retreat of the Emperor from Provence, the treaty of Nice was signed: "A truce to last for ten years, signed more from weariness of fruitless war than from any real desire of peace." The power of the Sultan again disturbed the peace of Europe: the Turks invaded Hungary, which was part of the Empire, and the Emperor, in the late autumn of 1541, sent a huge fleet against the Algerian pirates. It was caught in a storm, and the greater part of it was destroyed. "The sea was free of the Emperor now; the fleur-de-lis and the crescent sailed side by side." In 1543, a Franco-Turkish squadron bombarded Nice, and the Turkish soldiers ravaged the place when it fell. The Emperor raged furiously, seeing his fleet scattered, and the "Padishah of France" in open alliance at one and the same time with the Infidels and with the German Protestants, yet as King of Catholic France persecuting the Reformed Church in his own country. "All my life

has been given to appease the woes of the Church, and to save the faith of Christ from the Turks. All his life, the King of France has been siding with the Infidels, and troubling the peace of Christendom." He obtained the help of England and of Spain; they would invade France all three together. The Spanish troops were to enter Piedmont, and advance upon Lyon. The Emperor and the King of England were to meet under the walls of Paris.

The fortune of war was with France. The Spanish army was defeated a few miles south of Turin, by the Duc d'Enghien, at the battle of Cérisoles, April 14, 1544, with loss of twelve thousand men, and all their artillery and baggage. The English troops did not get farther than Boulogne and Montreuil, The Emperor came within eighty miles of Paris. capturing on his way Saint Dizier, Epernay, and Château Thierry; but the Dauphin was at Meaux, between him and Paris. The English were no nearer than Boulogne; there was no help now to be got from Spain, and the Emperor, thus isolated, was willing to come to terms. The peace of Crespy was signed on September 17, 1546. Boulogne was ceded to England for a term of years, on annual payment of a large sum of money.

According to the dates given by Paré, he was first in Brittany, against the English; then with the King

at Landrecies; then at Perpignan, on the Gulf of Lyon, against the Spaniards; then at Boulogne, with the Duc de Guise, against the English again. But according to Le Paulmier, the journey to Perpignan came first, and the dates are as follows: Perpignan was besieged from August 26 to September 4, 1542; the journey to Marolles and Low Brittany was in June, 1543; the King was at Landrecies in October, 1543, and went thence to Guise, the Duke's place, on November 2. The fighting at Boulogne was in August, 1545. Between Perpignan and Landrecies, and again between Landrecies and Boulogne, Ambroise was in Paris. His first child was baptised July 4, 1545. His first book, the treatise on Gunshot Wounds, was published in August of that same year.

The journey to Perpignan was made by such rapid posting on horseback that he was taken ill on the way, at Lyon, with hæmaturia.

Perpignan is on the Gulf of Lyon. Marolles or Maroilles was a village thirteen kilom. west of Avesnes. Landreneau, a fortified harbour twenty-five kilom. from Brest. Landrecies, on the Sambre, is described in R. L. Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*.

M. de Rohan: Réné, Vicomte de Rohan, Comte de Porrhoët, de la Garnache, de Beauvoir-sur-Mer, et de Carentan, Prince de Léon: married, in 1534, Isabelle

d'Albret, daughter of Jehan, King of Navarre; was killed at Saint Nicholas, near Nancy, November 4, 1552. The town of Rohan was not far from Paré's birthplace. To M. de Rohan was dedicated Paré's first book.

M. de Brissac: Charles de Cossé, Comte de Brissac, "le beau Brissac:" became a Marshal of France, and Governor of Picardy. One of his daughters married the Comte de Mansfeld, of whom we hear after the battle of Moncontour. He was father of the de Brissac who fought at the battle of Saint Denis. He died of the gout, aged 57, December 31, 1563.

M. Nicole Lavernot: surgeon-in-ordinary to Henri II. and François II., and in 1559 premier surgeon to Charles IX. He died toward the end of 1561.

M. d'Etampes: Jean de Brosse, Duc d'Etampes.

M. de Laval: Claude, Comte de Laval (Paré's birthplace), sixteenth of his line; married a daughter of Odet de Foix; died May 25, 1547. His widow married Charles de Luxembourg, Vicomte de Martigues, of whom we hear again at the siege of Hesdin.

Monseigneur le Duc de Guise: The great François, Duc de Guise, Prince de Joinville, head of the house of the Guises; brother of Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, and of the Duc d'Aumale, and of Marie de Lorraine, who was wife of James V. of Scotland and

mother of Mary Queen of Scots. He was father of Henri, afterward Duc de Guise, and of his brother the Cardinal, who were murdered by order of Henri III., December 23, 1588.

He was born at Bar-le-Duc, February 17, 1519: assassinated by Jehan de Poltrot, Sieur de Meré, February 18, 1563. He was nicknamed Balafré, from the scar of his wound at Boulogne. An account of Paré's treatment of him is given in a Life of Coligny, published in 1686. The great Coligny was at the siege of Boulogne: being then only M. de Châtillon, and not yet Admiral of France. So soon as he heard of the Duke's wound, he sent his own surgeon to him: but the surgeon dared not attempt to remove the spear-head from the Duke's face, and came back to Coligny, saying all the King's surgeons could do nothing in such a case: there was no way of withdrawing the spear-head, or of getting any hold on it: the Duke's eye would come out if they removed the weapon, and then everybody would say the surgeon had done it. Finally, how was it possible to cure a wound of which nobody had ever before heard the like? Thus Coligny's surgeon. Nor was Paré himself hopeful of success, as the spear-head was firmly wedged among the bones of the face. More to obey orders than with any assurance he would save the great soldier's life, he took a pair of smith's pincers, and

asked the Duke if he could bear to let him put his foot upon the Duke's face, to get a better purchase on the weapon. "Why not?" said he, "And would I not rather you did me a little harm for my great good, than forbid you to help me for fear of a pain that will pass in a moment?" Paré then tore out the spear-head: the Duke said "Ah, mon Dieu" once, and that was all. Paré himself held it marvellous that he recovered.

3. THE JOURNEYS TO GERMANY, DANVILLIERS, AND CHÂTEAU LE COMTE. THE JOURNEY TO METZ. 1552–1553.

François I. died March 31, 1547, and was succeeded by his son Henri II. So long as the peace of Crespy was observed, Paré was hard at work in Paris. His book on anatomy came out in 1550: and that year he bought the Maison de le Vache, and the property at Meudon. On March 10, 1552, the second edition of the Gunshot Wounds finished printing: and that very week the army, suddenly called out, was to meet at Châlons, 38,000 strong, under the Constable, Guise, Coligny, d' Aumale, and Saint André.

The power of the Emperor was at its zenith: those who love Victor Hugo's *Hernani* will remember the magnificent description of it, spoken by the

Emperor himself, as he stands alone before the tomb of Charlemagne. He was master of Central Europe, Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands: the Pope was on his side: the disturbing forces of the Reformation in Germany had been checked by his victory at Mühlberg, in 1545, over the German Protestants. Henri II. saw his country in danger: he appealed for help to the Sultan, as his father had done before him; gave up a scheme for the invasion of England, and sought alliance with her; declared war on the Pope, named himself defender of the freedom of Germany, and gained over to his side Maurice of Saxony; "he gave the blood of his own Protestant subjects as the price of a policy which made him, almost everywhere, the enemy of the orthodox, the friend of heretics and evil-doers."

In the winter of 1551, there was a conference, at Fontainebleau, with the Protestant princes of Germany, who appealed to the King for help against the Emperor. On the second day of the conference, the King was told what threats the Emperor had used against him: how he was planning to seize Metz, Strasbourg, Verdun, and other towns. The King declared war: the army was to meet at Châlons: he entered Toul on April 13, 1552, and Nancy the next day. Metz, after some hesitation, opened her gates to him four days later: Strasbourg refused

admittance to him, and he retired to Verdun, "well pleased to be holding Metz, Toul, and Verdun, the keys of France against Germany, with an army commanded by young, enthusiastic, and careful officers. It was more like a triumphal progress than a real war: the three free cities, the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, Verdun, had been brought back to the crown of France." By June 1st, the army was on its way to Luxembourg: where its first exploit (July 1st) was the siege and capture of Danvilliers.

The Emperor, so soon as war was declared, made haste to leave Germany quiet behind him; on August 2 he signed with the Protestant princes the treaty of Passau; for six months the Catholics and the Protestants of Germany were to enjoy equal privileges; the questions of religion were hung up, to be considered at a diet six months hence. Then he advanced toward Metz with an army of sixty thousand men.

The famous siege of Metz broke the power of the Emperor, and prepared the world for his abdication in 1556. The command of the town was given by the King to François de Guise, who wrote joyfully to Diane de Poitiers, the King's mistress, who at fifty was still young, still shaping the fate of France, and thanked her for helping him to obtain the everlasting honour of pulling the Emperor's beard. He

passed through Toul, where the plague was raging, restored its fortifications at his own cost, and reached Metz on the 17th of August. He set to work with furious energy, reconnoitring the country, victualling the town, drilling the recruits; he organised the barber-surgeons of Metz into a sort of ambulance corps, established two hospitals, restored the fortifications, and pulled down all the suburban buildings that might afford a foothold to the enemy; working with his own hands, and taking his food among the labourers. When Alva, on October 19th, came beneath the walls with twenty-four thousand men, he had to reckon not with raw recruits, but with well-trained soldiers. On October 30th, Alva began the assault. The Emperor was at Thionville, twenty miles to the north, ill with the gout, unable to stand: he did not arrive till November 20th, his face pale and haggard, his eyes sunken, his beard turned white: he was lodged in a hut built anyhow for him near Alva's quarters. "A fine palace," says he, "when they bring me the keys of Metz here."

From November 20th to 26th, the attack was incessant; it is said that in one day fourteen thousand cannon-shots were fired. The breach in the walls was made on the 28th. But with winter came storms of rain and heavy snow; and frightful mortality in the Imperial army from cold and wet, hunger and epi-

demic disease. The Emperor, ill and worn out, lost heart: "I have no *men* with me now; I must say good-bye to my empire, and shut myself in a monastery; I shall turn friar before three years are out." And again, when at last he was forced to raise the siege, just before Christmas Day: "Fortune is like the women: she prefers a young king to an old emperor." There ran through the town a song that one of the French soldiers made:

"Monsieur de Guise est dedans,
Avec beaucoup de noblesse . . .
Pour conclusion, ils ont levé
De devant Metz l'artillerie,
Et tout leur camp ont fait marcher:
Qui leur est grande môquerie.
Le noble seigneur de Guise
Sur la queue leur fit aller
Grand nombre de cavalerie,
Pour les apprendre à cheminer."

Guise would hardly believe they had gone. Even on Christmas Eve he wrote to his brother Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine: "Don't tell me the Emperor will move from here; be sure that, unless he is playing some very deep trick on us, so long as he is alive he will not bear the shame of leaving this place before he has seen the end of it."

During 1552 and 1553 Paré's movements were as follows: In April, 1552, he was with the King in his

triumphal progress through Toul and Metz; in July he was at Danvilliers with him. Then he got back to Paris, but soon left home again for Château le Comte, near Hesdin; then back again, viâ Tournan, to Paris; then off again, viâ Verdun, to Metz. He got into Metz at midnight, December 8th; thus he was an eye-witness of the last fortnight only of the siege. He left Metz about the middle of January, 1553.

M. Bégin gives the following details of his return from Metz. They are taken from a journal, 122 small quarto pages, said to be in Paré's own hand, shown to M. Bégin at Metz. The genuineness of this manuscript is denied by Le Paulmier; and up to 1885, M. Bégin had not submitted it to the test of publication.

According to this manuscript *Journal des Voyages*, Paré left Metz in the company of some French officers and citizens of the town: he was on a fine bay horse, a present from Guise himself, and his man rode behind him with his leather valise containing instruments, salves, and dressings. They went slowly, taking three days to get to Verdun, where they had to parley for admission, and show a pass with Guise's signature. He found Verdun crowded with fugitives, and among the wounded many cases of hospital gangrene: supplies had run short, and fever was raging everywhere. "The Franciscan fathers, taking night-watch, after great courtesies

prayed me with much kindness to go with them to the highest part of the town, and there they made a great fire to keep off the plague: whereat I was easy and reassured. The reverend fathers gave me a bowl of hippocras; my man made my bed, and I slept as it pleased God." Next day, for six hours, he went the round of such hospitals as Verdun had been able to set going: "where the poor patients were lying, so that it was pitiful to see and hear them, often having neither linen nor straw to suffice them." Here he did a number of operations, and was invited by the Governor of Verdun to stop with him, but preferred the hospitality of a surgeon living near the archers' lodgings: "a man of a good heart, and well experienced in his calling. This honest surgeon entertained me better than one would have believed of a town in famine and plague. After a night in a good bed, I took the old road, and went straight to Rheims."

He got back to Paris about the end of January, and began his lectures on anatomy. Théodoric de Héry was not working with him now, but a younger man, Rostaing de Binosc, a Provençal, *chirurgien juré à Paris.*

M. d' Aumale: The Duc d' Aumale, brother of François de Guise.

M. de Saint André: Jacques d' Albon, made Marshal of France in 1547: killed at the battle of Dreux, December 19, 1562.

M. de Vendosme: Antoine de Bourbon, Duc de Vendosme: afterward King of Navarre, by his marriage with Jeanne d' Albret, Queen of Navarre, in 1548. Father of Henri IV. Born, 1518. Died at the siege of Rouen, 1562.

M. du Goguier: Louis de Bourges, born at Blois about 1482. M. D., Paris, November 15, 1506: physician-in-ordinary to Louis XII., premier physician to François I. and Henri II.: he devoted himself to obtain the liberation of François I. after the battle of Pavia (1525) and was made Seigneur du Gauguier et de Mesland, en Touraine: died November 19, 1556.

M. de Condé: Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Condé: the great leader, with Coligny, of the Huguenot army: killed at the battle of Jarnac, 1569. Brother of the King of Navarre.

M. d' Enghien: Jean de Bourbon, Duc d' Enghien, Comte de Soissons.

M. de La Roche-sur-Yon: Charles de Bourbon, Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon: died 1565. Lieutenant-General of the King's armies, 1557: Governor of Dauphiné, 1562. He married the widow of M. de Montejan, Paré's first master at the wars.

M. de Montpensier: Louis de Bourbon, Duc de Montpensier.

M. de Vielleville: François de Seipieaux, Seigneur de Vielleville et de Duretal, made Marshal of France in 1562: died November 30, 1571.

M. le duc Horace: Probably this was Horace Farnese, Duc de Castro, nephew of Pope Alexander Farnese: we hear of him again, a few months later.

M. de Martigues: Charles de Luxembourg, Vicomte de Martigues: married Claude, widow of the Comte de Laval. We hear of him again at Hesdin.

4. The Journey to Hesdin. 1553.

In 1551–2, Ambroise Paré finished the second edition, dedicated to the King, of his book on Gunshot Wounds.

He was not long left in peace. After the retreat from Metz (Christmas, 1552) the German army moved westward, and in the early summer of 1553 besieged Theroüenne, a few miles south of Boulogne. Theroüenne was a small place, but important by reason of its position, lying near the Netherlands, and serving also to keep a check on Calais, which was till 1558 in the possession of England. In 1513, Theroüenne had been taken by the English, but in 1527 had been retaken by the French: then François I. had fortified

it, and used to compare it to a pillow, on which he could rest his head and feel comfortable.

The news of the siege of Theroüenne reached Paris in the middle of grand festivities. Horace Farnese, Duc de Castro, was just married to Diane d' Angoulême, a natural daughter of the King; and Paris, exulting over the retreat of the Emperor from before Metz, was given up to holiday-making. The news was taken in a light-hearted way, though Theroüenne was neither well garrisoned nor well provisioned. Some troops were sent under the command of François de Montmorency, son of the Constable; but the enemy attacked the place so furiously that on June 20, after ten hours' assault, Montmorency surrendered and was taken prisoner, and the town was stormed, sacked, and razed to the ground. The Emperor was at Brussels, when he heard of it: throughout the Netherlands there was great lighting of bonfires, ringing of church bells, and firing of salutes.

Then Hesdin, close to Theroüenne, was served the same way. Hesdin had already seen war: in 1521, being then in the possession of Germany, it had been captured for France by the Duc de Bourbon.

Hesdin fell on July 17, 1553; and Paré came so near death, that his story of Hesdin is one of the most fascinating of all the *Journeys*. He was at this

time forty-three years old, and had followed the wars, off and on, for sixteen years.

The following year, 1554, to avenge these losses, Henri II. led an army into Hainault and Flanders. He sacked Marienbourg and Dinant, and, at the other end of the Netherlands, attacked Renty, not far from St. Omer, but failed to take it.

M. de Savoire: Emmanuel Philibert, "Tête de Fer," Duc de Savoie, born at Chambéry, 1528; died, 1580; served under the Emperor at Metz and Hesdin, and won the battle of Saint Quentin, August 10, 1557. After the peace of Cateau Cambrésis, 1559, he married Marguerite, the King's sister.

The Queen of Hungary: the Arch-Duchess Marie.

5. The Battle of Saint Quentin. The Journey to Amiens. 1557–1558.

From 1553 to 1557, Paré was hard at work in Paris. In 1554 he was admitted to the College of Surgeons, and took the degree of master of surgery; he was surgeon-in-ordinary to the King; he was hard at work on anatomy, and in good practice. He and his wife were still childless.

In England, by the death of Edward VI. in 1553, Mary came to the throne; and took for her husband Philip II. of Spain, son of the Emperor. By the abdication of the Emperor in January, 1556, his

brother, Ferdinand of Austria, received the Imperial title. Spain, Burgundy, and the Netherlands, went to Philip. Following the abdication, a truce for five years, the treaty of Vaucelles, was signed on February 5, 1556, by the Emperor, and by Coligny for the King.

The forces of war had now become centred in Italy. Montluc held Siena for nine months against the Imperialist and Florentine troops; de Brissac, in Piedmont, opposed Alva with good success; Corsica and Elba fell into the hands of France; Guise himself, with 20,000 men, entered Rome as the friend and ally of Pope Paul IV. against the Spaniards, passed into the kingdom of Naples, and besieged Civitella, but failed to take it. Philip, by his hold on Milan and Naples, and by his English marriage, and his power in the Netherlands, was threatening both Italy and France. The Pope, seeing the Spaniards on all sides of him, took the side of France, and pronounced Philip excommunicate.

In 1557, Philip and Mary declared war on France; and the battle of Saint Quentin, called also, from the day, the battle of Saint Laurence, was fought on the 10th of August. Philip's army was 47,000 men, of whom 9000 were English; the Duc de Savoie had the chief command. The French army, commanded by the Constable, Condé, Coligny, d'Enghien, Mont-

pensier, and d'Andelot, Coligny's younger brother, was defeated. D'Enghien was killed ; the Constable, Coligny, and Montpensier, were taken prisoners. Condé and de Nevers, with the remains of the army, made their way to La Fère; d'Andelot escaped capture.

Guise, furious at the bad news, rushed back from Italy, leaving the Pope to make what terms he could with Alva. On October 20th, Guise conferred with the King, at Saint Germain, by what sudden blow they could avenge themselves on Spain and England. By New Year's Day, 1558, he was under the walls of Calais; in a week, he captured it; the English governor, Lord Wentworth, was taken prisoner, the English garrison was shipped off; Calais, after being for two hundred and ten years in the hands of England, became on January 9th a town of France. Eleven days later, Queen Mary died.

At La Fère, August, 1557, ended Paré's twenty years' service against the enemies of his country. Henceforth he saw the wars of religion, and France her own enemy. He was now forty-eight years old; no longer a vagrant barber-surgeon picking up work and a living in the wars, but a famous surgeon, with a lot of rich patients wanting him back in Paris. He was longing to get away from La Fère: "il m'ennuyoit beaucoup là: je priay M. le Mareschal

de me donner congé de m'en aller, et avois peur de demeurer malade." It sounds like the French gentleman of whom Hotspur fell foul:

> " And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
> He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
> To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
> Betwixt the wind and his nobility."

But he who will read again the horrors of La Fère will not find fault with Paré's desire to get back to his childless home and his daily work in Paris.

La Fère: A small fortified town, 24 kilom. from Château-Thierry. The ruins of a castle, XIII. century, are still to be seen there. R. L. Stevenson has described La Fère in his *Inland Voyage.*

M. le Maréschal Bourdillon: " Non Maréschal de France, mais simple mareschal des camps et armées de Roi, grade équivalent à celui de général de brigade."—E. Bégin.

M. de Lorraine: Charles, Cardinal de Lorraine, brother of François de Guise.

Dourlan: Now called Doullens: the fortifications were demolished in 1867: the castle is still standing.

Antoine Portail: Born 1530 (?); came to Paris as a member of the household of the Queen of Navarre, and was made a master barber-surgeon in Paris; married Jacqueline de Prime, a kinswoman of Paré.

Surgeon to Henri II., Charles IX., and Henri III.; attended Henri III. on his assassination, 1588; was living in 1595, five years after Paré's death. It was after Portail had bled Charles IX. that the King had, for some months, a contracted arm, which got well under Paré's care.

6. The Journeys to Bourges and Rouen. The Battle of Dreux. The Journey to Havre. 1562–1563.

Paré's life in Paris, from 1558 to 1562, was marked by many events of importance to him and to his home: the births of Isaac and of Catherine, his appointment as premier surgeon to the King, his broken leg, his evidence in the case of Mlle. de Rohan, and the publication of his books on General Anatomy, and on Wounds of the Head.

During these same years, great changes came on France. In April, 1558, Mary Stuart, daughter of James V. of Scotland and of Marie de Lorraine, having lived many years at the French Court under the care of her uncles the Guises, was married to the Dauphin, afterward François II. In April, 1559, the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis was signed between Henri II., Philip, Elizabeth, and the princes allied with Spain, among whom at that time was William,

Prince of Orange. By it, France kept the three episcopal towns, Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and received back Saint Quentin; a great number of towns in the Netherlands and in Italy was restored to Spain and her allies; Calais was to remain in the possession of France, on payment of a large sum of money to England.

In July, 1559, came the King's death. A year and a half later, died the first of the three sons who succeded him, François II., aged seventeen when he died (December, 1560), "having reigned seventeen months, seventeen days, and seventeen hours" (L'Estoile). To him succeeded his brother, Charles IX., then ten and a half years old, under the regency of the Queen-mother.

In March, 1560, came the plot of the Seigneur de La Renaudie against the Guises; in 1562, the massacres of the Huguenots at Vassy and at Sens, and the first war of religion. After forty years of martyrdom* and of ever-growing strength, the Huguenots took the sword lest they should perish by the sword. To the tyranny of the Guises, the Reformed Church

* After the period of the persecutions, came the wars; and the brutality of the age was in both armies alike. Stories are told of murder and torture of defenceless Catholics by the Huguenot soldiers, as terrible as those that are told of Alva's Spaniards. See the *Archives Curieuses*, containing a long extract from a book published in Antwerp, 1588, entitled *Théatre des Cruautes des Hérétiques de nostre temps.*

opposed an army led by Condé and Coligny. Civil war, once begun, raged off and on for thirty-two years, and was not ended till the conversion of Henri IV. to the Catholic faith in 1594.

The war of 1562 seemed to break out everywhere at once. The Huguenot cause was at its weakest in Paris (the date of the first Reformed church in Paris is so late as 1555) but it was strong in the country towns and in the provinces. Within six weeks, two hundred places had declared for it, including Lyon, Orleans, Bourges, and Rouen. Philip sent to help the Catholic army 3000 Spaniards, of whose brutality fearful stories are told. Elizabeth sent a like number of English to Condé and Coligny, on condition that Havre should be ceded to England.

Rouen was captured on the 26th of October, 1562. The death of the King of Navarre was hailed by the Huguenots as the divine judgment on a renegade: it was an age of skits and epigrams, and L'Estoile has preserved one which is worth quoting here:

"Par l'œil, l'espaule, et l' oreille,
Dieu a fait en France merveille;
Par l'oreille, l'espaule, et l'œil,
Dieu a mis trois rois au cerceuil;
Par l'œil, l'oreille, et l'espaule,
Dieu a tué trois rois en Gaule,
Antoine, François, et Henry,
Qui de lui point n' ont eu soucy."

When the King of Navarre was on his death-bed, he received a visit from the Queen-mother. "My brother, how are you passing your time? You ought to have somebody to read to you."—"Madame, most of those round me are Huguenots."—"They are none the less your servants." When she went, he got somebody to read the book of Job to him. Then he said: "I know well what you will all be saying; that the King of Navarre was converted, and died a Huguenot. Never mind what I am, be content that I wish to die in the Augsberg confession, and if I recover I will have the gospel preached again in France" (L'Estoile). He died of pyæmia from his wound on November 17th. His physician was de La Mézières, who, at his request, stayed by his side praying for him; to the surprise of the Cardinal de Bourbon, who said under his breath that these Huguenots were strange people, for here they were using the same prayers as the Catholics. The King insisted they should put him in a boat, that he might get out of the pestiferous air of Rouen; but he was taken with a rigor, and had to be landed again. He left 6000 livres to "his surgeon." I suppose this was Ambroise Paré, for Ambroise always counted the King of Navarre as one of the four Kings whom he had served. The whole story of the King's death is valuable for the light it throws

on the motives of the wars of religion. A long account of it, written by a Huguenot, possibly by de La Mézières, is published in the *Archives Curieuses.*

It was at Rouen that Paré began to be dissatisfied with the results obtained with the puppy-dog oil; henceforth he preferred the use of Ægyptiacum, a more stimulating preparation. But when he published his collected works he still spoke well of the oil, used in small quantities.

Condé escaped capture when Rouen fell: the work of sacking the town went on for eight days. He raised a reinforcement of 7000 German mercenaries, and advanced as far as the environs of Paris, but was driven back by Philip's Spaniards. Then he turned toward Havre, hoping to get from England money to pay his German troops, but was met by Guise's army at Dreux, about fifty miles south of Rouen. The battle of Dreux was fought on December 19, 1562: Guise, the Constable, Saint André, and 17,000 men, against Condé, Coligny, d'Andelot, and 12,000 men. The victory was with the Catholics; but Saint André was killed, and the Constable was wounded and taken prisoner. Seven thousand men were killed; Condé was taken prisoner, and put under the guard of Henri de Montmorency, Seigneur de Dampville, Admiral de France. Before the engagement began, Guise had sent to the Queen-mother and the young

King, asking formal leave to give battle. During the audience, the old Huguenot nurse came into the room; Catherine, knowing that the whole thing was a mere formality, said mocking, "We must ask the King's nurse if we shall give battle; what do you think of that?" The old lady answered, "Well, Madame, since the Huguenots will never be satisfied, you must make them listen to reason."

On February 18, 1563, Guise was assassinated before Orleans by Jean Poltrot, Seigneur de Mery. Every least detail of the great soldier's death has come down to us, and the story of it is full of interest. He made a good end. There was no time to fetch Ambroise Paré from Paris; and the surgeons at Orleans treated the wound with caustics. With Guise dead, and the Constable and Condé both prisoners, there was need of time to breathe; and on March 19th was signed the peace of Amboise. Thus ended the first war of religion, and now that there was peace, a combined force of Catholics and Huguenots was sent against the English in Havre. The town was but poorly defended, and after six days' siege opened its gates to the besiegers, on July 28, 1563.

M. Lefèvre: Physician-in-ordinary to Charles IX., Henri III., and the Queen-mother.

M. le Comte d'Eu: François de Cleves, Duc de Nevers, Comte d'Auxerre, de Rethel, et d'Eu, Seigneur d'Orval; Governor of Champagne; born, 1539; married (1) Anne de Bourbon, (2) Jacqueline de Longwic. It was under his command that the French army assembled at Laon before the battle of Saint Quentin. His death at Dreux was by accident: he was shot, before the battle, by one of his own gentlemen.

M. Pigray: Pierre Pigray; born, 1531; a pupil of Paré; master of surgery, 1564; surgeon-in-ordinary to Charles IX., Henri III., and Henri IV.; died, October 15, 1613.

M. Cointeret: Jean Cointeret, born at Paris; one of the surgeons of Le Châtelet; died, May 13, 1592.

M. Hubert: Richard Hubert; surgeon to Charles IX.; died, September 7, 1581. He attended the Comte de Mansfeld (see the *Journey to Moncontour*). He was with Paré, when he broke his leg in 1561.

7. The Journey to Bayonne. 1564–1565.

Between the battle of Dreux and the journey to Havre, Paré rearranged his surgical writings, and added many new chapters to them, thus making up the *Ten Books of Surgery*, which finished printing on February 3, 1563. Next year, began that strange Royal progress of the Queen-mother and the young

King through the provinces; a long political campaign against the Huguenots, with enforcement of restrictions and prohibitions against them in the great towns of France; a two years' tour, with this reason given for it, that Charles IX. must get to know his people; but its real object was to weaken the cause of the Huguenots throughout the kingdom, and the climax of it was the conference at Bayonne with Alva, whose suggestions were fulfilled seven years later by the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day.

The Court left Fontainebleau on March 13, 1564, and went by way of Troyes, Bar-le-Duc, Dijon, Lyon, and Avignon, to Montpellier, where they passed the winter. In the spring of 1565, came the conference at Bayonne. In the summer the Court moved homeward through Bordeaux, Tours, Blois, and Orleans, and came back to Paris in December, 1565.

Paré must have hated this waste of his time. To make the best use of it, he talked diligently with the physicians and surgeons in the towns through which the Court passed; and saw many patients in consultation with them. He studied the plague, not for the first time: it was raging at Lyon in 1564. From Bayonne, he went to attend the Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon at "a little village called Biarris";

and here he interested himself in the whale fisheries, and brought home a whale's vertebra to add to the store of curious things in his house at Paris. His account of the whaling, in his treatise *Of Monsters and Prodigies*, is very pleasant reading:

"At Biarritz I learned and assured myself of the means they use to take the whales, as I had read in the book that M. Rondelet has written about fishes, which is as follows: Over against the said village there is a little hill, on which was built long ago a tower expressly to make watch from it both day and night, to discover the whales that pass that way; and they see them come, part by the great noise they make, part by the water they throw up through the passages in the front of their heads. And seeing them coming, they ring a bell, at whose sound all those in the village run at once, well provided with all things necessary to catch them. They have many ships and small boats, wherein are some men set apart to fish out those who may fall into the sea, others to give fight to the whale; and in each boat ten good strong men to row quick, and many others with barbed irons and long ropes fastened to them, and each man's iron is marked with his own mark that he may know it again. And with all their strength they cast them at the whale; and when they see she is wounded, which they know by the blood coming out, they let out the ropes of their irons and follow the whale, to weary her and take her more easily; and bringing her to land, they rejoice and make merry, and divide her, each man having his portion according to what he has done. . . . The flesh of the whale is

of no value; but the tongue, which is soft and dainty, they salt; also the lard, which they send far and wide into the provinces, to be eaten in Lent with peas; they keep the fat to burn, and to grease their boats. Of the whalebone they make farthingales, stays for women, knife-handles, and many other things. Of the bones, the peasants make fences for their gardens; and seats and stools of the vertebræ. I took one away with me, and keep it at home for a wonder."

At Montpellier he was handling some vipers in an apothecary's shop, and got bitten:

"Now I will give another instance, that I may always instruct the young surgeon. When King Charles was at Montpellier, I was bitten by a viper on the end of my first finger, between the nail and the flesh, in the house of an apothecary named de Farges, who was making up some *Unguentum Theriacæ*. I asked him to let me see the vipers he was going to put in it. He showed me a good number of them, that he kept in a glass vessel, whence I took one; and was bitten by it, trying to see its teeth, which are in the upper jaw, covered with a little membrane where it keeps its poison, which it expresses into the part as soon as it has made a wound there. And having received this bite, I at once felt extreme pain, both from the sensitiveness of the part and from the poison; then I tied the finger round very tight, above the wound, to make the blood flow and to let out the poison, and prevent it from advancing up the arm. Then I asked for some old theriac ointment, which I moistened with *eau-de-vie* in the hand of one of de Farges' servants, and then I dipped some cotton in

the mixture, and laid it to the bite ; and in a few days I was healed without any further trouble, by this remedy alone."

M. Chapelain : Jean Chapelain, doctor of medicine of Montpellier and Paris, physician-in-ordinary to François I., premier physician to Henri II. and Charles IX. To him was dedicated Paré's book on Wounds of the Head. He died of the plague, December 5, 1569, at the siege of Saint Jean d'Angély.

M. Castellan : Honoré Duchastel (Castellanus), doctor of medicine of Montpellier, afterward professor, physician-in-ordinary to Henri II., François II., and Charles IX., and premier physician to the Queen-mother. To him Paré dedicated his book on the plague. His sister's son was André du Laurens, premier physician to Henri IV. He died in the same house as Chapelain, and of the same epidemic, November 4, 1569.

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8. The Battle of Saint Denis. 1567.

In January, 1566, Paré was with the Court at Moulins. In 1567, he made application to have jurisdiction over the whole body of "chirurgiens jurés à Paris," and was refused.

The peace of Amboise lasted from 1563 to 1567.

The murder of Guise was laid to the charge of Coligny, who made passionate declaration of his innocence, and was acquitted on oath before the King and his Council, in January, 1556. The Queen-mother, seeing the power of the Guises weakened, sought to redress the balance of forces by imposing fresh disabilities on the Huguenots. In June, 1567, when Condé claimed the royal promise, given in 1563, that he should succeed his brother the King of Navarre, as Lieutenant-General of France, Catherine evaded the claim ; and her son Henri d'Anjou, afterward Henri III., then a boy of sixteen, repudiated it with such scorn, and so plainly threatened war, that Condé left the Court and joined Coligny, d'Andelot, and other leaders of the Huguenot army ; and in September, 1567, the second war of religion broke out.

Forty towns, Orleans and Montpellier among them, opened their gates to the Huguenot troops, or were forced to open them. Condé and Coligny advanced toward Paris, and encamped at Saint Denis, with 6000 men. There was a plot to seize the person of the young King, but it failed : negotiations also were tried, but came to nothing. The Catholic army, no less than 20,000, was under the command of the Constable, then seventy-five years old. On November 10th, was fought the battle of

Saint Denis; the Constable had disposed his troops badly, and was himself mortally wounded. The victory rested with the Catholics: but when Condé the next day again offered battle, they dared not accept it. Strengthened by an enormous reinforcement of German mercenaries, the Huguenot army now laid siege to Chartres*; the Catholic party, dispirited by the death of the Constable, were willing to come to terms; and on March 25, 1568, the second war of religion was ended by the peace of Longjumeau.

Paré was kept hard at work within the walls of Paris, dressing the wounded who came pouring in from Saint Denis. He attended the Constable during the few days of life that remained to him after his wound.

The Battle of Moncontour. The Journey to Flanders. 1569.

In 1568, Paré published his book on the Plague: certainly the most admirable and vivid of all his writings.

The peace of Longjumeau lasted only six months. Massacres of the Huguenots were not stopped by it: a hundred died at Amiens, a hundred and fifty

* For the whole story of Chartres, and the siege of it, see Mr. Pater's *Gaston de Latour*.

at Auxerre, thirty at Fréjus. An attempt was made to sieze Condé and Coligny at Noyers: they escaped to La Rochelle, where Jeanne d'Albret joined them, the widowed Queen of Navarre, an ardent Huguenot; with her son Henri de Navarre, afterward Henri IV. Help was obtained from the German Protestants, and from Elizabeth of England; and in August, 1568, began the third war of religion. On March 13, 1569, came the battle of Jarnac and the death of Condé: on June 23d, the battle of Saint Yrieux, with some advantage on the side of the Huguenots: in September, Coligny was forced to raise the siege of Poitiers. On October 3d, came the great battle of Moncontour; the victory was with the Catholics; Coligny was wounded, and his army lost between 5000 and 6000 men, and a great part of their baggage.

Still the war dragged on into the next year; by which time both armies were exhausted. In vain Philip offered the King 9000 men to help him to prolong the war: in vain Pope Pius V. wrote to Catherine that there could be no communion between Satan and the children of light. Peace was signed at Saint Germain, August 8, 1570, on terms favourable to the Huguenots, and was confirmed by the marriage of the King's sister, Marguerite de Valois, to Henri de Navarre, on October 4th. It

was a time of marriages: the King, on November 26th, was married to the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria.

With the peace of Saint Germain came the end of Ambroise Paré's work in the army. And of all his *Journeys in Diverse Places*, surely the last of them, the journey to Flanders, is just the one which should come at the end; it shows the whole working of his mind, the whole wealth of his shrewdness, patience, gentleness, and skill. He was now sixty years old, and had served in the army, off and on, for thirty-three years. François de Guise, Anne de Montmorency, the King of Navarre, Condé, were all gone. One heroic soldier, one true lover of France, was yet to be his patient: but Ambroise need not leave Paris to stand at the bed-side of Coligny.

Plessis-les-Tours: A village, 1 kilom. from Tours.

M. du Bois: Guillaume du Bois, surgeon-in-ordinary to Henri II. He was one of those who received Paré into the College of Surgeons in 1554: and was present when Paré made the embalment of Charles IX. He must not be confounded with the great Jacques du Bois (Sylvius) Paré's old teacher.

Monseigneur le frère du Roy: Henri, Duc d'Anjou, afterward Henri III.

M. de Mansfeld: Pierre Ernest, Comte de Mansfeld: he married a sister of François de Bassompierre.

M. de Montmorency: François, son of the Constable: taken prisoner at Theroüenne, 1553.

M. de Rhingrave: Jean Philippe de Dauhn, Comte de Rhingrave, eldest son of Philippe François de Dauhn: born 1545.

M. de Bassompierre: Christophe, son of François de Bassompierre, and father of another François who was a Marshal of France.

M. le Duc d'Ascot: Philippe, Duc d'Arschot, Prince de Chimay, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grandee of Spain: born July 10, 1526; married, in 1559, Jeanne Henriette, Dame deHalluyn: died December 6, 1581.

M. le Marquis d'Auret: Charles Philippe de Croz, son of Philippe de Croz and of Anne de Lorraine: born September 1, 1549: married Diane, widow of M. de Rhingrave: died November 23, 1613. He was only twenty years old when Paré attended him.

IV.

PARIS.

1541–1572.

"God is my witness, and men know it well, I have worked more than forty years to illumine and perfect the art of Surgery. I have been so prodigal of myself, my toil, my powers, that I have not spared time, working night and day, nor money."—Paré's dedication of his Works to the King: first edition, 1575.

IT is certain Paré loved peace, and loved Paris. "I returned to Paris," he says again and again; thankful to get back to his wife and his work there. "Truly I repented to have left Paris. . . . To speak truth, I could have wished myself back in Paris. . . . I was very glad to be at liberty, out of the noise of the artillery, and far from the soldiers." Turin, Metz, Hesdin, La Fère,—at all of them he worked hard, and took his chance of death, even of torture; and at all of them he was longing to be back again in "this great and famous city of Paris."

Now, therefore, his *Journeys in Diverse Places*

must be set aside, and he must give an account of himself, not as an army surgeon, but as a citizen of no mean city, *bourgeois de Paris*, a peaceful gentleman, whose face got to be as well known in the streets as the face of the King himself, and much more welcome. It is just half a century, from 1541, when he qualified as a master barber-surgeon, to December, 1590, when he died. Half a century of such a life is too much for one chapter: and it may be divided at the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1572. The blood then shed in Paris was but a small quantity in comparison with the whole flood poured out over France in the persecutions, and in the wars of religion; yet for its place in history, and for the mark it left on Paris, this one of many massacres of the Huguenots is a good dividing-point of Paré's life. He himself was in the midst of it: and it nearly coincides with that other break in his life, the death of Jehanne Mazelin, in 1573. So this chapter tells the story of the years 1541–1572: from the time he became qualified to practice, to the day he stood by the bed-side of his old friend Coligny, and heard Coligny's murderers come howling round the house.

Starting in Practice.

In 1541, Ambroise Paré had come back from his first sight of war, had dined with Sylvius, had told

PONT, QUAI, ET PLACE DU PONT SAINT MICHEL.

FROM MARTIAL'S "ANCIEN PARIS."

him how hot oil was not good for gunshot wounds, and had been urged by Sylvius to write a book on the subject.* He was thirty-one years old, qualified, and without a wife: and he lived at the end of the Pont Saint-Michel, not far from his old hospital, in the parish of Saint André des Arcs.

His lodging was at one corner of a little open place, called Place Saint Michel Archange: on the ground floor of a little house running far back. He had two fair-sized rooms, with the staircase between them; and being on the ground floor he had to open the door for any belated fellow-lodger or strayed reveller. At the back of the house was a cold, dark little courtyard, with kitchen and woodshed.† The

* The book was published in 1545. A copy of it (1551 edition) presented to the King, or to Diane de Poitiers, is, or was ten years ago, in the possession of Mr. Quaritch. See Quaritch's General Catalogue, 1887, vol. ii., p. 1234: n° 12876. "Paré (Ambroise) La Manière de Traicter les Playes faictes tãt par hacquebutes que par fleches . . . sm. 8vo. (12mo) *printed on vellum*, with numerous initials and woodcuts of surgical instruments and their uses, all richly painted and illuminated, the presentation copy to Diane de Poitiers in the original calf-binding repaired, with a grand geometrical or architectonic pattern in gold on the sides, the back covered with gilt tooling, *unique*, in an olive morocco case, £300. Paris, 1551. There is no mark on the binding, except its beauty and its age, that indicates possession by the famous Diane: but in cadres within the illuminated border of the title-page, the three crescents and the interlacing H and ⅅ are wrought in silver upon a blue ground; and the style of the ornament is that usually adopted by her binder. This unique vellum copy is the dedication-copy to Henri II."

† M. Emile Bégin gives these details: on the authority of the

streets round the house were crowded, crooked, and only five or six feet across: the river, without quay or parapet, and the sewers, kept everything damp and muddy. But the place was convenient for work, near the Hôtel Dieu and the lecture-rooms: perhaps also he had in view the chances of practice, for the Pré-aux-clercs, near the house, was often the scene of duels: and fighting in the streets was common, with ten or twelve thousand students of different nationalities in Paris.

He was neither so poor nor so hopeless but that he should fall in love; and within a few months of his being qualified, he was married, at his parish church of Saint André des Arcs.

The marriage contract was signed on June 30, 1541. His wife's name was Jehanne Mazelin, daughter of Jehan Mazelin, "valet chauffe-cire de la Chancellerie

"Archives d' Antoine Louis, ancien sécrétaire perpetuel de l'Académie de Chirurgie: liasse intitulée, Notes sur Ambroise Paré (de la main d' Antoine Louis). Les notes, recueillies toutes (1757) sur des papiers anthentiques et inédits, sont de deux mains différentes, très-lisibles. Malheureusement les copistes, lettrés d' ailleurs, ne connaissaient ni la langue du xvi^me^ siècle, ni ses signes abréviatifs ou conventionels, source d'erreurs inévitables." But there is a most suspicious completeness about the Paré documents that M. Bégin discovered at Metz: they are so exactly what one would wish to discover. A journal of 122 pages, in Paré's own hand; a long letter of good advice to his nephew Bertrand; and his last will and testament. M. Turner does not admit any hope that they were genuine: "aujourd'hui on peut affirmer hardiment que ces documents sont sans aucune valeur."

de France"—*famulus domini cancellarii Franciæ*—a servant of the great Antoine Du Prat, Chancellor of François I.; who rose to great political power during the King's captivity at Madrid after the battle of Pavia (1525), was Archbishop of Sens, and a Cardinal, and is said, when Pope Clement VII. died (1533), to have made an offer of four hundred thousand crowns for the Papacy. Antoine Du Prat died in 1535: the King laid hands on his property; and perhaps Jehanne's father was ruined in the general crash. Anyhow, Jehan Mazelin died before Jehanne and Ambroise were made man and wife; leaving behind him Jehanne, a younger daughter named Madeline, a son named Antoine, and other children: and his widow was married again, this time to Estienne Cléret, a shopkeeper in the Rue Saint Andrè des Arcs. Jehanne was living with her stepfather, and was about twenty years old. What, beside proximity, drew Jehanne and Ambroise together, we do not know: but it was not money. This fact is proved by their marriage contract, published by Le Paulmier from the old family papers at Château Paley, in the possession of Mdme. la Marquise Le Charron:

"Before Jehan Dupré and Rémon d'Orleans, His Majesty's Notaries of the Châtelet, were present in person Estienne Cléret, salesman, citizen of Paris, and Jehanne de Prime his wife; aforetime wife, by her first

marriage, of the late Jehan Mazelin, . . . and Jehanne Mazelin, daughter of the said deceased Jehan Mazelin and the said Jehanne de Prime, . . . and Ambroise Paré, master barber-surgeon in this city of Paris . . . the which parties, of their free desire and good will without constraint have agreed and promised, in the presence of and before the said Notaries, as in right judgment and moreover in the presence and by the advice, council, and deliberation of Marguerite Choisel, widow of the late Odo de Prime, in his lifetime also master barber-surgeon of Paris, relations on the mother's side of the said Jehanne Mazelin, and Méry de Prime, salesman and citizen of Paris, her uncle on the mother's side, and Estienne de la Rivière and Loys Drouet, also master barber-surgeons in Paris, friends of the said Ambroise Paré, to make, and by these presents have made and make together the treaty, accords, promises, and arrangements which follow, for the marriage which at God's pleasure will soon be made and solemnized before Holy Church, of the said Ambroise Paré and the said Jehanne Mazelin: that is to say the said Estienne Cléret and his wife have promised and promise to bestow and give in law of marriage the said Jehanne Mazelin free and quit of all debts and liabilities whatsoever to the said Ambroise Paré, who has promised and promises to take her to wife and spouse, so quickly as he well shall be able to do it, if God and Holy Church allow it. . . ."

Thus the notaries ramble on, illustrating the perpetual contrast between law and medicine. Méry de Prime, Estienne de la Rivière, and Loys Drouet,

come again into Paré's life: his friends rose with him, and kept near him. Jehanne brought Ambroise six hundred *livres tournois*, and her clothes: Ambroise settled on Jehanne two hundred *livres tournois*. If he died, she was to keep all her clothes, rings, and trinkets then in actual use: if she died, he was to keep his clothes, rings, and surgical instruments. They gave up all her rights of succession, and all further claim on Estienne Cléret. The six hundred *livres tournois* were paid over to them on July 16th. The wedding-day came afterward: for in the receipt for the money, Jehanne is not called "sa femme" but "sa fiencée en Saincte Eglise."

Man and Wife.

Two years after their marriage, on October 21, 1543, they signed a "mutual donation" of all that they had. Ambroise's life was never safe at the wars: they would make a simpler arrangement of things: on the death of one of them, the other was to have everything, and to pay twenty crowns to the bereaved family. At this time, they had no children.

Their first child, François, was baptised at Saint André, July 4, 1545: the godfathers were François de Villeneuve, physician, and Loys Drouet or Duret, barber; the godmother was Jehanne de Prime. Unhappily for Ambroise and his wife, the child died

in a few months; and for fourteen years there is no word of another. Then, in 1559, was born a son, rightly named Isaac, baptised at Saint André on August 11th: the godfathers were Antoine Mazelin, his uncle, and Nicole Lambert, surgeon-in-ordinary to the King; the godmother was Anne du Tillet, wife of Estienne Lallemant, Seigneur de Vouzay. This child also died, and was buried on August 2, 1560. Then a daughter was born to them, named Catherine; baptised at Saint André on September 30, 1560: Gaspard Martin, Paré's brother-in-law, was godfather, and the godmothers were Catherine, wife of Loys de Prime, Marguerite, whom Estienne Cléret married after the death of Jehanne Mazelin's mother, and Jehanne de Prime.

Thus Ambroise was more than fifty years old before he had a child of his own old enough to talk to him, and he never had a son to follow him; and Jehanne remained childless for near fifteen years, with her husband away at the wars, and her one baby buried in the parish church. Catherine alone remained to them; and she was thirteen years old when her mother died in 1573.

To console themselves, they helped other people's children. In July, 1559, Ambroise settled fifteen *livres tournois* yearly on Olive Arnoullet, six or seven years old, daughter of a doctor practising near Eper-

nay. If she died, the annuity was to go to her brother Christopher, or to the other children. In October, 1565, having received from the King the effects of one Jehan Gaultier, Ambroise handed them over to the dead man's brother, Claude Gaultier, a wool-carder of Carpentras near Avignon, "a poor blind man aged sixty years and more, burdened with four children." But the charity of Ambroise and Jehanne began at home, with their nephew Bertrand and their niece Jehanne.

Bertrand Paré was the son of Ambroise's brother Jehan, the master barber-surgeon at Vitré in Brittany, who died some time before 1549; and Bertrand was to come to Paris to learn his father's business. In August, 1549, Ambroise and Jehanne arranged that at their death, if they died childless, as they then were, Bertrand should have an annuity of forty *livres tournois*, payable also to his heirs after him. Ambroise took the young man in hand, entered him as a student under the rules of the confraternity of Saint Cosmo, and apprenticed him to an apothecary, Jehan de Saint Germain. The young man was idle, conceited, and a failure.

Jehanne Paré was the daughter of Ambroise's other brother Jehan, the chest-maker in the Rue de la Huchette, by his second wife, Marie de Neufville. She was six or seven years old when her father

died, some time before 1560; and that same year Ambroise and his wife gave her a dowry of five hundred *livres tournois*, to be paid to her when she was either married or settled. She became both married and settled; but this was after Jehanne Mazelin's death, and therefore belongs to the next chapter.

The "Royal College of Surgeons."

Though a great surgeon, holding one court appointment after another, may yet keep outside politics, and indifferent to the rise or fall of those in high places, he cannot escape the politics of his own profession; and it was impossible for Ambroise Paré to stand apart from the perpetual strife between the physicians, the surgeons, and the barber-surgeons.

The corporation of barber-surgeons represented the barber-surgeons, the confraternity of Saint Cosmo represented the surgeons, and the faculty of medicine represented the physicians: and these three bodies were engaged in a sort of triangular duel. Malgaigne gives the whole history of it, in all its phases, throughout the length and breadth of France; but here we are concerned with it only so far as it affected Ambroise Paré. From 1541 to 1554, he was a barber-surgeon; in 1554, he was admitted to the confraternity of Saint Cosmo, then calling itself, as it were for that occasion only, the Royal College of Surgeons; in 1567, he

ANCIEN PONT SAINT MICHEL.

FROM MARTIAL'S "ANCIEN PARIS."

IN PARÉ'S TIME THERE WERE HUTS OR HOUSES BUILT ALL ALONG THE BRIDGE

asked to receive supremacy and jurisdiction over the confraternity, and the faculty successfully opposed his petition. In 1569, came his controversy with Julien Le Paulmier, one of the faculty; and in 1575, when he published the first edition of his collected works, he began that long conflict with the faculty which lasted almost to his death in 1590.

In a triangular fight between three institutions all of venerable antiquity, there must needs be many lesser skirmishes and side-issues. Something has been said already about the barber-surgeons; the physicians, and their warfare with Paré, belong to the later years of his life. Between the barber-surgeons and the physicians, and as it were trampling on the barber-surgeons to get at the physicians, comes that vigorous and discontented body of men, the confraternity of Saint Cosmo, or College of Surgeons of France.

The patron saints of the confraternity, Saint Cosmo and Saint Damien, who were also the saints of the barber-surgeons, were two brothers, physicians, born in Arabia in the third century, and put to death for the Christian faith. The confraternity was founded in the thirteenth century, and afterward claimed Saint Louis as its founder. In 1311, the members received for their head Jehan Pitard; in 1372, they got a charter from the King. About the year 1400, medi-

æval Paris had within her walls thirty-one physicians of the faculty, ten master-surgeons of the confraternity, and about fifty barber-surgeons; their conflicts were on a small scale, but perpetual. In 1423, the surgeons obtained an order that none should practise surgery but themselves; next year, the barber-surgeons got their own privileges confirmed, and the order was set aside; then the surgeons appealed, but without success. On September 28, 1424, the surgeons took an oath not to see any patient with a barber-surgeon more than once, or at the most for two visits only; and raised a special fund for fighting expenses. In 1436, they appealed for admission to the privileges of the university; for these, they had to pay a heavy price; they must attend lectures on surgery given by the physicians of the faculty. In 1438, the barber-surgeons got their privileges renewed; later, came Ollivier le Dain, barber-surgeon of Louis XI., who had the King's ear; and, by this time, the three opposing forces of the profession were so nearly balanced that for many years there was something like peace.

In 1470, fresh troubles arose over one Jehan Le Roy, "operator for the stone, cataract, and incisions," who obtained from Louis XI. a command that he should be examined and received into the confraternity. The surgeons declared that the Royal order

was "obreptice, subreptice, incivile et deraisonnable;" and they consoled themselves by compelling this uninvited guest to drop his title, and by passing a resolution that any such "incisor," once examined and approved by the confraternity, should pay them a sum of money for every operation he did in Paris.

Unhappy confraternity; they had, in the common phrase, jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. They found all surgical practice drifting away from them; the barber-surgeons took all the minor surgery, such as venesection; and the "incisors" came into repute for all the special operations. And then the confraternity, thus left without practice, began to busy themselves over the invention of medical treatment for the cure of surgical diseases; and forthwith they came into violent collision with that very heavy body, the faculty of physicians.

In the year 1491, the faculty had started a course of anatomy lectures for the apprentices of the barber-surgeons; and these lectures had been given, to the great credit of the faculty, not in Latin but in French. The confraternity opposed themselves to this vulgar way of teaching; and the faculty yielded to this extent, that the lectures were to consist of a reading, in Latin, from Guy de Chauliac or some such author, followed by an exposition of him in French. To avenge themselves on the confraternity, the faculty

made a daring raid on surgical territory: they began giving anatomical demonstrations on the dead body. This brought another furious protest from the confraternity; to whom the faculty answered that the physicians would continue to teach anatomy until the surgeons left off writing prescriptions. In 1498, the faculty started the demonstrations again. In 1502, the confraternity said that the faculty might give the demonstrations, provided only that the preliminary dissections for them were made by surgeons of the confraternity; and the faculty answered that if the confraternity wanted a share of the honour and glory of the demonstrations, they must pay a third of the expenses of them.

The confraternity was now fairly caught between the upper and the nether millstones, between the physicians and the barber-surgeons. In 1505, the barber-surgeons began to grind them, slowly, but exceeding small. The barber-surgeons had hitherto been called barbers; now they changed the name of their corporation, and, as barber-surgeons, received new privileges from the Crown: an oath, a register, a registration-fee. The faculty had a hand in the examination of the barber-surgeons' apprentices; the candidates swore to limit themselves to manual surgery, and to abstain from prescribing so much as a laxative: where drugs were wanted, they would call

in a physician of the faculty, and nobody else. In return, the faculty continued their valuable lectures to the apprentices, and made themselves into a sort of "Medical Defence Union" to protect, at the cost of the injured party, any master barber-surgeon who might get into trouble in the exercise of his art.

That same year, 1505, came fresh quarrelling with the surgeons, because the faculty had examined one Jacques Bourlon, and had given him the degree of Master of Surgery, without the approval of the confraternity. In 1507, four surgeons of the confraternity were summoned before the faculty for the offence of prescribing; and had to swear on the Gospels that they would not so offend again. In 1509, a barber-surgeon, one l'Ecolier, had ventured to do certain major operations; the confraternity brought an action against him; the faculty defended him. Then the faculty scored one more point: the physicians' lectures were declared compulsory; no surgeon was to obtain his Master's degree who had not been, in modern phrase, "signed up" for them. And then, at last, came a long spell of peace.

I have tried to show, chiefly from Malgaigne's wealth of details, the perpetual wranglings of all three guardians of the peace and honour of the profession. There is nothing heroic about the confraternity. Take two of their rules, made in 1471. The first of

them refers to the custom of visiting, once a month, a crowd of poor patients at the doors of the church of Saint Cosmo, at Luzarches.

1. Those who shall not go to Luzarches during the octave of SS. Cosmo and Damien shall pay the same as those who go, without excuse even for the sick.

2. Every master, who has become licentiate at Paris, but lives outside Paris, is bound to preside in his turn at the meetings of the confraternity; and the day he is president he must pay for bread, wine, and amusement after vespers, and for the fare next morning, mutton and salt meats and pies, or fish if it be a fast-day. . . .

Rules, as Malgaigne says, worthy of a harmony club.

Nevertheless, to be a Master of Surgery, "chirurgien juré à Paris" was to take social rank above the barber-surgeons, and not far below the faculty; and Ambroise Paré was too wise to ignore this fact. The confraternity, on their side, were eager to receive into their number the coming man, the King's friend, to withdraw him from the ranks of the barber-surgeons, and set him to fight their battles with the physicians.

It was in 1554, when Paré was forty-four years old, two years after his appointment to the King, that he

was received into the confraternity. The surgeons were so glad to have him that the proceedings were somewhat irregular. To get him without delay, the ordinary time and place of meeting were changed; and those to whom he had to make formal application for admission were chosen from among his friends. He applied on August 18th for leave to pass the preliminary examination; it was granted. His application was irregular; but then he was a man busy at the Court: "pluribus et multis negotiis aulicis detentus." He was examined on the 23d, in an informal way, at the house of the senior examiner, and declared fit to be examined for the degree of Bachelor. This second examination was at the Hôtel Dieu, on the 27th; there were four examiners, and to keep up appearances they solemnly ploughed him. He gave feeble answers, most inelegantly worded: "questionibus et chirurgicis problematibus illi objectis, debiliter et sermone satis barbaro et corrupto respondit." Then they found extenuating circumstances, let Estienne de La Rivière make them an appeal on his behalf, told him he must learn more Latin and more surgery, and must make a more regular and formal application for the higher degrees; and forthwith gave him the degree of Bachelor.

On October 1st, he asked to be examined for the degree of Licentiate: a week later he was examined,

sustained a disputation, and, "since the King wished it," was made Licentiate.

On November 5th, the whole confraternity unanimously agreed to give him the degree of Master. On December 17th, it was conferred on him. There was a solemn function in their church; the faculty was duly represented; bishops, seigneurs, and other great people were present. He had to read a Latin thesis, he who had never learned Latin: we know neither the subject nor the author of it. Next day he was presented to the Provost of the confraternity, received his "lettres de maîtrise," and took the oath: "Ego Ambrosius Paré chirurgus regius et juratus Parisiis, polliceor me sancte observaturum omnia collegii Chirurgorum statuta, meque ante quadriennium non suscepturum jurisdictionis officium nisi a prædicto collegio dispensatum. Actum die xviii Decembris, et anno Domini 1554. Teste meo signo hic affixo. A. Paré."

The faculty derided the whole affair; and raked up the irregularities of it when Paré came to fight with them. Here is what Riolan said of it, twenty-three years later:

"The surgeon is to the physician what the dentist is to the surgeon. . . . Among surgeons who are excellent in practice, there are some (everybody knows whom I mean, without my having to name them) who

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS, EARLY IN XVIIth CENTURY :

LA CITÉ, AND THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE SEINE, LOOKING S. E. UP THE RIVER.

cannot decline their own names. We have seen them called from the barber's shop to be Masters of Surgery, and admitted gratis against the rules, for fear the barbers, their superior skill being recognised, should put the college to shame : we have heard them declaiming, in the prettiest way in the world, the Latin that someone else had breathed into them, and no more understanding what they said than school children set to repeat Greek speeches." . . .

Riolan is in the right: the admission of Paré to the confraternity was what Æchylus, long before modern slang was invented, called a "plant." But if it did Paré any good, or gave him any pleasure, that is reason enough to justify it.

Paré's Houses in Paris and Outside it.

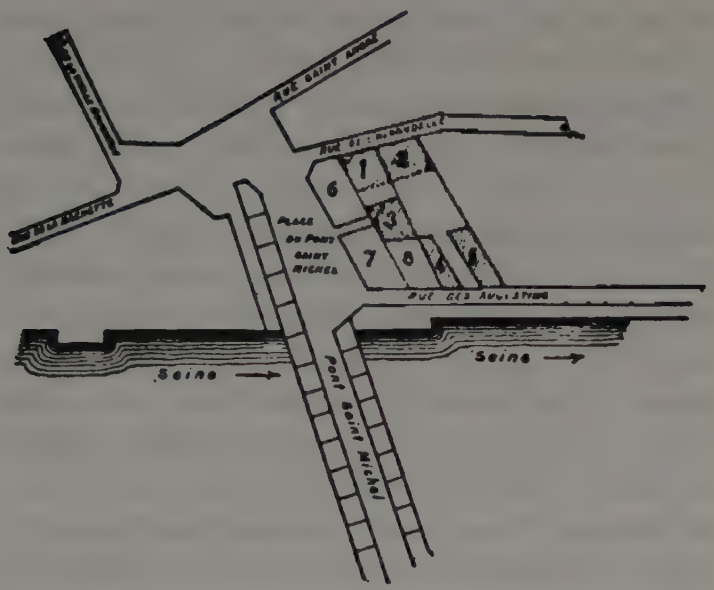
Ambroise Paré was a good man of business, and the story of his property in Paris proves more than this: it shows he had a mind ever at rest in the same surroundings, the "genius loci," a delight in home, in having his own people close to him. Most of us move house once, or more than once; Paré was better pleased to stop in one place, and buy the houses next to his own, till at last he had a compact block of property, a little phalanx of adjoining houses, side by side, or back to back, all within a stone's throw of Saint André des Arcs.

He made his first bargain in September, 1550—the

Maison de La Vache, in the Rue de L'Hirondelle, and the house at Meudon.* He held the property in part only; and got his share of it, a fourth, in exchange for a bad debt. Antoine Mazelin, Jehanne's brother, had owed him, for four and a half years, eighty gold crowns; and now Ambroise sold up his brother-in-law. Ambroise was not the only creditor, and it seems to have been a family affair, without any ill-will about it; for we find Antoine, nine years later, not only afloat as a government clerk, but standing godfather to Isaac Paré. The four holders of the two houses were Ambroise, Jehanne, Catherine de Prime, wife of Pierre de La Rue, and the wife of Charles Fournier. These two last were both of them Jehanne's relations; the whole thing was arranged *en famille*. Pierre de La Rue lived close by; he was a master-tailor; we shall hear of him again, and that not to his credit.

The house in the Rue de L'Hirondelle took its name from the sign of a cow hanging from it. There were living-rooms, cellar, a little room in the basement, upper rooms, loft, and a courtyard at the back with two outhouses; the whole building was roofed with tiles. In front was the Rue de L'Hirondelle; to the left, Méry de Prime, wine-seller; to the right,

* Rabelais was made curé of Meudon about four months later; January 18, 1551.



AMBROISE PARÉ'S HOUSES AT THE PONT SAINT-MICHEL.
(Adapted from Le Paulmier.)

1. Maison de La Vache, with courtyard behind it.
2. Maison des Trois Maures, with courtyard behind it, extending down to the river.
3. The Viarts' house.
4. The Guéaux.
5. The Périers.
6. Méry de Prime.
7. François Pichonnat.
8. Charles de Paris.

The houses shaded are Ambroise's. The Rue des Augustins is now the Quai des Grands Augustins.

the Maison des Trois Maures, belonging to the heirs of the late Jehan Mestreau.

The house at Meudon was in the Rue des Pierres, at the back of the church; and Le Paulmier thinks he has identified No. 9 as the very house. It had living-rooms front and back, cellar, upper room, lofts, small rooms, courtyard and garden between the living-rooms, with a well and a little tiled out-house; and a garden at the back, with trees and arbours. In front, was the Rue des Pierres; the next-door neighbours were Jehan Berthelmy, Jehan Lucas, and Guillaume Parvys. In the same lot with the house at Meudon were included ten vineyards, and a small piece of land. Happy age, when one could get the fourth part of two houses, with gardens and vineyards, in exchange for a brother-in-law's bad debt of eighty gold crowns.

A few years later, Ambroise bought the Maison des Trois Maures, the house next on the right to the Maison de La Vache: in 1561, he was living in this new house: and in it he died. Behind it, was a large open space, opening on to the Rue des Augustins, now the Quai des Grands Augustins: part of this space was occupied by a narrow slip of a house, also Ambroise's property, where lived François Périer, brother-in-law of Jehan Paré: another part of it Ambroise gave to Guillaume Guéau and his

wife, "pour la bonne amytié que ledict Paré a et porte ausdits Guéau et sa femme, et aussy que ainsy luy a pleu et plaist." The Guéaux built another narrow slip of a house here, to match the Périers' house.

In 1574, Ambroise gave to his niece, Jehanne Paré, a house in the same block with the rest: "pour la bonne amour naturelle qu' il a et porte à icelle Jehanne Paré, sadicte niepce, et aussi parce que tel est sou vouloir." Jehanne and her husband, Claude Viart, were thus within a few yards of him.

Ambroise also had a house in the Rue Garancière, Faubourg Saint-Germain: and a property at Ville-du-Bois, outside Paris. The house in the Rue Garancière he left to two of his daughters. But it is the block of houses at the end of the Pont Saint-Michel that I love: the air of home, the sense of kinship, the quiet compact old-worldly affection about them. Take the sketch of them, adapted from Le Paulmier, and go round about it. There is the Rue de La Huchette, where Jehan Paré lived: the church of Saint André, with a thousand memories in it, is just round the corner. There are Ambroise's five houses, all for him and his kinsfolk: at number 6, Méry de Prime, wine-seller, who also was one of the family: at number 7 lived François Pichonnat: at number 8, Charles de Paris, master pastry-cook. Claude Viart, before he

married Jehanne Paré, lived, for no less than twenty years, as Ambroise's pupil, in the same house with him. Catherine, Jehanne Mazelin's only child that lived, came home to the old Maison de La Vache, and died there in 1616. By the labour of love of Le Paulmier, who has published every possible document touching Ambroise's life, we possess a wealth of materials for romancing over this story of the houses in the Rue de L' Hirondelle.*

"Only the King's Surgeon."

It was Sully, himself only a King's minister, who spoke thus of Ambroise Paré. He was surgeon to four Kings, not counting the King of Navarre: to Henri II., and his three sons in succession, François II., Charles IX., and Henri III. Surgeon-in-ordinary (1552) to Henri II.: surgeon-in-ordinary and valet-de-chambre to François II.: surgeon-in-ordinary, and afterward (New Year's Day, 1562) premier surgeon to Charles IX.: premier surgeon and councillor (1574)

* Eighteen years ago, M. Turner believed that he had discovered Paré's house. "At the present day, in that part of the Rue de l' Hirondelle which has not yet been pulled down, there is a large house that still catches your attention. It has been a great deal altered: but the door has still the shape of the doorways of the Renaissance. The bit of carving over the low arch, and another carving in the wall at the back of the courtyard, have an air of antiquity. But no tradition concerning Paré is connected with it, and the present owner believes that it must have belonged to Diane de Poitiers. I am of opinion that it is really Ambroise Paré's house."

to Henri III. He was still holding this appointment in 1587, three years before he died. The deaths of Henri II. and François II. must be noted here; and one or two stories, in lighter vein, how Paré bore himself toward great people.

On June 29, 1559, Henri II., in the fortieth year of his life, and the twelfth of his reign, was present with the Queen at a three-days tournament: the lists were set at the end of the Rue Saint Antoine, near the Bastille. It was the last day, and the King was minded to break a lance with Gabriel de Lorges, Comte de Montgomery, captain of the Scotch Guard; who would have refused, but the King compelled him. It should be the last time; he must do it as a favour to the King. They met and broke their lances in the approved fashion; but Montgomery, by accident or design, did not let drop his broken shaft: it struck the King's helmet, lifted its vizor, and wounded him above the right eye:

"The muscular skin of the forehead, over the bone, was torn across to the inner angle of the left eye, and there were many little fragments or splinters of the broken shaft lodged in the eye; but no fracture of the bone. Yet because of such commotion or shaking of the brain, he died on the eleventh day after he was struck. And after his death, they found on the side opposite to the blow, toward the middle of the commissure of the occipital bone, a quantity of blood effused between the

dura mater and the pia mater: and alteration in the substance of the brain, which was of a brownish or yellowish colour for about the extent of one's thumb: at which place was found a beginning of corruption: which were causes enough of the death of my Lord, and not only the harm done to his eye."

"Five or six surgeons," says Carloix, "the most skilful in France, diligently did their best to probe the wound, and to search for the way into the brain where the splinters of the broken shaft might have gone. But it was impossible for them to find it; even though for four days they anatomised four heads of criminals, that had been cut off at the Conciergerie of the Palace and the prisons of the Grand Châtelet."

Paré was only one of many surgeons in attendance. After the King's death, he put the case into his book on Wounds of the Head; and in the dedication to Chapelain, he says, "On every occasion when the appointed physicians and surgeons were assembled to remedy the King's wound, and you, Monsieur, as premier and chief of all, were usually present, to hear the consultations and to give your judgment and advice, what it was necessary to do in so dangerous an evil—sometimes you did me the honour to ask me my opinion." . . . Among the surgeons was Vesalius, come from Brussels by order of Philip of Spain.

HENRI II.

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE PRINT-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

François II. died within a year and a half of his father, on December 5, 1560, at Orleans, aged seventeen.

"When one was least expecting it," says the author of a Life of Coligny, published in 1686, "the King suddenly felt a great pain in his head, and took to his bed. Men thought Condé's trial would now be put off; but the Guises, seeing how things would change if they lost hold of Condé, so pressed sentence against him that he was condemned to lose his head. When Coligny heard this, he sent for Ambroise Paré, the King's surgeon; pretending he was ill. And as Paré was one of the number of his friends, and Coligny knew he secretly professed the same religion as himself, he asked him privately what he thought of the King's illness. Paré said the King was in great danger, but he had not once dared to say so, for fear of doing harm at the Court. The Admiral answered he had done a great wrong, for he would have prevented the condemnation of Condé; let him therefore go at once and spread the news, or their religion would lose the strongest of its supports. Paré promised to amend his fault, and did it at once; all the Court were astonished, having believed the King's illness was nothing, especially as it had begun to discharge from the ear, which made them think Nature had found a way out. . . . But the King died in a few days; and all the intrigues during his illness made men believe his end had been hastened. Paré was suspected of having put poison in his ear while he was dressing it, by command of the Queen-mother."

The lives of the Queen-mother and of Paré touched

again and again, but there is nothing to show that she was ever his patient. They came to Paris about the same time, the King's strange Italian wife, and the barber-surgeon's apprentice: they died, one in 1589, the other in 1590; they were together at Rouen, at Moncontour, and on the long journey to Bayonne; she saw the curiosities of surgery that he showed at Court; she bade him write the treatise on the plague: he must have spoken with her hundreds of times. One scrap of talk has come down to us: "M. Paré, do you believe you will be saved in the next world?"—"Surely, madame; for I do what I can to be a good man in this world; and God is merciful, giving ear well to all languages, and alike satisfied whether one prays to Him in French or in Latin."

But there is no record that she was ever in need of surgery *; and even Ambroise might have faltered in his skill, with such a life entrusted to him; like the doctor who stands helpless and talks with the

* L'Estoile says that once she was ill of a surfeit, and once (only once, in such a life?) her nerves gave way, and she saw a ghost. On December 26, 1574, at Avignon, died Charles de Guise, Cardinal of Lorraine. According to his own people, he made a good end; but the Huguenots said he died cursing and swearing and calling on devils. The day that Catherine heard of his death, she was talking of it at dinner; as they gave her glass into her hands, she began to tremble, and let it fall;—"Jesus! There is Monsieur the Cardinal of Lorraine: I can see him." For some nights following, she had the same vision.

waiting-woman, while Lady Macbeth is washing the smell of the blood from her hands.

There is a tradition that Mary Stuart liked him, and often talked with him; and one or two stories, of no great value, have been preserved about his life at the Court. They had best be put on a string here. Once, the King sent for Ambroise, and Amboise, Seigneur de Bussy, went by mistake instead of him; and when they laughed at him, he declared that if he had not been Amboise, he would wish to be Ambroise; for there was nobody at the Court whom he admired more. Once, the King's dogs were ailing, and the King said that Ambroise must see them. He would not; he sent one of the servants from the royal kennels, and went home in a rage; the King heard of this, but still addressed him next day as "my dear Ambroise." Once, Chapelain the Queen-mother's physician was suspected of treason against Charles IX., and the young King told his suspicions to Ambroise; who answered him: "No, Sire, his accusers are the real criminals, who would rob you of one of the best of your servants." And the last story is that the magnificent young gentlemen at the Court gave the name of "ambrosia" to Ambroise's decoctions; to be under his treatment was called "living on ambrosia": surely a very little joke to come such a very long way.

There is yet another story, and to his discredit; he tells it against himself, with some remorse, but not enough; the horrible story of the Cook and the Bezoar-stone. A gentleman at the Court showed to Charles IX. a bezoar-stone, as was the fashion then to show all sorts of odd things to Royalty, and told him it was a universal antidote to all poisons. The King asked Paré if this were possible; who said it was not; each poison must have its own contrary for its antidote; but it would be easy to try it on a condemned criminal.

"Then the King sent for M. de La Trousse, his Provost, and asked him if he had anyone who deserved hanging. He said that he had in his prisons a cook, who had stolen two silver dishes in his master's house, and was to be hanged to-morrow. The King said he wished to make trial of a stone which they said was good against all poisons; let them ask the said cook, now he was condemned, if he would take a certain poison, and forthwith they would give him an antidote, and if he recovered he should keep his life. The cook very willingly agreed, saying he would far rather die of poison in prison than be hanged in the sight of the people. Then an apothecary gave him a certain poison to drink, and forthwith the bezoar-stone. Having these two fine drugs inside him, he began crying out he was on fire, calling for water to drink, which was not refused him. . . . An hour later, having heard of it, I asked M. de La Trousse to let me go and see him, and he sent me thither with three of his archers. I found the poor cook

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE PRINT-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

on all fours, going like an animal, his tongue out of his mouth, his eyes and his face flaming red. . . . I made him drink about half a *sextier* of oil, thinking to save his life; but it was of no service, being given too late, and he died miserably, crying out he had better have died on the gallows: he lived about seven hours."*

The evil that we do lives after us. Years later, the faculty attacked Paré over this bad business of the bezoar-stone; here is his lame defence (1575) of himself and of the King:

"Those who consider the end for which the poison was given, may see my action was neither detestable, nor defamatory of the King's memory, but rather praiseworthy, that I let them poison the thief, fearing for the love of the service I bore my master that if he himself were secretly poisoned he might trust such an antidote. And I do not consider I defamed the memory of his name by citing him in the story, no more than Matthiolus defamed the memory of Pope Clement VII., telling a similar story; who commanded that poison should be given to two robbers, for testing the virtue of an oil said to be antidotal to all poisons. Moreover, the thief took the poison of his own free will, preferring to die in prison, having hope of escape, rather than end his days in public with a halter."

* A bezoar-stone is a concretion found in the intestines of some herbivorous animals. The poison given to the poor man was probably corrosive sublimate.

For an earlier instance of experiments on condemned criminals, January, 1474, see the story of the Archer of Meudon; page 154 of Malgaigne's Introduction to Paré's Works.

The Saint Bartholomew's Massacre.

On the Friday (August 22, 1572,) before the massacre, Coligny, leaving the Louvre and busy reading a letter, was shot by Maurevel, from the window of a house close to Saint Germain L'Auxerrois. His left arm was wounded, and two fingers of his right hand were broken; but he walked home to his house. Paré amputated the two fingers, and made one or more incisions in the arm. He had come in haste; his instruments were ill chosen, and he did not do the operation well; but Coligny did not flinch, and whispered to one of those round him that Merlin, a minister of the Reformed Church in Paris, was to give a hundred gold crowns to the poor. It was feared the shot was poisoned: he said, "That will be as it shall please God; pray Him to give me the gift of patience." On the Sunday morning early, he was woke by the tumult round his house and the firing of shots in the courtyard. He rose, steadied himself against the wall, and said to Merlin, "Pray for me; I commend my soul to the Saviour." One of his gentlemen, named Cornaton, came into the room; Paré, who was watching by Coligny's bed, asked what had happened. Cornaton answered to Coligny, "Monseigneur, it is God who calls us to Him." Coligny said, "I have been ready to die this long time; but you,

COLIGNY.

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING IN THE PRINT-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

my friends, save yourselves if you still can." They went up to the top of the house, and escaped through a window in the roof.

Of the King, Brantôme says:

"He kept crying out, 'Kill, kill,' and never had a wish to save one of them, except Master Ambroise Paré; and he sent for him to come that night into his chamber, commanding him not to stir out of it; and said it was not reasonable that one who was worth a whole world of men should be thus murdered, and he would not urge him, no more than he would urge his old nurse, to change his religion."

Sully, who was twelve years old at the time of the massacre, and came in danger of death during it, says:

"Of all those round the King, not one had so much of his confidence as Ambroise Paré. This man, who was only his surgeon, had become so familiar with him that on the day of the massacre, when the King told him that everybody must now turn Catholic, Paré coolly answered him, 'By the light of God, Sire, I think you remember your promise never to command these four things of me: To enter again into my mother's womb, to look after myself in battle, to leave your service, and to go to Mass.' The King took him aside, and disclosed the misery he felt overwhelming him. 'Ambroise,' he said, 'I do not know what has come over me these last two or three days, but I find myself, mind and body, as much shaken as if I had the fever. It seems to me at every moment,

sleeping or waking, these massacred bodies keep showing me their frightful blood-stained faces. I can only hope that among them are none that were witless, none that were innocent.'"

When the killing was all done, the Queen-mother, *pour repaistre ses yeux*, went to see Coligny's body hanging on the gallows at Montfaucon. On the evening of the Sunday of the massacre, *pour se refraischir un peu et se donner plaisir*, she walked with her ladies to see the dead bodies in the streets; and was pleased to make some particularly obscene pathological observations on one of those that were naked. She could take an interest in pathology without Paré's help this time: and he must have been wishing himself with the dead. He saw his country running blood, the poor taxed past endurance, and every office under government to be had for money: his friends were dead in the streets, at the bottom of the Seine, on the gallows. Worse things were yet to come; but already, look which way he would, he could not see the salvation of France.

V.

PARIS.

1573–1590.

"I am so determined not to hide the talent it has pleased God to give me in Surgery, which is my calling in this brief life, that the more my days pass away, so much the more I feel driven to work yet harder while they last, to help, if I can, those who shall have to do with me, while God is pleased to leave me in this world."—Preface of the *Book of the Plague*, 1568.

ON Wednesday, November 4, 1573, Jehanne Mazelin died, aged fifty-three, and was buried that same day at Saint André. Ambroise was left alone with their only surviving child, Catherine, who was thirteen years old. He had also the care of Jehanne Paré, his brother Jehan's daughter. Jehan had died some time before 1560, and his second wife, Jehanne's mother, had died before 1577. Ambroise and his wife seem to have adopted Jehanne Paré, that the little Catherine might have a companion. In 1560, they set aside a dowry for her; in 1574, Ambroise gave her a yearly allowance, and the house

where she and Claude Viart lived after their marriage in 1577.

Children and Grandchildren.

Thus left with the care of the two girls—a hard matter to combine with his work—Ambroise married again, in what looks like indecent haste. And it is to be noted, as evidence of a good understanding between Ambroise and his young daughter, and of a strong centripetal force in the family, that father and daughter married sister and brother. Ambroise married Jacqueline Rousselet; Catherine, seven years later, married François Rousselet.

Ambroise and Jacqueline Rousselet were married at Saint Séverin, January 18, 1574; less than three months after Jehanne Mazelin's death. Jacqueline was the daughter of Jacques Rousselet, one of the King's servants; her dowry was five thousand *livres tournois*, but Ambroise took two thousand and no more; he settled on her, under certain conditions, five hundred *livres tournois* per annum: at her death, he was to keep not only his clothes and his surgical instruments, but also his weapons and his horses. The affluent air of this second marriage-contract is very different from the poverty of his first marriage: more money, but less romance. Jacqueline's witnesses to the contract were well-to-do people, Gov-

LE PETIT CHÂTELET.

FROM MARTIAL'S "ANCIEN PARIS."

ernment officials, such as are "in Society": Ambroise was content to have an old friend and neighbour, Hilaire de Brion, shopkeeper, master-apothecary, and grocer, *bourgeois de Paris*.

Six children were born to them; and some of the godparents were very grand personages. It may be well here to follow the fortunes of all his children by both wives, and the fortunes of Jehanne Paré, who may be counted as one of the family.

Of Jehanne Mazelin's children, the two boys, born fifteen years apart, François and Isaac, died in early childhood. Catherine, the only one of Paré's children who could remember the old times, was married, on March 28, 1581, to François Rousselet, her stepmother's brother, treasurer and secretary to the King's brother. They had eight children, three of whom were born before Ambroise died. Unhappily, a dispute arose between Ambroise and the Rousselets, as to money owing to Catherine from the time of her minority. A law suit was threatened, but was averted by friends of the family, and the matter was arranged; probably the quarrel was wholly the fault of François Rousselet. He died before Catherine: she came back, in her widowhood, to the old Maison de La Vache, and died there September 21, 1616.

Jehanne Paré married Ambroise's pupil, Claude

Viart, on March 27, 1577. He was for twenty years Ambroise's pupil or assistant; he had been in practice at Nantes, and had served in the army. He had plenty of money; Jehanne had the house, her dowry, and her allowance,—all of them the gifts of Ambroise; who also gave Claude all his surgical instruments, certain rights over his books, the plates for the first edition of the Complete Works,—which had cost more than a thousand crowns,—and his long black robe with the velvet trimmings. Claude Viart died about 1583; Jehanne made a second marriage with François Forest of Orleans, January 11, 1588; they had a son, François, born 1589.

The children of Ambroise Paré and his second wife, Jacqueline Rousselet, were:

1. Anne, baptised at Saint André, July 16, 1575, with godparents of exceptional splendour: Anne d'Esté, Duchesse de Nemours, and her son, Duc de Nemours. She was married July 4, 1596, to Henri Simon, who became one of the King's Council, and held a high position in the Government. In 1599, Anne nearly died in childbirth. Her life was saved by Haultin, by a method that her father had taught him. Anne and her husband were alive, but without children, in 1616.
2. Ambroise, baptised May 30, 1576, died in in-

fancy. Grand godparents again : Charles, Comte de Mansfeld, son of Paré's old patient ; Charles, Marquis d'Elbœuf, one of the Guises ; and Philippe de Montespedon, Princesse de La Roche-sur-Yon, wife of another old patient.

3. Marie, baptised February 6, 1578.
4. Jacqueline, baptised October 8, 1579 ; died 1582.
5. Catherine, baptised at Saint André, February 12, 1581. This is Catherine the second. She was married at Saint André, September 29, 1603, to Claude Hédelin, advocate, poet, and Government official. They had twelve children, one of whom, François, was the famous Abbé d'Aubignac. Claude Hédelin died in 1638. Catherine died in 1659. The portrait of Ambroise, in the beginning of this book, and many documents relating to the family, are in the possession of Mdme. la Marquise de Charron, a descendant of the Hédelins.
6. Ambroise the second, baptised November 8, 1583 ; died August next year.

That is the history of Ambroise Paré's nine children : and he who will read and read again the "Pièces Justicatives" of Le Paulmier, the parish registers, and the family papers, may weave a hundred pictures out of them. We come across Saint

André far more often than I have written the name. Baptisms, marriages, and funerals, the same parish church took them all. The increased wealth in the marriage-contracts, the magnificent godparents, the good marriages that the daughters made, the crowd of grandchildren whom I have not named—all these are mixed with the names, here and there, of Ambroise's old friends, successful at last, or still obscure. The sound of the *vie de famille* is in the houses of the Rue de L'Hirondelle long after his death. There his widow lived and died (June 26, 1606); there Catherine Rousselet, widowed too, came back and died, ten years later. And of all the daughters I most want to know more of her, Jehanne Mazelin's child; especially why Claude Viart married not her but her cousin. Ambroise never had a son to follow him. There is a meaning, the *lacrimæ rerum*, in the names of these babies: Isaac, the child of promise, born fifteen years after François; Ambroise, born seventeen years after Isaac; then another Ambroise, the last child of his father's old age: all four of them dead in a few months or years after their birth.

"Le Roi est Mort: Vive le Roi."

The death of Charles IX., from phthisis, was on Whitsunday, May 30, 1574, in the twenty-third

CHARLES IX.

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE PRINT-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. He had been under Paré's care, for pain and contraction of the arm after venesection, some time before 1569.

Of his death, Brantôme says, "M. de Strozzi and I told Master Ambroise Paré, the King's chief surgeon, that the King was dead; who answered, in an offhand, abrupt way:—*en passant et sans long propos*—that he was dead from too hard blowing of his horn out hunting." Mazille attended him in his last illness. The terrors of which he had told Paré returned upon him. On the Thursday before he died, there was a great consultation of all the physicians, and on the Friday, Mazille told him they could do no more for him. Then he asked them to draw the bed curtains, that he might try to sleep; and they left him with two of his gentlemen and his old Huguenot nurse:*

* "Mazille estant sorty, et ayant fait sortir tous ceulx qui estoynt dans la chambre, hormis trois, assavoir, La Tour, Saint Pris, et sa nourrice, que Sa Majesté aimoit fort, encore qu'elle fut de la religion; comme elle se fut mise sur un coffre et commençast à sommeiller, ayant entendu le roy se plaindre, pleurer, et sospirer, s'approche tout doucement au lit; et tirant sa custode, le roy commence à luy dire, jettant un grand souspir, et larmoyant si fort, que ses sanglots lui interrompoyent la parole: 'Ah, ma nourrice, ma mie, ma nourrice, que de sang et que de meurtres. Ah, que j'ay eu un meschant conseil. O mon Dieu, pardonne-les-moy et me fay misericorde, s'il te plaist. Je ne sçais où je suis, tant ils me rendent perplex et agité. Que deviendra tout cecy? que deviendrai-je moy à qui Dieu le recommande? que feray-je? Je suis perdu, je le sens bien.' Alors la nourrice luy dit, 'Sire, les meurtres et le sang soyent sur la teste de ceux qui vous les ont fait faire et sur vostre meschant

and on the Sunday he died. On the Monday afternoon, at four o'clock, Paré made the examination and embalment, in the presence of eight physicians and surgeons of the household. The account of the King's funeral states that among the host of great people who followed it were the King's surgeons, on horseback.

Henri III. (1574–1589) was twenty-three years old when he succeeded his brother. Paré kept his place as chief surgeon and valet-de-chambre, and became a member of the King's Council. Even to Henri III. he was loyal; the King had his good moments, and Paré must make the most of them. He bore with the King's favourites, the vices of the Court, the King's follies—his monkeys, dogs, and parrots, his horseplay in the streets, his *bilboquet*,—Paré saw him thus playing the fool a score of times. He made him laugh once, with a joke that sounds very simple now; and showed him the anatomical pictures in his big books—the sort of thing that would amuse him.

He was soon called to attend him, in September

conseil. . . . Mais pour l'honneur de Dieu, que Vostre Majesté cesse de larmoyer et se fascher, de peur que cela ne rengrave, qui est le plus grand malheur qui sçauroit advenir à vostre peuple et à nous tous.' Et sur cela luy ayant esté quérir un mouchoir, pour ce que le sien estoit tout mouillé et trempé de larmes, après que Sa Majesté l'eut pris de sa main, luy fist signe qu'èlle s'en allast, et le laissast en reposer."—L'Estoile.

1575, for a furious earache: this was a serious matter, his brother having died of disease of the ear. Here is L'Estoile's account of it:

"Sept. 2d. The King fell ill with a pain in his ear, which frightened him, because the King his brother had died of it; and he said this two or three times to-day.

"Sept. 10th. The King drove out, against the advice of his physicians; and returned soon after, with extreme pain in his ear; and that night he was so ill, that they sent to all the monasteries in Paris, to pray for him, and a courier to the Queen-mother; for all the doctors despaired of him for twenty-four hours, except Le Grand. They attributed the malady to his wakeful nights and excesses during the Carnival, when notwithstanding the affairs he had on his hands, he had passed whole nights in mumming and masquing, and other exercises little suited to his health."

A rumour ran through the Court, that Paré might attempt to poison the King; he was therefore careful to do nothing save in the presence of the physicians. This was the year of his first fight with the faculty; and in their jealousy they tried to keep him out of the consultations. *Ingrat! tu as battu ton père*, he said to Ferrier, one of the Queen-mother's physicians, who tried this trick on him.

When Jacques Clément, in 1589, rid France of Henri III., Paré was seventy-nine years old; it was Antoine Portail who stood by the King's death-bed at Saint Cloud.

Warfare with the Faculty.

Paré's long fight with the physicians, from 1575 to 1585, was waged over the publication of his Collected Works. The ten years' war is marked by three great battles: it is the War of the Three Editions. Some account of his writings is given in the chapter, "Opera Omnia"; here we are concerned only with the effect produced by each successive edition on the faculty. It was a sort of Holy War for the deliverance of surgery from the bondage of medicine; and it is pleasant to read the fatuous indignation and futile reprisals of the physicians, as they lost one battle after another.

1. *The Edition of 1575.* The King's privilege, for nine years, allowing Paré to publish his Collected Works, was signed at Avignon, on November 30, 1574. The book, a folio of 945 pages, dedicated to the King, finished printing on April 22, 1575. It is characteristic of the faculty, that they were taken by surprise. On May 5, they held their first meeting, to stop a book that was already published; they called Paré impudent and ignorant; they appealed to the Parliament—a method still employed by the profession, from time to time, without very marked success—and asked that a decree, forty years old, should be confirmed, forbidding the sale of any medical book without the approval of the faculty; and

they observed that Paré was only a barber-surgeon, thrust into the College of Surgeons by the King, ignorant of Latin and Greek, even of grammar. They got together some of the surgeons, and a deputation from the University; and on July 9, they had another meeting, with the miserable Estienne Gourmelen, then Dean of the faculty, in the chair: who pointed out to them that the book contained much that was grossly indecent and immoral.

Five days later the case came before Parliament. There were counsel present on behalf of (1) the faculty, (2) the confraternity of Saint Cosmo, (3) the civil authorities, for fear the book should be really indecent, (4) André Malezieu, Provost of the confraternity, who said Ambroise had plagiarised from him:—from him, whose contribution to medical and surgical literature was a translation into French of a surgical work in Latin by that eminent physician Gourmelen. The Parliament confirmed the decree of 1535; everybody was to put in his pleadings, in writing, within three days. The whole thing stopped here; farce from beginning to end; the book was all over Paris long ago.

Ambroise took this opportunity of telling the faculty what he thought of them, in a thin quarto of fifteen pages.* Every word of it should be read

* This pamphlet was addressed to the Parliament. It is given in full by Le Paulmier.

carefully; and there was some good plain-speaking in it:—

"For more than thirty years I have been printing my treatises on Surgery; which not only have been opposed by no man, but were received by one and all with favour and applause; which made me think, if I gathered them together, I should be doing a thing very agreeable to the public. Which I having accomplished, and that at an expense past thinking—when I would make them see the light, lo and behold, the physicians and the surgeons have set themselves to obscure and quench them, for this sole reason, that I wrote them in our mother-tongue, in phrases quite easy to be understood. The physicians feared lest all who should get the book into their hands would be advised how to take care of themselves in time of sickness, and would not be at the pains to call them in. The surgeons were afraid lest the barbers, reading these my works, would receive full instruction in all the operations of surgery, and would come to be as good as themselves, and so trespass on their domains. For the rest, both parties in general were moved by wilful hate, envy, and jealousy, to see Ambroise Paré in some reputation as a man well esteemed in his profession. . . . Let me tell them I can pay them back. And I ask you, Gentlemen, touching this charge of indecency, to remember it is one thing to treat of the right conduct of life, according to moral philosophy, for the instruction of tender youth, and another thing wholly different to speak of natural things, like a true physician or surgeon, for the instruction of full-grown men."

2. *The Edition of 1579.* In 1576, Paré had a law-

suit with the College of Surgeons, over certain alterations in their statutes, which Paré and four other surgeons refused to sign: these five carried the day. The faculty, of course, took an interest in it; and decided that their legal adviser should watch the case on their behalf.

In 1578, when the second edition was ready for publication, the faculty held in their hands the decree of 1535, confirmed in 1575; Paré therefore submitted the new edition to them. What they had called indecent and immoral he left untouched; but as they had been angry that he, a surgeon, had written on fevers, he cut the treatise on fevers into pieces, and mixed it with the treatise on tumours; a method of pathology not to be recommended now. Then he submitted to them the book thus shaken up. The faculty appointed a committee of ten, on April 5, 1578, to report on "this man's heavy volume." On August 2, the committee were called upon to report. They said they would rather not bind the whole faculty to any definite opinion; and suggested that each member of it should make up his mind for himself. Here the matter dropped; and the second edition came out on February 8, 1579. The Dean of the faculty in 1578 was no longer Gourmelen, but Claude Rousselet, probably related to Paré's wife.

Paré's anger was rising fast. "I know very well that the surgeons, who ought to lend me a hand to hold up my chin for fear I should go to the bottom, have wanted to push my head under water to drown me. They have done their best to make me obnoxious to the authorities both of Church and of State, and to the public; they have left no stone unturned to upset me if they could."

3. *The Edition of 1582.* This is the Latin edition, put into Latin by Jacques Guillemeau. The opposition of the faculty to it was a marvel of stupidity. Like the oft-quoted Dogberry, they were anxious to be written down asses: and the minutes of their meetings are still to be read in Paris. They met on December 21, 1581, and were furious that anybody but one of themselves should translate a book into Latin. "Since there is nobody but a member of the school who would know how to make the translation, it is disgraceful—*quod indignum*—to leave it to over-presumptuous surgeons, incapable of writing a page of Latin." They appointed a committee of six, to enquire into the outrage: who made their report nine days later. "Your committee have gone into the subject carefully (*maxime laboravit*). We recommend the following title for the book: 'Ambrosii Paræi primarii regis chirurgi Opera Latinitate donata a Docto quodam Viro: Curâ et dili-

gentiâ Jacobi Guillemeau, chirurgi Parisiensis.' This title to be given to the printer, Jacques Dupuys. Any leaves of the book having upon them any other title but this, to be effaced, torn up, and kept for some vile purpose (*expuncta et lacerata et in viliorem usum asservata*)." Some physician was to be the *vir doctus*: the faculty would make the translation themselves, or pretend to make it. Nothing came of it all: the book was printed in Germany, and published in January, 1582, with the following title: "Opera Ambrosii Paræi regii primarii et Parisiensis chirurgi A docto viro plerisque locis recognita: Et Latinitate donata, Jacobi Guillemeau regii et Parisiensis chirurgi labore et diligentiâ." The *vir doctus* was perhaps Paré himself. The faculty were powerless: they said Guillemeau's behaviour was madness, and the height of impudence.

4. *The Edition of 1585.* This, the last edition in Paré's lifetime, is above all to be prized; for it contains the Apologia and the Journeys. No opposition was offered to it: the faculty were silenced at last.

Antimony, Mummy, and Unicorn's Horn.

Paré conquered the faculty in this War of the Editions; but he did not shake the supremacy of the physician over the surgeon in practice. It was

a good thing, perhaps, that he did not: there was only one Ambroise Paré, and the subjection of the average surgeon of the XVI. century to the average physician gave the patients a better chance that their cases would be looked at all round. Paré accepted this arrangement: again and again he tells the young surgeon he must do this or that only with the approval of the physician; especially, the physician must decide if the patient is to be bled, and to what amount. Paré was not a blind advocate of bleeding, "lest the patient pour forth his life together with his blood;" and was glad that the physicians should decide in each case for or against it. "For the practice of all such things as bleeding, a physician shall be consulted. But because physicians are not in every place and always to hand, I have thought good to set down the following medicines. . . . " Again, of sciatica, he says, "The quantity of blood to be drawn must be left to the judgment of the physician, without whose advice I would attempt nothing in this case." Once he bled the Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon, for a sick headache: taking the blood from an artery, not from a vein, "whereof I have made trial upon myself, to my great good"—but he did not do it till the physicians had given their approval.

We have a good instance of the airs assumed by

the faculty. On August 10, 1559, Paré, then close on fifty, and surgeon to the King, was a witness in the action brought by the Damoiselle Françoise de Rohan against the Duc de Nemours: a scandal in high life. Here is his evidence, shorn of legal technicalities:

"That the Damoiselle de Rohan sent two of her servants to him, asking that he would come and bleed her next morning between seven and eight o'clock, saying the physicians were to be there at that time to assist at the bleeding. Witness went next morning to the lady's chamber at the Louvre. At her chamber door he met M. Sallon, chief physician to the Queen-mother: who asked what was the purpose of his visit. Witness answered he had come to bleed Mlle. de Rohan. Then M. Sallon said he should not bleed her. Witness asked M. Sallon the reasons why he should not bleed the said lady: then M. Sallon answered, 'There is a good reason,' without explaining or specifying the said reasons." . . .

Ambroise got the reasons from one of the ladies-in-waiting.

Again, over the use of drugs, Ambroise was willing to give way to the physicians. Thus, in 1560, the faculty obtained a prohibition against the sale of antimony in Paris, because it was in vogue with the alchymists as a poison. Ambroise believed in antimony, as a good treatment for cases of plague, and in his book on the plague, etc., 1568, he spoke well of

it. The faculty attacked him for this, and with success; and when he published his Collected Works, 1575, he left out all praise of antimony, saying only:

"Some approve antimony, and highly recommend it, alleging many instances of its use observed by themselves. But since the use of it is forbidden by the members of the faculty of medicine, I shall avoid saying anything about it here."

But there were two drugs, of high repute in the XVI. century, that he hated: and in his old age he made a furious attack on them. These were mummy, and unicorn's horn: and his exposure of them shows the wonderful vigour and youthfulness of his old age, still at seventy-two original, independent of habit and of tradition.*

On August 31, 1580, M. Christophe Jouvenel des Ursins, Marquis de Traisnel, a man of many titles, had a bad fall from his horse in the country. Paré was sent for: and he called in five other surgeons, so serious was the case, so important the patient. M. des Ursins recovered, and lived eight years after his accident. During his convalescence, he asked Ambroise why

* "Discours d' Ambroise Paré, conseiller et premier chirurgien du roy, à scavoir, de la mumie, des venins, de la licorne et de la peste. A Paris, chez Gabriel Buon, au clos Bruneau, à l' enseigne Saint-Claude, 1582." 75 pages, with a fine portrait. There is a copy in the British Museum.

HÔTEL DES URSINS, 1670.

FROM MARTIAL'S "ANCIEN PARIS."

he had never given him any *mummy:* and this was the origin of the last of all Ambroise's books: a quarto of 75 pages, with Ambroise's portrait; dedicated to the patient.

Mummy was, or was supposed to be, what it said it was: the resinous *débris* or scrapings of Egyptian mummies. For unfathomable reasons, it was given internally for the cure of falls and contusions; and was in high repute, "yea, the very first and last drug of almost all our practitioners in such a case at this present time." Ambroise will have none of it, this "flesh of decomposed cadaverous dead bodies": he has never seen it do anything but give the patient a pain inside, and make him sick: the ancient Jews, Egyptians, and Chaldees, never dreamed of embalming their dead to be eaten by Christians. There are mummies two thousand years old: "I leave you to think what good meat and drink they would make now." It smells so bad, that fishermen use it for bait. The methods of embalment were different in Egypt for rich and for poor: a low-class embalment was only so much asphalt. And after all, what is the drug that we use in Paris?

"As a matter of fact, neither the physicians and surgeons who prescribe it, nor those who have written about it, nor the apothecaries who sell it, are at all sure what it really is. Read the ancients, read the moderns, you will

find they all differ about it: ask the apothecaries, ask the merchants who sell it to them: one will tell you one thing, another will tell you another. . . . Some people believe that *mummy* is made and manufactured in our own France: and that they take the bodies by night off the gallows, eviscerate them, dry them in an oven, dip them in pitch, and sell them for good true *mummy*, saying they bought them of Portugese merchants, who brought them from Egypt."

Then comes the story of Ambroise's friend, Guy de La Fontaine, who being at Alexandria in 1564, made friends with a Jew there, who did a great trade in mummies.

"He showed me," says Paré's friend, "a storehouse where he had many bodies piled one atop of the other. Then I asked the Jew again to tell me where he had found these bodies, and whether they were found, as the ancients said, in the sepulchres throughout the country. The Jew fell to laughing, and mocked at this false statement, saying that it was not four years since he had prepared all these bodies himself, thirty or forty, and they were the bodies of slaves, and such-like people: he did not care whence they came, nor what they died of, nor whether they were old or young, male or female, provided he got them: and nobody could tell who they were, once they were embalmed: and he marvelled greatly, that the Christians were so greedy to eat the bodies of the dead."

So much for mummy: "the sovereign'st thing on earth for an inward bruise" in the XVI. century. Paré would never prescribe it, or let anyone take it.

"As if there were no other way of saving a man fallen from a height, contused, and grievously hurt, but inserting and burying inside him another man: as if there were no way of recovering health, but by a more than brutal inhumanity."

Unicorn's horn was a drug so far like mummy that nobody knew whence it came, what it was, how it acted, or what was the dose of it. In Paré's time, drugs were weighed and measured in a primitive fashion: the grain was literally "a barley corn or grain, and that such as is neither too dry, nor overgrown with mould, nor rancid, but well conditioned, and of an indifferent bigness": other measures were the handful, *pugil*, and the pound medicinal, "which is for the most part the greatest weight used by physicians, which they seldom exceed." Happily, the virtues of unicorn's horn were so great that it did not matter how much or how little one took of it. The genuine sort, narwhal or rhinoceros horn, sold for more than its weight in gold: but horns and bones and tusks of all kinds were used as unicorn's horn. It was an antidote to all poisons: but Rondeletius had obtained equally good results, in cases of poisoning, with plain ivory-dust; "which is the reason," says he, "why for the same disease, and with the like success, I prescribe ivory to such as are poor, and unicorn's horn to the rich." Chapelain used to

say he would gladly abolish that custom of dipping a piece of unicorn's horn in the King's cup, but he knew the belief in its efficacy was rooted too deep in men's minds for argument: besides, if it did no good, it did no harm, save to the purses of those who bought it.

Ambroise reviews a whole host of delightful stories: the travels of Venetian and Spanish gentlemen in Arabia, Asia, and Cathay: Herodotus, Pliny, Prester John, the great Cham of Tartary, his own friend Louis de Paradis; he quotes them all, and many others. He would wholly refuse to recognise the existence of the unicorn, but that it is mentioned in the Psalms and the Prophets; anyhow, what is sold by the Paris apothecaries is too plentiful to be genuine: and whatever it is, there is no virtue in it. He tested the belief that if you draw a wet ring on the table with a bit of unicorn's horn, round a spider, scorpion, or toad, the animal will die sooner than cross the ring: they did nothing of the kind. He kept a toad three days in water with a bit of the horn, and the toad was as lively as ever. There was an old lady who sold unicorn's horn at the Pont du Change: she kept a bit of it on a silver chain, and would dip this in a glass of water for you for nothing. One day a beggar-woman, with a baby suffering from eczema, got the water, but the dipping had been omitted: nevertheless the baby rapidly recovered.

His old friend, Luys Drouet, was as incredulous as Chapelain: he gave the drug sometimes, but only when the patient compelled him.

After good stories innumerable, "Let us come to reason," says Paré: "there is neither taste nor smell nor air nor nourishment in it: therefore it cannot act on the heart." And then, as with all his life's work, comes the final appeal to facts: "I can protest this much, that I have often made trial of it, yet never could I find any good success from its use."

An answer was published next year to this discourse, an anonymous pamphlet, "seen and approved by M. Grangier, Dean of the Schools of Medicine." It begins well: "Paré, my friend, so long as you practise surgery, the people make much of you, but when you go outside the limits of your profession to censure physicians and apothecaries, the little children laugh at you." Then comes a hit at the illustrations in Ambroise's treatise on Monsters; "All those monsters that you have stuck anyhow into your Surgery, to amuse small children." And how could unicorns fail to exist, when the King had at Saint Denis a horn for which he had refused a hundred thousand crowns? "If I had no other argument to show there are unicorns, this alone would suffice me." Ambroise made a good-natured reply to his anonymous critic, ending thus: "Anyhow, I pray

him, if he wishes to oppose further arguments to this my reply, to lay aside his animosities, and be more gentle in his treatment of the old gentleman (*le bon viellard*)."

It would be easy over mummy and unicorn's horn to moralise on the folly of the profession: but the point is that Ambroise, in the seventy-second year of his age, was still young, shrewd, humorous, observant, practical, free from prejudice, ready to oppose tradition. The times were Gourmelen's times, but the voice is the voice of John Hunter—"Why think? Why not try the experiment?"

"Le Bon Viellard."

He was still young at seventy-two: and when he wrote the Apologia and the Journeys, he was seventy-five. He had need of the consolations of a sound mind and good health in his old age: outside his home and his work, things went from bad to worse. These last few years of his life—from 1585 to 1590—must be put in a setting of history, for this reason, that Ambroise Paré in his old age was not one in a crowd, merely a successful surgeon in good practice. Paris in the XVI. century had a smaller population than Bristol has now: he was a historical figure in the streets, known to everybody,* keeper of the lives

* He used to say, "J'ai des choses que je tiens pour les dire à Dieu, mon souverain maître, et rien qu'à lui."

CAGE D'ESCALIER DU XVIème SIÈCLE:
RUE CHANOINESSE.
FROM MARTIAL'S "ANCIEN PARIS."

and secrets of innumerable important people, head of his profession, chief surgeon to the King. To grasp the fact of his greatness in Paris, we must see Paris as he did.

Those who could by any possibility be taxed were squeezed to the last drop of their blood, and the money went to the King's favourites. Those whom we now call the submerged tenth sank ever deeper as the refugees from the provinces poured into Paris. In 1580 came the plague, and after it the influenza. In 1585, L'Estoile wrote: "The plague is great and furious at Lyon, Dijon, Bordeaux, Senlis, and in most of the towns. At Paris it is always with us, for the last six years, but with less evil and fury." A year later, August, 1586, "This month, one might almost say over the whole of France, the poor country folk, dying of hunger, were going in troops plucking the half-dead ears of corn in the fields, and eating them raw." Then began the frightful rush of paupers and beggars into Paris, "so great an influx of beggars in the streets, and at the doors of the citizens, from all parts of France, and even from foreign countries." (May, 1586). Next year, food rose to famine prices; in June, 1587, "from the great multitude of poor beggars in the streets, we were forced to send two thousand of them into the workhouse at Grenelle, to be lodged

and fed by the King, who distributed to each of them five sous daily." Put side by side with this dole of twopence halfpenny, three entries in L'Estoile's journal:

(1) Sunday, Aug. 23, 1587. "Jean Louis de Maugaret, duc d'Espernon, chief favourite of the King, whom he used to call his eldest son, was married quietly at the château of Vincennes. The story was told everywhere, that the King gave him on his marriage the sum of four hundred thousand crowns."

(2) April, 1578. (Death of Quélus). "The King went every day to see him, and would not leave his bedside, and promised to the surgeons a hundred thousand francs if he recovered, and, to his favourite, a hundred thousand crowns, to encourage him to get well."

(3) Monday, March 21, 1581. (The King visits the Parliament, and forces them to appoint his nominees to a long roll of vacant offices under Government). "And that evening he went off to Olinville, to take the waters, with d'Arcques and de La Vallette, his favourites, to whom it was said he had given the best part of the four hundred thousand crowns from the sale of these offices."

There is a list, of incredible length, made in 1586, of all "offices vénaux héréditaires." And the courts of law were no less corrupt than the Government. In May, 1581, one Levoix, living with another man's wife, and enraged at her wish to return to her husband, fell on her with a band of ruffians, and nearly murdered her before her husband's eyes.

Having been arrested and brought to trial, he got off scot-free, "and escaped by the gate of gold, having compounded the matter with her friends for two thousand crowns; and it cost him two thousand more to corrupt justice, and buy the voice and verdict of his judges." The scandals of the Court and of Society may be left between the covers of L'Estoile's memoirs; nor can we take as true all the Huguenot epigrams and skits, collected by him, detailing the vices of those in high places. Some of these satires are stupid, some of them are filthy; but here is a good stanza, showing at a glance the state of Paris in 1582. *Princeps* is Henri de Navarre; *Dux* is Henri, Duc de Guise:

Status Regni Franciæ Anno Currente 1582.

Nobilitas	Princeps	Dux	Rex	Regina	Senatus
dira	offensus	atrox	mollis	avara	levis
Plebem	vindictam	regnum	æra	tributa	favores
vexat	agit	quærit	dissipat	auget	emit.

Or we may take a few pages of L'Estoile's journal; noting only such things as may have been heard or seen by Paré himself. Some of the entries made between New Year's Day, 1586, and Lent, 1589, show the real Paris of his old age. "Truly the face of Paris was miserable at this time; and he who has ever heard or read in Josephus the factions of John, Simon, and other villains, who under the veil of hypocritical

religious zeal plundered and sacked the city of Jerusalem—if he had now come to Paris, he would have seen a like thing."

1586.

Jan. 1st. Solemn ceremony of the Order of the Holy Spirit.

Jan. 16th. The King goes to Vincennes, to shake off a fever.

Jan. 30th. Two murderers broken on the wheel, at the Pont Saint Michel, close to Paré's house. Suicide of a doctor named Sylva, imprisoned in La Conciergerie.

Feb. 1st. Jean Badon, late Rector of the University, hanged and burned on the Place de Grève.

Feb. 10th. Exhibition of an armless man, who could write, play cards, etc.

March 8th. An affray, for some trivial reason, on the King's highway, between six Seigneurs: three killed, three wounded.

March 26th. The King and others make a pilgrimage afoot to Chartres.

March 30th. Procession of the King and 200 penitents through Paris.

April 24th. Arrival of a Protestant embassy from Denmark. *Three deaths, in April, from suicide;* one of them a boy 13 years old.

May 21st. Arrival of a Protestant embassy from

Germany. In May, such crowds of beggars in the streets that house-to-house collections were made for them.

Aug. 5th. Arrival of another Protestant embassy from Germany. In August, news of the return of "Drac, capitaine anglois" from his voyage round the world.

Sept. 12th. Return of the King from another pilgrimage to Chartres. Visit to the church of the Capuchins. In September, news that Mary Stuart is imprisoned in the Tower of London.

Nov. 22d. François le Breton, Parliamentary advocate, hanged for treason.

December. The King again at Chartres, and then at the Capuchins.

1587.

Jan. 1st. Solemn ceremony of the Order of the Holy Spirit. *Price of food rising.* Further measures for the relief of the crowds of beggars. A whole gang of forgers hanged; the ringleader was boiled alive, at the markets.

Feb. 6th. Suicide of a prisoner in La Conciergerie. His body dragged through the streets on a hurdle. Carnival and Lent duly observed by the King.

Feb. 12th. Duel between two Seigneurs at the Prè aux Clercs. Collision between their men and the archers of the King's guard. Many killed.

Feb. 21st. Rumours of a plot against the King's life.

Feb. 26th. A man and a woman hanged and burned in front of Nôtre Dame, for magic and witchcraft.*

March 1st. *News of the execution of Mary Stuart.* Public mourning in Paris.

March 15. Another rumour of a plot for the League to seize Paris.

April 5th. The King heads a solemn procession at the church of the Augustines. Food very dear. *Severe frosts.* Continued rush of paupers and beggars into Paris.

May 24th. Still winter. The vineyards frozen round Paris.

June 3d. *Food at starvation prices. 2000 beggars deported out of Paris.*

June 28th. News of the defeat of 400 or 500 Huguenots, in Poitou, by the King's favourite, the Duc de Joyeuse. They surrendered under promise of life; and were all put to death.

July. Public exhibition at Saint Sévérin of a huge cartoon of Elizabeth oppressing the English Catholics.

July 9th. The shrine of Saint Geneviève carried in procession, to stop the rain.

* "On trouva ceste exécution toute nouvelle à Paris, pour ce que ceste vermine y estoit tousjours demeurée libre et sans estre recherchée, principalement à la cour."—L'Estoile.

July 21st. Solemn procession of the King and other penitents through Saint-Germain des Prés.

July 22d. The bakers' shops in Les Halles stormed by a mob.

Aug. 2d. Solemn ceremony of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Aug. 9th. Sermons throughout Paris in praise of the Duc de Guise and the Duc de Joyeuse, and not of the King.

Aug. 25th. Huguenot victory at Montélimart. 700 or 800 Catholics killed. Defeat of Swiss Huguenots in Dauphiné. Solemn Te Deum at Nôtre Dame.

Aug. 30th. Marriage of the Duc d'Espernon, the King's favourite. The King gives him 400,000 crowns, and to the bride a necklace worth 100,000 crowns.

Sept. 2d. Tumult in the Rue Saint Jacques, on an attempt made by the King to arrest three preachers of the League.

Sept. 13th. The King goes to Gien. Solemn procession and prayers for his safety.

Sept. 26th. A man broken on the wheel for forgery, and for sending an infernal machine to the Seigneur de Millaud.

October. Battle of Coutras, victory of Henri de Navarre; defeat and death of Joyeuse.

November. Guise defeats the German Protestants at Auneau. Disbanding of the German and Swiss Protestant armies. Solemn Te Deum at Nôtre Dame.

December. Return of the King. Secret journey of Guise to Rome. False report of the death of Henri de Navarre.

1588.

Jan. 1st. Solemn ceremony of the Order of the Holy Spirit.

Jan. 24th. A marvellous thick darkness over Paris.

Jan. 31st. Theological disputation between the King and two Huguenot women in the prison of Le Châtelet.

Feb. 12th. The King daily at the great fair held at Saint Germain, "voiant et souffrant faire par ses mignons et courtizans, en sa présence, infinies vilanies et insolences."

Feb. 21st. Solemn ceremony at Nôtre Dame: the Bishop of Paris made a Cardinal.

Feb. 29th. Their swords taken from the students of the University, for riotous behaviour at the fair. Discovery of the Duc d'Aumale's plot against the Duc d'Espernon.

March 3d. A man hanged for stealing a watch.

March 4th. Grand lying-in-effigy and funeral of the Duc de Joyeuse.

March 9th. News of the death of Henri de Bourbon, son of Condé. *Raising of the tax on salt;* great indignation of the people.

April. A madman whipped and sent to the Bastille, for speaking his mind to the King.

April 26th. Departure of Espernon for Normandy. The King goes to Vincennes, for a week of penitence. Another rumour of a plot of the League to seize Paris.

May 9th. Return of Guise to Paris, amid shouts of "Vive Guise, vive le pilier de l'Eglise": furious quarrel of the King with him.

May 12th. *The Day of the Barricades:* open war in Paris between Guise and the King.

May 14th. Guise receives the keys of the Bastille: offers his protection to the English Ambassador.

May 16th. Fighting at the Porte Saint Honoré. Departure of a Capuchin procession to the King at Chartres. *Murder of Mercier, near Paré's house.* Several rich houses plundered by Guise's men.

June 23d. Burning of an effigy of Heresy, stuffed with fireworks. Exhibition of a Loyalist cartoon outside the Hotel de Ville.

June 28th. The two sisters, whom the King had visited in prison, hanged and burned on the place de Grève. The mob cut down one of them and threw her alive into the fire.

July 16th. Guitel hanged and burned for heresy, or rather for atheism.

July 21st. Fresh measures against the Huguenots. Solemn Te Deum, and a big bonfire in front of the Hotel de Ville.

July 30th. Departure of the Queen-mother, Guise, the Archbishop of Lyon, and others, to the King at Chartres. Pretended reconciliation of Guise with the King.*

August. *News of the destruction of the Spanish Armada.*

September. Riot in the Church of Saint Gervais, over the appointmet of a new curé.

November. Two sensational cases of attempt to murder. One of the culprits tortured and broken on the wheel.

Dec. 23d. *Murder of Guise* by order of the King. Next day, *murder of his brother the Cardinal.* Fury of the people. They tear down the royal arms, smash the statues. Wild confusion in the streets and in the churches.

* "Le Mardy, 2 Aoust, Sa Majesté entretenue du dit duc pendant son disner, lui demanda à boire; puis, en riant, lui demanda à qui ils beuroient: 'A qui vous plaira, Sire,' respondit le duc de Guise; 'c'est à Votre Majesté d'en ordonner.'—'Mon cousin,' dit le Roy, 'beuvons à nos bons amis les huguenos.'—'C'est bien dit, Sire,' respond monsieur de Guise.—'Et à nos bons barricadeus de Paris,' va dire le Roy tout aussi-tost, 'beuvons aussi à eux, et ne les oublions pas.'"

Roy l'homme de ce ſiecle, & qui as l'auantage
Sur tant de Roys qui ont ce bien ſceptre porté,
Tu ſeras vn miracle à la poſterite,
Comme bon, treſchrestien, treſdeuot, & treſſage.

Thomas de Leu ſ. & exc.

HENRI III.

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING IN THE PRINT-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

1589.

January. Furious sermons against the King by Lincester and other preachers of the League.

Jan. 7th. *News of the death of the Queen-mother*, at Blois.*

Jan. 9th. Another false report of the death of Henri de Navarre.

Jan. 16th. *Rioting in the streets;* many houses stormed and plundered.

Jan. 26th. A messenger from the King seized and imprisoned. The Sorbonne and the Faculty of Theology absolve the people of all duty to the King, and erase his name from the prayer-books: furious sermons, processions, and public prayers against him.

Feb. 7th. Solemn ceremony, and public rejoicing, at the baptism of the posthumous son of Guise.

Feb. 14th. More processions, one of 600 children. *A sudden craze for midnight processions*, which led to much immorality.

Feb. 15th. (Ash Wednesday). Lincester's sermon;

* The news came on Saturday. Here is an extract from next day's sermon at the Church of Saint Bartholomew:

"Aujourd'hui, messieurs, se présente une difficulté, sçavoir, si l'église Catholique doit prier Dieu pour elle, aiant vescu si mal qu'elle a vescu, avancé et supporté souvent l'héresie. Sur quoi je vous dirai, messieurs, que si vous lui voulez donner à l'avanture par charité ung *Pater* et un *Ave*, vous le pouvez faire; il lui servira de ce qu'il pourra, si non, il n'y a pas grand interest. Je vous le laisse à vostre liberté."

that he would not preach the Gospel, because that was so common, and everybody knew it. But he would preach the life, actions, and abominable deeds of that perfidious tyrant, Henri de Valois—" against whom he disgorged an infinity of villainies and insults, saying he invoked devils," etc.

Ambroise Paré died in December 1590; and so late as 1587 the plot was still thickening, and the actors were all on the stage. Then Death began to shift the scenes. On March 1, 1587, came the news of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. On May 12, 1588, the struggle between the King and the Guises came to open warfare in the streets, the Day of the Barricades. In August of that same year the Spanish Armada was destroyed. The scenes were shifted now to some purpose; but the actors remained in their places, and must finish their parts. The last act of the tragedy was soon over. On December 23, 1588, Guise and his brother were murdered by order of the King. On January 7, 1589, the Queen-mother died. On August 1, of that same year, the King was assassinated. The curtain fell now, and Henri de Navarre comes before it to speak the epilogue.

He, now Henri IV., having defeated the Catholic army at Ivry, March 14, 1590, advanced upon Paris

and laid siege to it. To Catholic Paris he was a heretic, a traitor, and a murderer; they would die, before they would open their gates to him. The siege lasted from May to September. The number of the population was about two hundred thousand. An eye-witness says that at last they died in the streets, a hundred to two hundred daily. Those who headed a meeting in favour of peace were taken by the League, and hanged. When the food came to an end, they ate offal, the refuse in the gutters, the bones of the dead; even, it is said, the bodies of children. It was the delirium of weakness: the preachers of the League, Lincester and others, put on armour with their priests' robes, and raged through Paris. The great Archbishop of Lyon was the leader of them; he had dined with the Guises, on the eve of the Day of the Barricades; they had supped with him, the Sunday before they were murdered; he stood for the League, to avenge his party on the Protestants, though the people of Paris should die like flies.

The likeness of Paris to Jerusalem was complete now: the stories of the two sieges are strangely alike. It is the one time, the last of all his fourscore years, when we most desire to catch sight of Ambroise Paré, and hear the sound of his voice. And we see him, eighty years old, afoot in the streets among the

dying and the dead, set suddenly face to face with the great leader of the League, bidding him for God's sake and the poor to preach peace to the people. It is not an incident in Paré's life, but the crown of it; "the last of life, for which the first was made."

A few days later, August 29th, the siege was raised. When Christmas Day came, Ambroise Paré had just died. Of the manner of his death, conscious or unconscious, easy or uneasy, we know nothing. It was the time when he had seen the retreat of the Emperor, eight and twenty years ago, from before the walls of Metz.

VI.

OPERA OMNIA.

"God is my witness, and men are not ignorant of it, that I have laboured more than forty years to throw light on the art of Surgery and bring it to perfection. And in this labour I have striven so hard to attain my end, that the ancients have nought wherein to excel us, save the discovery of first principles: and posterity will not be able to surpass us (be it said without malice or offence) save by some additions, such as are easily made to things already discovered."—*Dedication to the King of the Edition of 1575.*

AMBROISE PARÉ was sixty-five years old, when he set this astounding statement about posterity on the first page of his Works, more than three centuries ago: and for two centuries and a half it remained not far from the truth. The discovery of anæsthetics, about fifty years ago, and the work of Lister and of other surgeons, have put an end to his prophecy. But if we put aside the sciences—anatomy, physiology, pathology, experimental work—and take what Paré meant by surgery, and read what sort of work was done, what measure of success was attained, at the beginning of the present century, we

shall acknowledge that his words held good, on the whole, for two hundred and fifty years.

After the Dedication, the Preface is pleasant reading for a surgeon:

"The Medicine which we profess at this present time is composed of three parts, Surgery, Diet, and Pharmacy. . . . But if we refer to Celsus, we shall find that no part of it is so praiseworthy as Surgery: for in the cure of diseases by drugs and by diet, Nature is very powerful, and what has been profitable at one time is at another time useless, till one may doubt if the return of our health be due to the kindness of Nature, or to the power of medicines and of dieting. . . . This Surgery surpasses Pharmacy and Diet alike in antiquity, necessity, certainty, and difficulty: yet one without the other would not be very profitable: for they are so joined together that if they were kept apart, and did not each help the other, never would Surgeon, or Physician, or Apothecary, attain the object they have set before themselves."

Save art and politics, the Works of Paré contain every possible subject: Anatomy and Physiology, Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, State Medicine, Pathology, Pharmacy, Natural History, Demonology, and much else. The divine origin of diseases, the influence of the stars, the power of devils, the nature of the soul, the history of medicine—he ranges from these to the tricks of beggars and of quacks, the homely remedies of old women, the folly of tight-

lacing, the best sort of tooth-powder, and the right way to make pap for a baby. The breadth, insight, force, and humanity of his writings, their shrewd humour, his infinite care for trifles, the gentleness and clear-headed sense of his methods—they are amazing. It is no answer, to say that Paré was ignorant, superstitious, credulous, bound hand and foot by mediæval imagination and tradition. Truly his theories and explanations are childish, and his ignorance of things not yet discovered is as profound as our own: but put Ambroise on one side of the patient's bed, and a surgeon of our own day, single-handed, on the other: you will not find the balance of insight and practicality against Ambroise.

For example, we have various meat extracts and essences ready-made in tins. Contrast with these the following advice for what he calls a restorative draught:

"Take of veal, mutton, kid, capon, fowls, fat fowls, partridges, pheasants, as much as shall seem good to you, well minced together: and to diminish their heating qualities, add a handful of soaked barley, a handful of red roses, dry or fresh, first steeped in juice of pomegranates, citrons, and rose-water, and a little canella-bark. . . . Put them in thin layers in a glass vessel, and distil them in a bain-Marie, or over cinders or hot sand: renewing the water over them from time to time, and leaving them to infuse. . . . Strain through a

fine sieve, and flavour with sugar and canella, adding a little citron-juice, or verjuice, or vinegar, to suit the patient's taste."

Again, we do not greatly trouble over matters of diet; we value, perhaps too highly, the simplicities of beef-tea and barley-water, fish and custard pudding. Paré has a thousand devices against this monotone of nourishment. Here is his dietary for a case of fractured skull:

"Hippocrates wholly forbids wine: but instead of it he shall drink barley-water, or boiled water with a little bread in it, or hippocras made with water, or boiled water with syrup of roses or violets, or acid, or boiled water sugared, with lemon or citron juice. . . . He may eat panada, soaked barley, cooked Damas plums, Damas raisins preserved with a little sugar and canella (particularly good for comforting the stomach and refreshing the spirits): and sometimes a small fowl, a pigeon, veal, kid, leverets, little field-birds, pheasants, larks, turtledoves, partridges, thrushes, and other good meats boiled with lettuce, sorrel, purslain, borage, bugloss, chicory, endive, and the like. Or sometimes these meats may be roasted: and then he may have with them verjuice, oranges, citrons, lemons, sharp pomegranates, sorrel-juice, changing them according to the patient's taste and the length of his purse. If he desire fish, then trout, loach, and pike from clear waters, not muddy, with raisins, Damas plums, sharp cherries: but he must avoid cabbages and all leguminous vegetables, because they trouble the head. And after dinner, common sweetmeats, or annis, fennel, coriander comfits, conserve of roses, or quince marmalade." . . .

Again, there were no skilled nurses in Ambroise Paré's time: when Charles IX. lay dying of phthisis, haunted by terrors, the old Huguenot nurse, the "family nurse," settled herself to sleep on the big carved chest in the King's bedroom. Paré was single-handed: as he says in the Journey to Germany, "I did my patient the office of physician, surgeon, apothecary, and cook." The indefatigable neatness and minute finish of his work never failed him. Take his rules for bandaging; the bandages must be made of old linen already used, that they may be soft and pliable; they must be of the right length, not hemmed or stitched, without lace or seam, clean, cut longways and not across, of the right strength: the knot must come where it will not be felt, the ends must be turned in: "the surgeon must consider to what end the bandaging was done, and whether he has done it well and properly, as also with neatness and elegance, to the satisfaction of himself and the beholders."

Or take the following rules for the comfort of his patients. If the room be too hot, and the windows may not be opened, sprinkle the floor with water and oxycrate, and strew it with twigs of willow and vine. If a plain bath, as opposed to a medicinal bath, be prescribed, then plain warm water, wherein the flowers of violets and of water-lilies, willow-leaves

and barley, have been boiled, will be sufficient. In time of plague, open your windows to the North and East, shut them to the West: kindle a clear fire in every living-room in the house, and perfume the whole house with frankincense, myrrh, benzoin, labdanum, styrax, roses, myrtle, lavender, rosemary, sage, savory, wild thyme, marjoram, broom, fir-cones, pine-wood, juniper, cloves, perfumes; and let your clothes be dried in the same. It is indeed the plague that shows most clearly his skill in practice. Or, if we wish to see how he could concentrate on a single case the whole of his strength, there is the story of the Journey to Flanders, how he saved the life of the Marquis d' Auret: a magnificent example of good surgery.

The work itself that he did in this fine spirit must be studied by surgeons in his collected writings; and no technical account of it here would be of value or in place. Many of his operations have in these latter days come again into practice, and have been put to the credit of modern surgery. And every bit of his work bore the naked impress of his character—the same insight, diligence, and single-handed mastery of the case: all through his life, he gave the lie to that old saying that the Frenchman cures the disease, but the Englishman cures the patient. Next, comes the question, what were the limitations and

the faults of his work? How wide is the gulf between him and modern surgeons? He had no knowledge of the circulation of the blood, or of the absorbent system: no anæsthetics, no antiseptics, no bacteriology: his understanding of the nervous system was not in advance of his times, and he had neither microscope nor stethoscope nor thermometer. Other things also stood between him and accurate pathology.

(1) He believed, though without much care for the matter, that the stars influence the course of disease. He says of the operation for cataract, "You must choose a proper time for it, when the moon is on the wane, and not any time of lightning or thunder, *and not when the sun is in Aries, which has dominion over the head*"; but he only added these last words in the second edition of his works, 1579. There is no evidence that he followed astrology, though the rage for it was so strong in Paris in his old age. He believed the moon affected human life; but only as do the sun and the east wind. And where he speaks of the change of type, or involution, of a disease, he throws over the astrologers altogether. "Astrologers think the cause of it to be that the celestial influences, by the contrary revolutions of the stars, lose their power and become weak. But physicians had rather take to themselves the glory, that this

disease is become less furious, and refer it to the many wholesome means which have been invented, used, and opposed to it by the happy labours of noble minds."

(2) He believed that the plague came of itself, by the Divine will, apart from nature. He does not wholly ignore the philosophical doctrines of first causes and second causes, but they have no interest for him. His only concern is to believe and prove, from Scripture and from Hippocrates, that the plague is sent to punish men for their sins. In a recent account of the plague, its variations in intensity of virulence are said to be "phenomena which have to be regarded as indicative of a secular evolution of morbid changes."

(3) He lived when all men believed in spontaneous generation; a belief which died hard, not many years ago. It was a common thing in his time for maggots to breed in a wound. He notes it not only in the army, but even in his private practice:

"What wonder was it, if in these late civil wars the wounds have caused so many grievous accidents, and lastly death itself? Especially since the air encompassing us, tainted with putrefaction, corrupts and defiles the wounds, and the body and the humours are already disposed or inclined to putrefaction. There came such a stench from these wounds, when they were dressed, that the bystanders could scarce endure it. Nor could

this be attributed to the want of dressing, or the fault of the surgeon, for the wounds of the princes and the nobility stank as ill as those of the common soldiers. And the corruption was such that if any chanced to be left without dressing for one day—which sometimes happened with such a multitude of wounded—next day the wound would be full of worms. Many also had abscesses in parts opposite to their wounds; which I remember befel the King of Navarre, the Duc de Nevers, and sundry others."

With this terror of the powers of the air, it is no wonder that he sometimes despaired of getting good results in military surgery. "If things went wrong, owing to this great malignancy of the wounds in the civil wars, the surgeon was not to be blamed, for it were a sin to fight against God, and the air, wherein are the hidden scourges of Divine justice." There was the same frightful mortality, the same fear of the air, two hundred years after Paré's time, in his old hospital. And with the air, he included the time of year, the condition of the soil, the locality, the weather; to all these things he paid heed: he had no great dread of pure air, save lest it should give the patient cold. For this reason he advises that when a wound of the head is dressed a chafing-dish or a hot iron should be held near it, that the air and the wound may be gently warmed.

(4) He believed in the devil, evil spirits, sorcery,

and witchcraft; that the devil and his angels were permitted to plague men with diseases, to put foreign bodies inside them, to possess and enslave them. Magicians and sorcerers sold themselves to devils, and got power from them. There were devils in the air, and underground in mines. All this, and more like it, he firmly believed, on the authority of Scripture, history, and his own eyes. He is not clear how far the works of the devil and of devils are material, how far they are illusions inflicted on man's senses; and in his old age he was still uncertain on this point:

"Not long ago, in the presence of King Charles IX., and MM. de Montmorency, de Retz, de Lussac, and M. de Mazille, first physician to the King, and M. de Saint Pris, valet-de-chambre in ordinary to the King, I saw a certain impostor and enchanter do many things which are impossible for men to do without the subtlety of the Devil, who deceives our vision, and makes us see something false and fantastic; which this impostor freely confessed to the King, that what he did was by the subtlety of a spirit, and he had to be enslaved to him for yet three years longer, and was sore tormented by him. And he promised the King, when this time was come and over, he would be an honest man. God forgive him, for it is written, *Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.* King Saul was cruelly punished, because he sought counsel of the witch of Endor; likewise Moses commanded the Jews to exterminate all sorcerers."

He attended one or two cases of possession: he did not use exorcism, but followed what we may call an expectant line of treatment.

White magic, the popular use of spells, charms, amulets, and the like, he mostly derided and despised; he admits it can cure diseases, but it is a false and palliative sort of cure at the best:

"I have seen the jaundice, all over the body, disappear in a night, because they hung a little sentence round the patient's neck; I have seen fevers cured by words and ceremonies; but they came back again worse than ever. . . . They say it cures a quartan fever, if the patient drinks wine stirred with a sword that has cut off a man's head; if this were true, the Paris headsman would be better off than he is. . . . A rope that has hanged a man, tied round your forehead, cures the headache: it is pleasant to know this way of practising medicine."

He quotes a multitude of quaint charms and spells, but says they are foolish nonsense; being especially sore against them, because they were opposed alike to religion and to the honest practice of medicine.

(5) He was a firm believer in the power of the saints to cure diseases; and this belief he justifies, oddly enough, by appealing to Hippocrates. "They do not send diseases upon us, but these diseases, sent on us by the just judgment of God, are cured by their means. And herein I have written as a surgeon, following the doctrine of divine Hippo-

crates, in his book *De Morbis Sacris*, who says those who believe the saints send diseases on us are miserable men, deceivers, wicked; not that he denies these diseases are cured by their power and means." (1575).

(6) He believed in the royal touch for the king's evil:

"It is known and affirmed by all men, that the Kings of France have this power of healing. I have seen it, an infinite number of times, and I said nothing of it in my book, because it is a thing familiar to everybody. I could prove, by the evidence of many in this city, men of good repute, what authority I attribute to this gift of grace granted to the Kings of France by the loving kindness of God, having sent them to the King, and used all my influence to get them admitted to him, seeing there was no help for them from remedies of man's making." (1575).

But in practice, some of his operations and methods were curiously modern. He understood and practised what we now call massage; he had a good way of producing local anæsthesia; he was opposed to immoderate bleeding; he knew the value of rest and of silence for his patients. He says, for instance, of wounds of the head, "The patient must be in a place of rest, as far from loud noise as possible, far from church bells, not near a farrier's, cooper's, carpenter's, or armourer's shop, or the traffic of carts or the like, because noise increases pain, fever, and

other complications." Yet still in London we see hospitals built straight on to the main road.

Of the two discoveries which all men know that he made, the story of the first is told in the Journey to Turin. The second, the use of the ligature in amputation-wounds, was probably made at or about the time of the Journey to Danvilliers. He recommends good threads, two together—*bon fil qui soit en double*—and a catch-forceps such as is now used by surgeons. Then comes the famous passage:

"Here I confess freely and with deep regret that formerly I practised not this method but another. Remember, I had seen it done by those to whom these operations were entrusted. So soon as the limb was removed, they would use many cauteries, both actual and potential, to stop the flow of blood, a thing very horrible and cruel in the mere telling. . . . And truly of six thus cruelly treated scarce two ever escaped, and even these were long ill, and the wounds thus burned were slow to heal, because the burning caused such vehement pains that they fell into fever, convulsions, and other mortal accidents; in most of them, moreover, when the scar fell off, there came fresh bleeding, which must again be staunched with the cauteries, which, thus repeated, consumed a great quantity of flesh and other nervous parts. By which loss the bones remained long afterward bare and exposed, so that, for many, healing was impossible; and they had an ulcer there to the end of their lives, which prevented them from having an artificial limb. Therefore I counsel the young

surgeon to leave such cruelty and inhumanity, and follow my method of practice, which it pleased God to teach me, without I had ever seen it done in any case, no, nor read of it."

He had often used the ligature to vessels bleeding in an ordinary wound; this method was as old as Galen. When it came to his thoughts that he might use it in amputation-wounds, he conferred with Estienne de La Rivière and other Paris surgeons, and they agreed together to make trial of it, having the cauteries ready to hand, in case the ligature should fail.

To know Ambroise Paré from his books, it is not enough to quote passages from them; their sequence must be noted, his reasons for writing them, and the circumstances under which they were published. Malgaigne gives many facts about them, which cannot all be put here. The list of them is as follows:

1. "The method of treatment of wounds made by arquebuses and other firearms, and of those made by arrows, darts, and the like; also the burns made by gunpowder. By Ambroise Paré, Master-barber, surgeon at Paris. 1545." A small 8vo of 61 pages, dedicated to M. le Vicomte de Rohan. Written by the advice of Sylvius.

2. "A short compendium of the chief facts of anatomy, with the articulations of the bones. By

Ambroise Paré, Master-barber, surgeon at Paris. 1550." With a treatise on obstetrics. Small 8vo, 96 pages, dedicated to M. de Rohan. This book was the outcome of the dissections and demonstrations made by Paré and Théodoric de Héry at the School of Medicine, for the physicians' lectures there. The Advice to the Reader shows the strain of Paré's life at this time :

"Dear Reader, I would have you know that when I had sent this book to press I was compelled to go to the camp at Boulogne, for the service of my Lord and Master ; and in my absence many mistakes have been made, which I have corrected with the pen, to save you trouble, desiring your advancement, and hoping to give you something else after this, God helping me. Whom I pray to enrich us with His grace."

3. A second edition of the book on gunshot wounds, with additions. 1551 and 1552. 8vo., 80 pages. Dedicated to the King. In the Advice to the Reader, he says that the tumult of the wars has prevented him from properly finishing and correcting the book.

4. "The method of curing wounds and fractures of the human head ; with illustrations of the instruments necessary for their cure. By M. Ambroise Paré, surgeon-in-ordinary to the King, sworn surgeon at Paris. 1561." With a portrait, and the

motto, "Labor improbus omnia vincit." 8vo, 226 pages: dedicated to Chapelain. Pages 1–113 give the anatomy of the head; the rest of the book is surgical. The case of Henri II. is given at length; his death was doubtless the occasion of the book.

5. "Universal anatomy of the human body. By Ambroise Paré, surgeon-in-ordinary to the King, and sworn surgeon at Paris. Revised and enlarged by the author with I. Rostaing du Bignosc, Provençal, also sworn surgeon at Paris. 1561." 8vo., 277 pages, with portrait and motto. Dedicated to the King of Navarre. This book was the outcome of dissections and demonstrations made with Rostaing du Bignosc at the School of Medicine. Many of the illustrations were taken from Vesalius.

6. "Ten Books of Surgery; with the set of instruments necessary for it. By Ambroise Paré, premier surgeon to the King, and sworn surgeon at Paris. 1568." With illustrations, portrait, and motto. 8vo., 234 pages. Dedicated to the King.

7. "Treatise on the plague, small-pox, and measles; with a short account of leprosy. By Ambroise Paré, premier surgeon to the King, and sworn surgeon at Paris. 1568." 8vo., 235 pages. Dedicated to Castellan. Written at the wish of Catherine de Medici, after the Royal progress to Bayonne.

8. "Five Books of Surgery, 1572." No copy of this book is now to be found.

9. "Two Books of Surgery. By Ambroise Paré, premier surgeon to the King, and sworn surgeon at Paris. 1573." 8vo., 519 pages, with portrait and motto. Dedicated to M. le Duc d'Uzés.

10. "Discourse of Ambroise Paré, councillor and premier surgeon to the King, on mummy, poisons, unicorn, and the plague. 1582." 8vo., 75 pages, with portrait. Dedicated to M. des Ursins.

11. Reply of Ambroise Paré, premier surgeon to the King, to the answer made against his discourse on unicorn. 1584." Quarto, 7 pages.

Some account of the complete editions of his Collected Works has already been given. After his death, the rights over them were granted to his widow. Eight editions in all were published at Paris; then five editions (1633–1685) were published at Lyon; inferior in every way to the Paris editions, badly printed, corrupt. His works have been translated into Latin, English, Dutch, and German; perhaps Italian also, but this is doubtful. In 1840, Malgaigne published his classical edition of the Works, restoring the text, and prefixing to it a long historical and critical Introduction, 351 pages, a masterpiece of learning and labour.

The moral of Opera Omnia is not without encouragement for "the young surgeon," to whom Paré ever addressed himself. He did not publish anything till he was thirty-five; his first two books were very short, and there was an interval of five years between them. The third book came eleven years after the second; the sum of his published works is not so great that the young surgeon should despair.

Yet there is in his books a note of eagerness and vehemence, telling that he did not take things leisurely. He cannot finish one book but he must promise another. "If I hear you like this little work, I will set myself to do something else."—"If I learn you have found pleasure and profit herein, I promise you a general treatise on the whole of surgery."—"The author promises, God willing, you shall soon see other of his works on surgery." These sentences come in the prefaces of his first, fifth, and seventh books. Certainly he worked very hard; his output for 1561 was two books of 500 pages between them; a year busy with practice, and interrupted by his breaking his leg—a bad compound fracture.*

* "This accident befell me on May 4, 1561; witness M. Nestor, physician-regent in the Faculty of Medicine, and Richard Hubert and Antoine Portail, master barber-surgeons of Paris, men of good renown. They were called, and I with them, to see some patients at the village of Bons-Hommes, near Paris. It happened thus: Having to cross the water, and trying to get my mare into the ferry-

Moreover, he lived a double life: with the army in times of war, at Paris in the intervals of peace; and these two lives must be multiplied together, to find the full strength of his character.

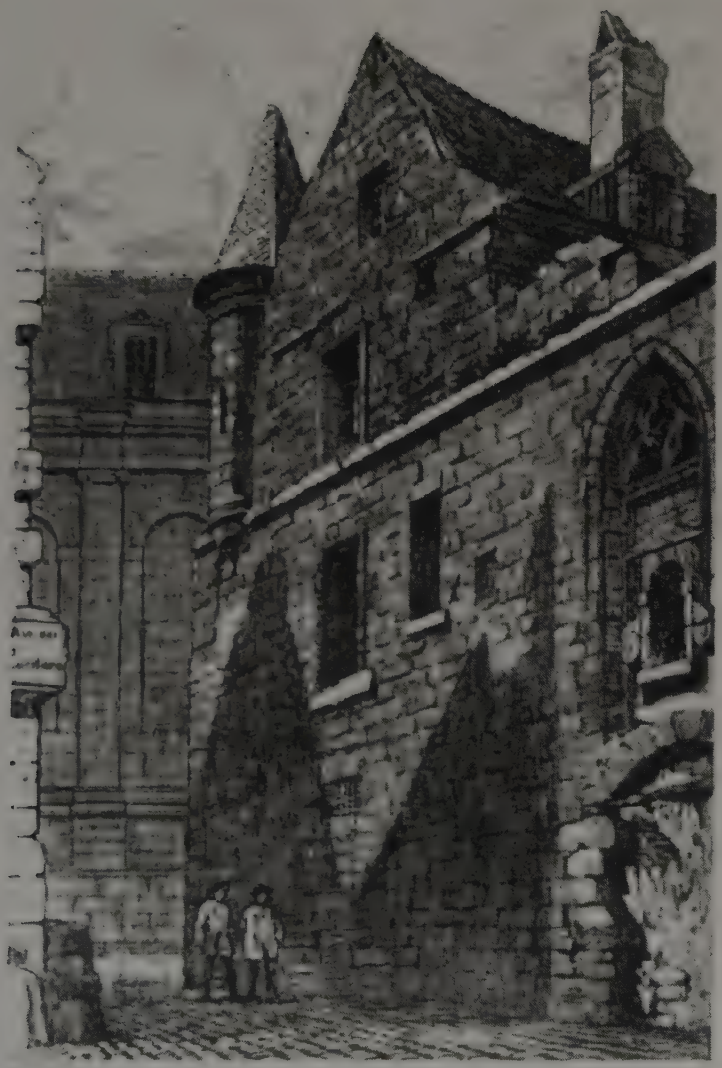
boat, I switched her behind, and the brute gave me such a kick that she broke both bones of the left leg, four fingers' breadth above the ankle. Having received the blow, and fearing she would have at me again, I went back a step, but fell down at once, and the broken bones stuck out through my flesh, my stocking, and my boot; whereat I felt such pain that in my judgment it is not possible for a man to endure more without dying of it. My bones thus broken, and the foot displaced, I greatly feared the leg must be cut off, to save my life; wherefore turning my eyes and my thoughts to Heaven, I invoked the name of God, and prayed Him of His goodness to be willing to help me in my extreme necessity. Forthwith I was put in the boat, to take me across the water to get my wound dressed; but the movement of it almost killed me. . . . Then I was taken to a house in the village, with even worse pain than I had endured on the boat: for one took my body, another the leg, and another the foot; and on the way one took me to the left, another to the right. . . . They dressed me with such applications as we could get in the village: applying to the wound white of egg, flour, soot from the chimney, and fresh butter melted. I prayed Master Hubert to treat me as one wholly unknown to him, and in reducing the fracture to forget the friendship he owed me. . . ."

VII.

SOME ASPECTS OF PARÉ'S LIFE.

"Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practise an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Heraclean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sickroom, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing."—R. L. STEVENSON.

THERE remain some aspects of Paré's life which have yet to be noted. From the beginning of it to the end, he had good health. Till he was a man, he lived in country air; and his father and mother were not too poor to give their children decent food and comfort. A healthy simplicity kept hold of him, body and mind, to the end of the four-score years. His illnesses were but accidents in a busy life: a broken leg, a bite from a viper, an attack of hæmaturia after posting hard across France, a touch of sciatica from sitting in a draught, working at night in his study. Once he fainted, standing over a plague-stricken patient; he had the plague himself, late in



COLLÉGE DE CLUNY: RUE DE CLUNY.

FROM MARTIAL'S "ANCIEN PARIS."

life, and pulled through it with a scar as big as the palm of his hand. Except the toothache, of which he writes with a grievance, this is the whole list of his maladies: it would be hard to find a healthier set of complaints. If there were more, we should know it; for he loved to teach the young surgeon by telling his own case.

He was fond of good wine: witness that great cask of wine, bigger than a pipe of Anjou, that he got at Metz for curing M. de Magnane; "and he told me when it was finished he would send me another." But it is evident from the *Journey to Flanders* that he limited himself, and did not exceed his rule. It is not likely that he smoked; he was fifty years old when Jehan Nicot brought tobacco to Paris. He walked or rode to see his patients; there were no doctors' carriages then.* Blessed with a country bringing-up, and a good constitution, he stood all the hardship of war, the unwholesomeness of Paris, the constant pressure of work. And when some accident or some chance attack of illness laid him on his back, he treated himself, or let himself be treated, with great prudence and courage.

* When he first came to Paris, only two carriages were to be seen, belonging to the Queen and to Madame d'Estampes. Carriages inside Paris were prohibited by a sumptuary law in the time of Charles IX. Even later than Paré's death, we find Henri IV. writing to Sully that he cannot come to see him, because the Queen is using the carriage.

There was yet another occasion of sudden illness, wherein he had to be his own doctor:

"After the taking of Rouen (1562) I found myself at dinner with a company wherein were some who hated me to death for the Religion: they handed me some cabbages, which contained either corrosive sublimate or arsenic. With the first mouthful, I felt nothing: with the second, I had a great heat and burning, and great astringency in the mouth and especially at the back of it, and the foul taste of the good drug. . . ."

He at once treated himself in the right way, and was none the worse. Of course he may have made a mistake; the use of poison was so common that the fear of it was everywhere; or some fool may have thought it funny to put the surgeon's drugs in the surgeon's dinner. At any rate, he believed that poison had been administered to him, in 1562, because he was, or was supposed to be, a Huguenot. Thirteen years later, and three years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, in the warfare over the first edition, the faculty took him to task for putting this story into his treatise on poisons. Here is his answer, 1575:

"My enemies have wickedly chosen to drag into the matter this word Religion, to make me hated of all good men. For it was used by me, not to glorify myself for having followed this way of thinking, but lest the reader should think they attempted my life because I committed

some great crime. Still less did I use it to show that those who follow the Holy Catholic Church of Rome take illicit means to get rid of their enemies. For I hereby declare, and it is absolutely certain, that this poisoner was neither of the one religion nor of the other, but only a libertine without fear of God."

And the same year, in the Preface to the first edition, he wrote:

"The Surgeons have wished to make me odious to the powers of Church and State, and to the people; they have left no stone unturned to make me stumble if they could."

This story of the dinner at Rouen brings with it the old unwelcome question, was Paré Catholic or Huguenot? I will endeavour to be at least inoffensive over it. To make a beginning somewhere, boldly plunging, I say that I believe he was more Catholic than Huguenot; that religion, for him, was not Calvinism, nor the sermons of Huguenot ministers, nor any zeal for Protestant tactics; but rather it was the Bible, and the faith of the Catholic Church, as set forth at Saint André des Arcs, at whose altar he and Jehanne Mazelin were married. Here the children were baptised, here they were buried, and their mother with them; and he was to lie side by side with them. It was the church of a thousand memories, and within a stone's throw of home: and

I am convinced that he was never wholly Huguenot, and became almost wholly Catholic; not only for the sake of safety, but because he was loyal, quiet, and conservative: a man who heartily disliked change, self-will, scepticism, controversy, politics, and foreigners.

Having made this plunge, I submit some facts touching Ambroise in his relation to the two opposed parties in the State:

(1) In 1579, he wrote the following *Advice to the Reader* at the end of his treatise on the plague. I put it here not only for its own merits, but because it shows how well he worked with the Catholic clergy:

"ADVICE TO THE READER.

"The Author gives the following little admonition to the young surgeon, who may sometimes find himself in places where there are neither priests nor other people of the Church at the death-beds of the poor patients; as I saw when King Charles was at Lyon (1574) during the great mortality, where they used to shut up a surgeon in the rich houses, to tend those within that were plague-stricken; so that they could not be helped by any to console them in the extremity of Death. The said surgeon, having been instructed by this little admonition, will be able to serve in need of some greater cleric than himself. And I do not wish here to pass beyond the bounds of my calling, but only to help the poor plague-patients in their extremity of Death:

"Death is the fear of the rich,
The desire of the poor,
The joy of the wise,
The dread of the wicked,
End of all miseries,
And beginning of life eternal:
Happy to the elect,
And unhappy to the reprobate."

(2) After the massacre of the Huguenots, the curé of Saint André, M. Christofle Orbry, was a strong Leaguer, furious against the Reformed Church.

(3) The Reformation came late to France, later still to Paris. The Huguenot cause was weak in Paris, long after it was strong in the provinces; there were massacres of Huguenots in the country towns, years before the Saint Bartholomew's Day in Paris. The date of the first Reformed church opened in Paris is 1555. It is not likely that Paré, getting on for fifty, would leave Saint André to sit under a strange Calvinist preacher in a brand-new place of worship.

(4) He had no liking for theological disputation. In the battle of the first edition, the faculty declared he had said something wrong about predestination. Here is his answer to them (1575):

"I say I will not enter into the holy inner chamber of God, and it is not for me to settle such high matters. Still, if there be rashness in what I have declared, you must equally accuse M. Saint Paul (i. Cor., ch. 12) of rashness, from whom the words are taken."

(5) L' Estoile has preserved a vast store of epigrams, skits, satirical verses, and the like, from both parties. Many of those made by the Huguenots are veritable triumphs of brutality and obscenity, without parallel on the Catholic side. Paré's name is not once mentioned, either for good or for evil, by either Catholic or Huguenot.

These suggestions are vague and disconnected: so much the better: he himself saw the chaos of intrigues and interests, the plots and counter-plots, the points at issue all confused and vague. I believe he went to Mass, he and Jehanne together, at Saint André; and I believe he went more regularly after 1572–73, not only because it was dangerous not to go, but because now his wife and children were buried there. I am sure he went neither as a "secret Huguenot," nor "as hypocrite and not as Catholic": nor yet to follow the fashions, like the man in the Huguenot skit:

> "Pour suivre le monde à la Messe
> Colin pense estre homme de bien:
> Pour aller souvent à confesse
> Colin cuide estre homme de bien."

Nor did he make cheap allusions to the house of Rimmon: nor, like Condé going to Mass for safety's sake, the year after the Massacre, did he "show himself in such difficulties over his devotions that you

might tell he was not a good Catholic, crossing himself at all sorts of odd times."

But we do not know for certain, nor is it our business, whether he went to Mass. At least, he may have gone partly for safety's sake. He was not in danger at the Court ; but his life was not always safe in the streets and slums of Paris : there were times after the Massacre when any drunken ruffian might raise the cry of Huguenot against him. Here, to illustrate this peril, are two entries in L' Estoile's journal ; the first of them comes very near Paré himself :

(1) "May, 1578. One Mercier, a pedagogue, was attacked at nine o'clock at night, in his house near Saint André des Arcs, by two villains, a tinplate worker called Poccart, and a tailor called Pierre de La Rue, who lives at the corner of the Pont Saint Michel. They stabbed him and threw him into the river without a shadow of justification. The account given by these two hirelings of the League, two of the busiest blackguards in the city, was that the poor gentleman was a heretic, therefore they put him to death. Whereas, only two days before, he made his Easter communion in his parish church of Saint André des Arcs, and took the Sacrament from the curé's own hands. Mdme. Séguier, the President's wife, who had been near Mercier at the communion, remined M. le curé of this * : he answered her,

* If it is the same man who was curé of Saint André two years later, then, according to L' Estoile, he is not to be trusted. In 1580, L' Estoile makes the following note : "This year died in Paris, at her house on the Quai des Augustins, Mdme. de Bisseaux, a wise and

that he clearly remembered giving the Sacrament to Mercier, and how Mercier was close to her at the table; but, for all that, Mercier was still a Huguenot, as they said of him, and had received the communion as hypocrite, not as Catholic." The widow appealed to the magistrates for justice. "They made her no other answer but that her husband had been a dog of a minister, and if she said anything more they would put her into the river in a sack."

Pierre de La Rue was connected by marriage with Paré, and lived within a stone's throw of his house; Mercier also lived close by; so did Mme. de Bisseaux.

(2) "Saturday, July 16, 1578. One Guitel, of Anjou, was hanged, and his body burned to ashes, on the Place de Grève; he had already at Angers been condemned to be burned alive, for the abominable heretic that he was. The people kept shouting, according as they were made to believe and to shout, that he was a Calvinist; but on the contrary, he was a real Atheist, as he showed plainly at his execution, where he pronounced execrable blasphemies against God, the Holy Trinity, and other articles of the Christian Faith, which all men believe alike, as much the Calvinists as the Roman Catholics.

virtuous lady, and one of the Religion; whereof she had always made profession. Nevertheless the curé of Saint André des Arcs, her parish church, published everywhere the contrary, saying that he had administered all the Sacraments to her. And the reason was that M. de Bisseaux, her husband, fearing the times, and to avoid scandal, had given six crowns to the curé to say this and declare it everywhere."

But the evils of the times were so great, and the minds of the common people so poisoned by the sorceries of the League, that all criminals were Calvinists, Heretics, Politicals, or Navarrists."

Paré, therefore, might be in danger in the streets. He was safe at the Court and in society. And the attitude that the Court would take toward him is illustrated by the stories told of two members of the household with whom he worked: Mazille and the old nurse.

Mazille was premier physician to Henri III. He died in 1578, and his property went to the Crown. The King's favourites heard that he had died with twenty thousand crowns ready money in the house: they ransacked it from top to bottom, and found nothing; at all events they found so little, that the King, when he heard of it, said:

"I am very glad that the truth is known about him, and that I myself am confirmed in the good opinion I always had of Mazille: whom I loved and trusted, though he was a bit of a Huguenot (*un peu Huguenot*); anyhow he was more faithful to my service than many whom I see at the Court here, who abuse him, pretending they are good servants and great Catholics."

The old Huguenot nurse of Charles IX., "ma mie, ma nourrice," must have been an odd figure at the Court; what people call a character. That

story of her advising the Queen-mother to give battle to the Huguenots at Dreux:—"Well, Madame, if nothing will satisfy them, they must be made to listen to reason"; it is like Juliet's old nurse shaping the fates of the houses of Capulet and Montagu; and she did not even know how to nurse. She was a Huguenot, and the young King would not meddle with her faith: from the beginning of his life to the end of it, she was paid to be with him: the life and training of the King himself were put in the hands of a heretic.

In his methods of work, Ambroise Paré was in some ways like John Hunter. They are separated by two centuries, by all the differences between the Scotsman and the Frenchman, between London in the time of George III. and Paris under the House of Valois; this diversity only emphasises the likeness between them as surgeons. They both of them began life in the country; they saw something of war, and wrote on gunshot wounds; they spent the money lavishly, when it came; they were great lovers of animals and their ways:

"I kept at my house a great quantity of sparrows' nests in earthen pots; and when the young ones were fledged and of fair size, I had the whole nest taken down, and set on the ground, that I and my friends

might delight ourselves in seeing the care of the old birds in feeding the young . . . and often I would make trial with a strange sparrow put with the rest of the young ones, to see if they would feed the stranger as though he were legitimate."

And Paré loved the collecting of specimens, dissecting them, demonstrating them: though Hunter's magnificent collection is far beyond anything that Paré dreamed of. Yet Paré was diligent at the same work; his house was full of curiosities of natural history and surgery: he gets a rare specimen of disease, and calls together sixteen physicians and surgeons to see him dissect it; he gets a dead ostrich, and makes a skeleton of it, no easy matter; he keeps the bullets he has removed; he shows odd specimens at Court.

But there are two points of special likeness between them: first, the constant appeal to experience; next, the love of questioning, comparing notes, getting to know the results obtained by other men.

Of the appeal to experience and experiment—Hunter's "Don't think; try"—we have many instances in Paré's writings: here is one of the best:

"In the year 1538, when I was at Turin, surgeon to the late M. le Mareschal de Montejan, I dressed one of his pages, who was struck on the side of his head with a

stone by one of his companions, on the parietal bone, with fracture and depression of it; and there came out of the wound a portion of the brain, of the size of half a hazel-nut or thereabouts; which so soon as I perceived I said the wound was mortal. Hereupon came a young physician, who disputed vehemently against me, saying this portion of the brain was fat, and not brain. I told him to keep it till I had done with my patient, and then he should see I was right. Having dressed the page, to prove by reason and experience that this portion of brain could not be fat, I told him first that fat cannot be formed within the skull, although the parts be cold; for there is great store of animal spirits, which are very hot and subtle, together with the multitude of vapours raised from all parts of the body to the head; which things hinder the generation of fat. And for experience, in the dissection of dead bodies one never sees any fat there. None the less he kept trying to gainsay me by constant argument. At last I told him experiment should decide between us. If it were fat, it would float on water, and would melt if you put it on a hot shovel." . . .

The love of questioning, of learning from everybody, and of comparing notes, is as plainly marked in Paré's account of his work as in Hunter's letters to Jenner. Nothing, so it were practical, was too small for Paré's notice: the old women's homely remedies,—onions to a burn, onions for a toothache, vinegar for weak eyes; the rough and ready treatment of wounds by the soldiers; the wonderful drugs of quacks, the sham diseases of professional beggars.

He is sent by the King to Nancy, in 1575, to see Madame la Duchesse de Lorraine, and learns from Nicolas Piccart, her surgeon, a new way to reduce dislocations of the shoulder: he waits two years, bribing and cajoling, to get the prescription for an ointment from a surgeon at Turin; he asks questions of everybody: "On the journey to Bayonne, which I made with my King in the year 1565, I asked the physicians, surgeons, and barbers in all the towns through which we passed, where the plague had been, what results they had obtained from bleeding in cases of plague." He would learn even of quacks. He got the prescription for a caustic paste, his "velvet cautery," from an arch-quack, "a philosopher, a great distiller of the quintessence of life, a quintessential master": to whom he gave, in exchange, enough velvet to make him a pair of breeches. Having got this prescription under promise of secrecy, he published it. "And if any should urge that I have broken my promise to this alchymist, I answer that since he had sold it to me it was mine; and anyhow I think I have done him no wrong; on the contrary, he and I between us have conferred a great benefit on the public." Of these quacks or empirics he has many good stories; those, for instance, who promise to insert a gold plate after fracture of the skull, shape and hammer it in the presence of the patient and his

friends, and then slip it into their own purses. But he only disliked a quack when there was nothing to be learned from him; and he is not above quoting one Doublet, an empiric, to confute his old enemy Gourmelen.

He hated with all his heart the whole confraternity of beggars; he saw, in his old age, the frightful rush of them into Paris; stories were told how they poisoned the wells and set fire to the houses: their counterfeit sores and deformities were abominable to him. For those who lament, as Charles Lamb did, the decay of beggars, Ambroise's chapters on the malingering of beggars are the most delightful reading. There was the woman whom Jehan Paré found begging at the door of the Huguenot chapel at Vitry, on a Sunday, with a counterfeit ulcer; and so she was whipped and banished. On the same pitch, a year later, was another beggar, with banner and tub and castanets, and the nucleus of a subscription set on the top of the tub; his face was covered with leprosy, made of glue, and was kept of a livid tint by a scarf pulled round his neck half throttling him. He, too, was unmasked by Jehan Paré, and was whipped through the town on three successive Saturdays, with his tub and castanets hung round his neck; the third whipping killed him: "which was no great loss for the country." There was the big

REDUCING A DISLOCATION OF THE ELBOW.

FROM PARÉ'S WORKS.

stout woman who was so misguided as to display her malady to Ambroise himself and to Dr. Flesselles, as they were waiting for dinner at Flesselles' cottage at Champigny; she had suffered a most fatal complication of diseases for forty years, and looked none the worse for it. Flesselles, in his wrath, ran at her, knocked her down, and jumped on her and kicked her till she pretended to be dead; then she got up and ran away. There was another stout woman, thirty or thereabouts, with a live snake inside her; whom a charitable unmarried lady took into her own house, and got Ambroise, Hollier the physician, and Cheval the surgeon, to see her. Hollier gave her a powerful draught, but without result. When they threatened to make it yet more powerful, she went off that evening, packing up with her own clothes some that belonged to the charitable lady; and six days later Ambroise saw her sitting astride a pack-horse at the Porte Montmartre, in very low company and very high spirits.

He who loves good reading, but is not a member of Paré's profession, let him take Malgaigne's edition, and read the chapters on beggars, the treatise on the plague, and the *Journeys in Diverse Places*. But he will lose half the goodness of them if he reads them only as history, only as romance: he must know Paré, he must see him in his writings.

As for his faults, Paré puts them down with the ingenuous readiness of a child writing a diary. He was proud of himself. But was there ever a more engaging type of vanity? Those marginal notes that he wrote in his old age for the complete editions of his works—*Charité de l'Autheur. . . . Addresse de l'Autheur . . . Tesmoinage de la Dexterité de l'Autheur . . . Modestie de l'Autheur*—their simplicity is past comprehension.

The conclusion of the whole matter is the hard saying, which yet he did not include in all the good advice which he gives to "the young surgeon": that character, in the long run, avails more than circumstances. Ambroise Paré's methods are antiquated, his theories were all wrong, his books are the forgotten treasures of a few great libraries. Our methods, our explanations, will also be superseded; our books, many of them, will not even be treasured. He has kept his hold for three centuries on men by force of character, and by that alone.

VIII.

AMBROISE PARÉ'S ACCOUNT OF THE PLAGUE.

"Let us be sure that the evil of the plague would be much less, if we had help and consolation one from another. The *Turk* has these virtues; and we, *Christians* in name, take no count of them: as if we could thus escape out of God's hands. . . . And when it shall please Him to take us from the world, that will be the beginning of our greatest happiness, since this life brings with it an infinity of labour and sorrow, and here we are well nigh buried under things that fade and pass."—From the *Book of the Plague*.

FROM Ambroise Paré's account of the plague I have taken those chapters that give the best picture of him and of his times. The *Book of the Plague* was first published in 1568, as part of a larger treatise: and was included in the first edition of Paré's collected works. This present year 1897 has witnessed M. Haffkine's work in India, and the discovery of the preventive treatment of bubonic plague: it is therefore a good time to read the story of a like disease in the sixteenth century, and to see what Ambroise Paré thought of it.

1. Of the Plague in General.

The plague is a disease coming of the wrath of God, furious, sudden, swift, monstrous, dreadful, contagious, terrible, called by Galen a wild beast, savage, and most cruel; the mortal enemy of the life of men and of diverse sorts of beasts, plants, and trees. The ancients called it *Epidemic*, because the whole air was corrupt, so that many died all at once in this or that part of the world: and they gave the name *Endemic* to a disease which is peculiar and familiar to one country, as the king's evil in Spain, the goitre in Savoy, the leprosy in Guyenne near Bordeaux, that is called *Gabets*, and in Low Brittany *Cacots*, and the lepers are called *Ladres blancs:* and so with other diseases that have the mastery over other countries. The plague is often attended by very cruel, pernicious troubles that daily come of it: such as fever, buboes, carbuncles, purpura, dysentery, delirium, phrenzy, gnawing pains at the stomach, palpitation of the heart, heaviness and weariness of all the limbs, deep sleep, and dulness of all the senses. Some have a burning heat within them, and are cold on the surface, with restlessness, difficulty of breathing, frequent vomiting, dysentery, bleeding from the nose and other parts of the body; their appetite is gone, they are wholly changed, with a hard, dry, black tongue, a

AMBROISE PARÉ, AT 75.

FROM A PRINT BY HORBECK.

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE PRINT-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

horrible pinched look, and their faces pale and leaden, or sometimes red and inflamed, with general tremors, and spitting of blood, and many other troubles; from the sudden corruption of the infected air, and the evil disposition of them that are attacked. But all these troubles do not always come at once, or to all patients; and some have more of them than others: so that one hardly sees two cases of the plague that are alike, for they differ according to the different effects that it produces. Which comes of the variableness of the poison, the ill-health and general condition of the patients, the times and seasons of the year, and the parts of the body that are first attacked: so that the plague is not always of one sort, but of many: thus there are many names for it—*fièvre pestilente*, *caquesangue*, *coqueluche*, *suette*, *trousse-galant*, *bosse*, *charbon*, *pourpre*, and others, that I shall give hereafter.

The essential nature of the poison of the plague is unknown, and past all explanation; so that we may call the plague a fourth kind of disease. For if it were a simple intemperature, it would be hot or cold, or moist or dry, or compounded of these: and then it would be cured by its contraries, by their mere qualities of hot, cold, dry, moist, or by an admixture of them. If it were an incommodation, that is to say a wrong composition of parts, it would be in

undue conformation or figure, or in number, or magnitude, or position. Again, if it were solution of continuity, there would be erosion, contusion, incision, perforation, laceration, puncture, or rupture; all which things would be healed with the remedies given to us by the ancients. But it comes not only of simple corruption, but also of contagion of the infected air, past all words, and past understanding; which impresses the character of its poison on a body already disposed to it.

You will ask how a surgeon can find any real cure for this contagion, since the cause of it cannot be known. The answer must be, that we must follow the course of Nature. For this poison, which goes straight to the heart, is abhorrent to Nature: therefore she sets to work, and endeavours to dislodge and drive to the surface all the infected material that is keeping up the mischief, whence come pestilential fevers, carbuncles, buboes, purpura, and other troubles: by which action of Nature, the nobler parts of the body are much relieved: so that the patient may escape and be safe, if all, or the greater part, can be thus driven outward and kept there. And the physician and the surgeon, who are ministers and coadjutors of Nature, have but to follow Nature's course: as in bringing about sweating and vomiting in the first stage of the disease, and in

the use of such things as strengthen the heart, and all remedies proved good against putrefaction and venenosity. In brief, we must fortify the heart with antidotes, and draw to the surface the products of the disease, and treat the troubles as they come, altering our remedies according to them.

Such is my description of the plague: which is never universal, nor all of one kind: as I have said already.

2. Of the Divine Causes of the Plague.

It is a thing established among true Christians, to whom the Eternal has revealed the secrets of His wisdom, that the plague, and other diseases common among men, come from the hand of God; as the prophet teaches us: *Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?* We should always be careful to think of this, for two reasons. First, that we may see how all our life, health, movement, and being, come directly from the pure goodness of God, who is the Father of light: so that we may be thankful to Him for His gifts. Next, when we know that these afflictions are laid on us by God, we are in the right way to understand His just dealing with our sins, and to humble ourselves like David * under His strong hand, keeping our souls

* Voyez à ce propos le Ps. 39. A. P.

from the sin of rebellion: that being raised from despair we may call on His greatness to deliver us from all evil by His loving kindness. Thus we shall learn to seek in God and in ourselves, in Heaven and on earth, the true knowledge of the causes of the plague which has visited us.

And since divine Philosophy teaches us that God is the beginning and first cause of intermediate causes, without which there can be no action of secondary and subordinate causes, so these are ordered and arranged by His secret will and design, who uses them as instruments of His work according to His unchangeable decree and ordinance.

But we must not simply attribute the cause of the plague to immediate causes, like the Lucianists, Naturalists, and other infidels; remembering that as God by His omnipotence has created all things from the highest to the lowest, so by His wisdom He preserves, restrains, and directs all things as it seems good to Him, and often He even changes their natural course, according to His good pleasure. That is why the Prophet warns us, *Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are dismayed at them.* And let no man be so bold and full of madness as to wish to hold God bound, who is the sovereign cause of all things, to secondary and subordinate causes, or

to His creatures, or to that first disposition that He Himself has given them: which would rob God of this title of Omnipotent, and take from Him the freedom henceforth to change anything and order it otherwise than He has ordered it in the beginning: as though He could be subject and bound by the order that He has established, and unable to make a new disposition of things.* For whatever order or arrangement God may have put in Nature, in the course of the seasons, in the movement of the stars and the planets, yet he is not bound or subject to anything created: for He works and accomplishes His works in perfect freedom, and is in no way subject to follow the order that He has established in Nature. But if He wishes to punish men for their sins, that they may see His justice; or to pour benefits upon them, that they may feel His goodness as a Father—He without difficulty changes this order of things as He thinks fit, and makes it serve His will, according as He sees good and just. For as, at the beginning of the creation of the world, by the commandment of God, the earth brought forth grass, and trees yielding fruit, and the sea brought forth fish, and there was light, before the two great lights, the sun and the moon, were created, to teach us that it is the Omnipotent, who alone has made

* This phrase was added in 1579.

all things: so, after the government of the creatures was committed to the sun and to the planets, whence the earth and all things on it receive food and nourishment, we know how Almighty God has altered their natural course for the good and profit of His Church. Thus we read that the Lord went before the Israelites, by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light. Also the sun and the moon were stayed, and changed their course, at the prayer of Joshua. Also by the prayer of Elijah there was no rain for the space of three years and six months. These examples make it plain that God disposes His creatures according to His good pleasure, both for His glory, and for the salvation of those who call on Him in spirit and in truth.

Now as the Lord employs these lower things to be ministers of His will and witnesses of His grace to those who fear Him, so they serve Him as heralds and executors of His justice, to punish the iniquities and offences of sinners who despise His majesty. In a word, it is the hand of God that by His just judgment hurls from Heaven this plague and contagion, to chastise us for our offences and iniquities, according to the threat contained in Scripture. The Lord speaks thus, *I will bring a sword upon you, that shall avenge the quarrel of my covenant: and*

when ye are gathered together within your cities, I will send the pestilence among you; and ye shall be delivered into the hands of the enemy. Read also what is written in the third chapter of Habakkuk. The Lord of Hosts says, *Behold, I send upon them the sword, the famine, and the pestilence.* Likewise God commanded Moses to cast into the air a certain powder, in the presence of Pharaoh, so that in all the land of Egypt both man and beast should be afflicted with pestilent boils, ulcers, and many other diseases. And David is witness to this, saying that God sent upon Egypt flies which devoured their land, and frogs which destroyed them, and gave their fruit to the caterpillar, and their labour to the grasshopper, and spoiled their vines with hailstones, and their wild fig-trees with the storm: and gave their cattle to the hail, and their flocks to the thunderbolt. Afterward, he says, *He made a way to His anger; He spared not their soul from death, but gave their life over to the pestilence.* Also, in Deuteronomy, Moses threatens those who transgress the law of God with many curses, and among others with pestilence, boils, swellings, and fevers.

And the one example of David shows the accomplishment of these terrible threats: when God, for his sin, destroyed seventy thousand men with the plague, as Scripture is witness. The prophet Gad

was sent to David with this commandment from God, *I offer thee three things; choose thee one of them, and I will do it. Which wilt thou have, that seven years of famine come upon the land, or that for the space of three months thou flee before thine enemies, and they pursue thee, or that for three days the pestilence be on the land?* Then David prays to fall into the hands of God rather than into the hands of men: *for His mercies are great.*

And if any one should say that the people did not deserve to die for the offence of their king, it may be answered that they were yet more wicked than he: for God preserved David for the honour of His holy name.*

We read also that the Lord punished idolatry, and profanation of His service, with the scourge of the pestilence. For He speaks thus, *Because thou hast defiled my holy place in thy infamies and abominations, I will break thee also, neither shall mine eye spare, nor will I have pity on thee: for the third part shall die of pestilence.*

So let us be agreed that the plague, and other dangerous maladies, are evidence of the wrath of God against the sins, idolatries, and superstitions, which reign over the earth: as even a profane author is compelled to confess that there is something divine

* This sentence was added in 1585.

in diseases.* And, when it pleases the Lord of Lords, and Creator of all things, to bring His just judgments to pass, none of His creatures can escape His terrible fury, as David teaches us:

" Les cieux fondirent en sueur :
La terre trembla de la peur
De ta face terrible."

How then will it be with us, miserable men, who pass away like the snow ? How shall we be able to stand before the fire of the wrath of God, we who are as hay and stubble, and our days vanish like smoke ? Let us learn to leave our evil ways for the pure service of God, not imitating those insane patients, who bewail the heat and action of their fever, yet reject the medicine given to cure the cause of their suffering. Let us be sure that our best antidote against the plague is the conversion and amendment of our lives. And just as the apothecaries make theriacum of the flesh of snakes, to heal the bite of a venomous animal, so from the cause of our diseases, from our sins, let us obtain remedy and healing, looking to the Son of God, Jesus Christ our Lord, who not only heals the body of its infirmities and diseases, but cleanses the soul of all sin and filth. And like David let us lament and acknowledge

* Hippocrates, chap. 2, du 1. livre des Prognostiques. A. P.

our sins, praying to the good God with heart and lips, as follows,

" Ne vueille pas, ô Sire,
Me reprendre en ton ire,
Moy qui t'ay irrité," etc.

Such is the first and most important consideration that all Christians should bear in mind, when we would find out the divine causes of the plague, and the precautions that we must take for the cure of it. Furthermore, I warn the surgeon not to neglect the remedies approved by physicians both ancient and modern: for as by the will of God this disease is sent among men, so by His holy will He gives us methods and remedies, to use them as instruments for His glory, seeking help in our troubles even from His creatures, endowed by Him with certain properties and virtues for the alleviation of poor sufferers; and it is His will that we should use these secondary natural causes as instruments of His blessing, or we should be thankless indeed, and blind to his loving kindness. For it is written that the Lord has given to men the knowledge of the art of medicine, to be glorified in His marvellous works. Wherefore we must neglect none of all these other measures, that shall hereafter be described.

Next, we must enquire into the natural causes and reasons of the plague.

3. Of the Human or Natural Causes of the Plague: and how it is Sown among Men by Infection of the Air.

There are two natural general causes of the plague: one is the infection and corruption of the air, the other is the vitiation of the humours of the body, so that they are predisposed to take the plague from the air. Which is proved by Galen: who says that the humours of the body can become corrupt and acquire venenosity.

The air becomes corrupt, when there is something excessive in the seasons of the year, so that they lose their natural constitution: which happens when the year, almost all of it, has been wet with much rain and heavy mists. The winter, for the most part, has not been cold; the spring, also, has not been so cool and temperate as usual; and in the autumn are seen in the skies bright flames, shooting stars, and comets of diverse shapes, which come of dry exhalations. The summer is hot, and the wind blows only from the South, and so gently that men have hardly felt it, have only noted from time to time that the clouds were driven from South to North. These constitutions of the seasons are described by Hippocrates in the first book of the *Epidemics*, and in the third book of the *Aphorisms:* and they make

the air altogether pestilent. Then the intemperature of the air predisposes the serous humours of the body to corruption, and the unnatural heat of the air burns and inflames them. But all unnatural constitutions of the seasons do not always engender the plague, but rather other epidemic diseases.

Sometimes a single inhalation of the infected air from a case of plague infects every member of the body.*

Again, the air becomes corrupt when certain vapours—as I have already said—are mixed with it: as by a great multitude of dead bodies kept too long above ground, men, horses, and other animals, making a tainted and putrid vapour which infects the air: which often happens after a battle, or after shipwreck, when the waves have brought many bodies ashore: or when the sea has cast up heaps of fish and other creatures that were swept down to it by floods, killing them, for they cannot live in salt water. Sometimes the sea leaves great quantities of fish high and dry, when the gulfs or chasms made under it by earthquakes become filled with water, or when the waves throw on the beach great fish that have come up out of the deep: and not long ago a whale went rotten on the coast of Tuscany, and brought the plague over the whole country.

* This sentence was added in 1585.

Fish also (but this seldom happens, as Aristotle says in the eighth chapter of the *History of Animals*)* may be infected by foul exhalations arising under the water and passing through it, so that they feel the contagion of the air round them when they come to the surface. For these reasons, when the plague is in a country, many fish are found dead, mostly in ponds, lakes, and sluggish streams, what we call sleeping waters. Which does not happen in the sea: for its violent movement, and the salt in it, keep it from corruption: so that the fish are not infected like those in sleeping waters.

Again, the air becomes infected by foul vapours from lakes, muddy and marshy pools, and stagnant water in houses where there are pipes and drains underground, and the water does not flow off, and in summer, from the excessive heat of the sun, it becomes corrupt, and exhalations arise from it. Thus we read that at Padua there was a well which had long been kept covered: and when they opened it, which was in summer, such putrid exhalations came out, that the air of the neighbourhood was corrupted through and through: whence arose a marvellous plague, and lasted a very long time, and great numbers died of it.

Again, the air is corrupted by the fumes and ex-

* This sentence in parentheses was added in 1579.

halations that come of corrupt infected vapours shut up in the bowels of the earth, long confined and smothered in its deep dark places, and then set free by an earthquake. For in time of earthquake, the waters have a sulphurous or metallic taste, and are hot and troubled by exhalations from the disturbed and shaken earth. Diverse voices are heard, like the groans of men dying in battle, and diverse cries of animals: and we see come out of the earth many animals, as toads, adders, asps, vipers, and other vermin.* And when these exhalations are let loose, they infect not only men and other animals, but also plants, and all sorts of fruit and grain, and everything that nourishes us:† and as the troubled and putrefied waters kill the fish that are in them, so the malignant and pestiferous air is fatal to men, altering the spirits, corrupting the humours, and at the last killing them, and even beasts and plants, as I have said.

And there are those cases of men digging wells, who have met a vapour so putrid and infected that they have soon died. Only a short time ago, in the Faulxbourgs Sainct Honoré here in Paris, five healthy young men died of cleaning out a cesspool

*These sentences, from "For in time of" to "other vermin," were added in 1579.

† La peste des plantes est appellée sideration. A. P.

where the ordure from some pigstyes had long been stagnant without exhalation: and men had to fill the hole with earth, so as to make a quick end of it and prevent worse disasters.

A like thing was noted of old time by the philosopher Empedocles, who found an opening in the earth, among the mountains, whence came foul vapours which caused the plague; and he had it blocked up, and so he drove the plague out of Sicily.

And we know this is true, from the infection that came of dead bodies at Château de Pene, on the river Lot: where in September, 1562, during the first troubles that arose out of the Religion, many dead bodies were thrown into a well about a hundred fathoms deep, whence two months later issued a putrid cadaveric vapour which spread over the whole Agenois country and the places around for ten leagues, and many were attacked by the plague. Nor is this strange, seeing that the wind drives the exhalations and putrid fumes from one country into another, and in this way too we see the plague arise, as I have said already in the first Apologia.*

Against all this it might be said that if the plague be due to putrefaction of the air, then wherever carrion is lying, and in all pools, marshes, or other

* This last sentence was added in 1579. The reference is to the edition of 1572.

putrid places, the plague must always be there, because the air is disposed to putrefaction: and every sort of putrefaction, once inhaled, must beget the plague: which is against experience, as we see in those who inhabit and frequent putrid places, as fish-markets, slaughter-houses, cemeteries, hospitals, sewers, and tan-yards; and in those who handle and cart manure in a putrid state, and so forth. Answer must be made that the putrefaction of plague is wholly different from all other putrefactions; for it is of a hidden malignancy, past all words, which we cannot explain any more than the lodestone attracting iron, or than drugs withdrawing certain humours from us and purging us of them. So the occult malignancy of this putrefaction of plague does not belong to things that are simply corrupt: yet these things, when the plague is about, are easily turned to a like malignancy with it: so that all boils, and putrid fevers, and other diseases that come of putrefaction, are apt in time of plague to acquire this especial and most mysterious malignancy.

Therefore, when the times are thus constituted, we must avoid all infected places, and all association with them that are stricken, lest we be infected by the vapour and exhalation of the corrupt air. But all who inhale the air of the plague do not of necessity take the disease: for you cannot catch it unless

you are prepared and disposed to it; as every day's experience proves. And Galen notes the same thing, in his book *On the Differences of Fevers*, saying that no cause can produce its effect except the body be apt and prepared for it, or all would be infected from the same cause. Nevertheless, he who constantly frequents places and persons infected with the poison may acquire this disposition, and may become susceptible to the plague: for green wood is not disposed to burn, yet, after being long in the fire, it burns. So I advise men to take all care of themselves, and to avoid places and persons stricken with the plague: for the poison got by smelling these evil vapours is wonderfully swift, and has no need of any humour to help it to enter the body and act as I have already said. For these vapours being subtle are easily drawn with the air into the lungs, thence into the heart the seat of life, then they pass along the arteries, and so are diffused over the whole body, disordering first the spirits, then the humours, and at last the very substance of the solid parts.*

* In the edition of 1568, the word "solides" was left out: this omission was noted as an "erratum" by Paré, in the following note:

Au Lecteur.

"Amy Lecteur, à la page 16. ligne 9., après ce mot, parties, faut adjouster ce mot, solides. S'il se trouve d'autres fautes, elles sont ou de petite consequence, ou aisées à un chacun de corriger."

When I speak of plague in the air, I would not be understood to mean simple elemental air, which being simple never becomes corrupt, but by addition and admixture of corrupt vapours diffused through it. Now the air immediately round us is necessary to each moment of our lives, and we cannot live without it: for it brings about innumerable changes in us, by the lungs drawing it into the chest, and by its transpiration through the pores and invisible outlets all over the body, and through the arteries of the skin: whereby the spirit of life is generated, and the natural heat of the body is kept up. Therefore, if the air be immoderately hot, cold, moist, or dry, it changes and subdues the temperature of the body into likeness with itself. And of all the constitutions of the air, that is most dangerous which is hot and moist, for these qualities cause putrefaction: as experience proves in those places where the sea-wind from the East exercises its tyranny, where fresh meat goes bad and tainted in less than half an hour. Also we see how heavy rains beget an abundance of vapours, and these, when the sun cannot break them up and melt them, change and corrupt the air, and dispose it for the plague. But here we must note that the corruption of the dead bodies of men is more pernicious to men than that of other animals: so is that of cattle to cattle, of horses to horses, of swine

to swine, and so with sheep and other animals: which comes of the sympathy and concordance between them; as we see in one family, or among persons alike in their temperaments, if one catches the plague, it generally spreads to all of them. All the same, there are cases of men having flayed cattle and other beasts dead of the plague, who died suddenly, and their bodies became all swollen.

Thunder and lightning, by their great noise and commotion, so violently disturb the air, that they make the plague worse.*

And to come to an end of the manifold effects of the air, I must add that as it is diverse and variable in its action so it produces a variety of affections and acts in several ways, even on the spirits, making them gross and dull, or subtle and acute. In a word, the air has dominion over all men and other animals, and over plants, trees, and shrubs.

4. Of the Duties of Magistrates and Public Officers, who Keep Order in Towns.

The magistrates must keep clean all houses and streets, and let no filth or ordure lie in them, and carry all dead animals and other rubbish far out of the town, and bury them deep: they must keep all

* This sentence was added in 1585.

rivers, wells, and cisterns free from impurities, and must expressly forbid the sale of spoiled grain, tainted meat in the markets, and stale, unwholesome fish. They must close the public hot baths, because on leaving them the muscles and the general tone of the body are relaxed, and the pores are open, and so the vapour of the plague can readily enter the body and cause death at once; there are many cases of this kind. They must catch and kill the dogs and cats, lest they carry the plague from one house to another: for these animals may devour the remains or the excretions of persons attacked by the plague, and so take the plague and carry it elsewhere; but the animals seldom suffer from it, because their temperament is not disposed that way.

The magistrates must have all sick folk attended by physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, good men, of experience: and must know them that are attacked, and must isolate them, sending them to places set apart for their treatment, or must shut them up in their own houses (but this I do not approve, and would rather they should forbid those that are healthy to hold any converse with them) and must send men to dress and feed them, at the expense of the patients, if they have the means, but if they are poor, then at the expense of the parish.

Also they must forbid the citizens to put up for sale the furniture of those who have died of the plague.

They must close the gates of such towns as are not yet attacked, lest the plague be brought by travellers from some infected place: for as one diseased sheep may contaminate a whole flock, so one man with the plague may infect a whole town.

And they must hang a cloth, or some such token, from the windows of houses where any are dead of the plague. And the surgeons, and all who have to do with the patients, must carry white staves in their hands when they go through the town, that men may keep away from them.

Also the magistrates must bury all bodies at once: for in one hour they become more corrupt and putrid than those become in three days who die of something other than the plague: and putrid vapours arise from them in a very fetid exhalation, worse, past all comparison, than in life, because the natural heat is gone which restrained and tempered the corruption: indeed, bodies dead of the plague are not devoured by any animal, even the crows do not touch them, and if they ate them they would die at once.

And since fire, of all things that can purify the air, is most necessary and unlike anything else, we must here imitate Hippocrates, who, as the ancients

have told us, stopped a marvellous great plague in the city of Athens by making them burn huge fires at night in the houses and streets of the city, and all round it, throwing on the flames strong-smelling things, as juniper, pine, broom and the like, which produced a quantity of aromatic smoke, and so the plague ceased: then the citizens raised a gold statue to him in the middle of the square, and adored him as a God, and saviour of the country: which had never before been done for any man.

And Levinus Levinius, in the second book *De Occultis Naturæ Miraculis*, chapter 10, says that when the plague was at Tournay the soldiers, to prevent it, used to load their cannon with powder without ball, and fire them every night and at day-break: and by this explosion and strong-smelling smoke the contagion of the air was amended and removed, and the town was made free of plague.

Finally, to perform their whole duty to the state, the Magistrates will do all else that shall be for the safety of the city.

There is one thing more: they must keep an eye on certain thieves, murderers, and poisoners, worse than inhuman, who grease and daub the walls and doors of rich houses with matter discharged from the swellings and carbuncles, and other excretions of them that have the plague, so as to infect the

houses, and then break into them and sack and strip them, and even strangle the poor sufferers in their beds: which was done at Lyon in the year 1565. Oh my God, what exemplary punishments these gentlemen deserve: whom I leave to the discretion of the magistrates, and the arm of the law.

5. How to Proceed to the Election of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, to Attend them that Have the Plague.

As for the physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, the magistrates must choose good men, of experience, to help the poor folk. Let them not by sound of trumpet make a proclamation—buying bad wares in a cheap market—that any companion barbers and apothecaries, who are willing to dress them that have the plague, shall in return receive the Mastership. Oh my God, what fine Masters! Instead of curing their patients, they more often flout Heaven and earth with their inexperience, for they have never seen or known a case of the disease: hence they will be a hundred times more formidable than the brigands and murderers who infest our woods and highways, whom you can avoid, and take some other road: but a poor wretch with the plague must go and look for his surgeon, and must hold his

own throat to the murderer's knife, hoping for help from the very man who takes his life.

Again, if the Magistrates compel and force experienced physicians and surgeons to serve them, by false promises or by violence, threatening that if they do not serve they shall be driven out of the town for ever, I leave you to decide, Gentlemen, how the poor patients can be treated properly, if those who are set to attend them are thus employed by force and violence: then, when the occasion for their services is past, they are cheated of their wages, and there the poor physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, and barbers, are left, white staves and all, with this mark branded on them, that they were employed to dress patients with the plague: and every one avoids them as if they were the plague itself, and they are called no more to the exercise of their art: then their colleagues, seeing them afterward thus begging their bread, and fearing they themselves will fall, sooner or later, into the like disaster of poverty, which they dread a hundred thousand times more than the plague, will not go near a case of it: for it is indeed a great plague to a man, not to have money for the needs of this poor life.

So I implore the Magistrates, with all respect, to choose, as I have said, men of good position and ex-

perience to help them that have the plague: and to give them an honest pension, not only during the time of need, but for their whole life. Then they will not want any trumpets and proclamations; for the men will come forward of their own accord to serve the magistrates and their fellow-citizens.

6. Of the Duties of those who shall be Chosen to Attend Patients with the Plague.

Above all things, they must remember that they are called of God to this vocation for the exercise of surgery: therefore they should go to it with a high courage free of all fear, having firm faith that God both gives and takes away our lives as and when it pleases Him: but, as I have said before, they must not neglect and despise preservative remedies, or we should be plainly guilty of ingratitude, since God has given them to us, having done all things for our good.

Therefore those surgeons, who shall be called to attend patients with the plague, must first get purged and bled, if they have need of it, to make their bodies wholesome and proof against the poison of the plague. Next, the surgeon must have two issues made—unless he has already some running

sore—one on the right arm a little below the deltoid, the other three fingers' breadth below the left knee, on the outer side: for truly we know from experience that they who have such open sores have not been subject to the plague, and have taken no harm, though they were every day among cases of it.

Also they must wash the whole of their bodies very frequently with this water, which has great aromatic virtue, and is full of vaporous and subtle spirits, and wholly opposed to the poison:

A Preservative Water.

℞. Aquæ rosarum, aceti rosati aut sambucini, vini albi aut malvatici . ana ℥ vi.
Rad. enulæ campanæ, angelicæ, gentianæ, bistortæ, zedoariæ . . ana ℥ iii.
Baccarum juniperi et hederæ . . ana ℥ ii.
Salviæ, rorismarini, absinthii, rutæ . ana ℥ i.
Corticis citri . . . . . ℥ ss.
Theriacæ, mithridatii . . . ana ℥ i.
Conquassanda conquassentur, et bulliant lento igni, et serventur ad usum.

They must wash the whole body with a sponge in this water, making it just warm. And it is a good thing to wash the mouth with it, and draw a little of it up the nose, and put a few drops into the ears.

Also they should carry and wear over the region

of the heart a sachet or epitheme, like those that I have already described: for Jean Baptiste Theodose, in the second of his *Medical Letters* written to Athanase, a Florentine physician, says it is useful to wear arsenic or some other poison over the heart, to accustom the heart to the poison of the plague and to fortify it, since all poisons alike seek the heart. But as to this you will note what I have said already.

Their clothes shall be of camlet, Arras serge, satin, taffeta, or the like. If they cannot afford these, they must have morocco, or German twill, or some other fine black stuff: not cloth, or frieze, or fur, lest it harbour the poison, and they carry death to them that are healthy. They must frequently change their clothes, shirts, and vests, if they have sufficient store of them, and must perfume them with the smoke of aromatic herbs: and when they come to their patients, they must be careful not to inhale their breath, or the smell of their excretions, also not to use their clothes or bed-clothes, and not to eat and drink with them, or partake of anything that they have tasted.

Moreover, they must breakfast early in the morning: and if they hate breakfast, as some men do, they may instead of it take this or that preservative drug which I have already mentioned: and

when they come near the patient, they must keep in their mouths a clove, or a morsel of canella or angelica-root, or a juniper berry, or some such preventive to occupy and fill the void interstitial spaces, and so the vapour of the plague will find no lodgment in them.

I will tell here, as an example of the danger of frequent contact with infected persons, what once happened to me, going to dress a man with the plague, who had a bubo and two great carbuncles: when I got there, I raised the sheet and the coverlet off him, and was overcome by the extreme fœtor from his body and from his sores, and fell down at once like a dead man, suddenly, as do those who faint, from want of action of the heart: but I had no pain, and no trouble at the heart, which shows plainly that the animal faculty alone was injured: then I got up at once, and it felt as if the house were turning upside down, and I had to hold on to one of the posts of the patient's bed, or I should have fallen again. And having soon recovered animation, I sneezed ten or twelve times, with such violence that my nose bled: and this, in my humble opinion, was why the vapour of the plague made no impression on me. For I leave the reader to philosophize whether death would not have followed, but for the efficacy of the expulsive virtue of my brain in sneezing: seeing

that all my senses, and even the animal faculty, suddenly failed me: which are the instruments of the soul.

So I advise both physicians and surgeons, especially those who have much to do with the victims of this pernicious disease, to be careful not to inhale the breath of their patients or the vapours of their excretions, whether gross or liquid or in vapour; and to take breakfast every morning, or some antidote, before they go to see them, that they may have the more protection against the poison. Finally, let them study what things are known to be profitable, what hurtful, in this disease of the plague, that they may follow these, or avoid those, according to their needs: but remembering that their preservation lies more in the providence of God than in the wisdom of the physican or the surgeon.

7. A Discourse on the Troubles Brought upon Men by the Plague.

Touching the causes of the plague, I have already urged that as it is one of the scourges of the wrath of God, so we can only fall into this utmost extremity of evil when the enormity of our sins has provoked His goodness to take away His favourable hand from us, and to inflict on us this grievous wound.

Therefore it will be enough, for the end of my book, if I recount the troubles, or rather the terrible calamities, which come upon human society from this perilous disease: that by the methods divinely ordained for our protection against it we may from the very greatness of the evil be the more eager to seek and use such remedies as may save us.

Consider then: so soon as a country is attacked by the plague, all commerce and traffic, which men must have to help one another, are interrupted and abandoned: for none will dare bring anything to an infected place, for fear of death. So victuals are soon very dear, and at last fail altogether, especially in great cities where multitudes live from hand to mouth without provision for to-morrow: for those who go to buy food at this or that place are not allowed inside the town or village, and often those within the walls drive them away with diverse weapons, arquebuses, cross-bows, and stones: sometimes they are even killed or massacred brutally, instead of the help that men ought to give them in their distress. So others will not go after them, and they who would save their own town from want and famine must starve along with the rest. Often children bury their fathers and mothers, parents their children, husbands their wives, and wives their husbands (which tears their hearts out) because no

one else will do it. Often bodies are left unburied, and emit putrid vapours which make the plague worse.* Again, the wealthier folk, even the magistrates, and others who have the management of public affairs, are mostly among the first to depart and go elsewhere, so that justice is no longer administered, for there is no man from whom to seek it: and then everything is in disorder, which is one of the greatest evils that could happen to a state, to be without justice: and villains bring yet another plague on the town, breaking into the houses, robbing and stripping them to their hearts' content without punishment, and often cutting the throats of the patients, or even of them that are not ill, lest discovery and arrest overtake them.

If any man wants recent instances, he can get them from the inhabitants of Lyon, when the King went there.† A like thing happened here in Paris: there was a gang of men who all had a grudge against one poor fellow: they got some villains to help them, and spread a report that he had the plague, though he was perfectly well: and on the day when he must be in the streets about his business—some affair that required him to be there—they had him seized and carried off to the hospital,

* These two sentences were added in 1585.

† 1565. A. P.

with the help of these blackguards, he making the best fight that he could, one against all of them: and when he would call on the people to pity and help him, these murderous thieves prevented him, and drowned his voice by shouting louder than he could, or gave folk to understand that the disease had made him mad and possessed by a devil: then everybody ran away, and they managed to drag him to the hospital, and had him bound and put to bed with them that had the plague. And in a few days he died, as much from anguish of mind as from infection, knowing that his death, while he yet lived, had been bought and sold for good ready money.

Nor need I here describe what we all know only too well: how the deserted towns become like fields, and you see grass growing in the streets, husbandmen leaving their cottages and fruit-trees, land untilled, flocks lost and scattered far and wide, and men, who chance to meet, running away from each other; a sure sign of the heavy hand of God. I will only add that the misery of a man in time of plague is so extreme, that at once, when he is but suspected of it, his home, which was his chief safety and freedom, is his cruel prison: for they shut him up in it, that he cannot get forth, and none are allowed to enter and help him. And if one dies in a family

thus kept under lock and key, the rest of them, it may be for a long time, have to face the fearful sight of the body full of worms and corruption, and the fœtid stench of it, which increases the poison and infection of the air, till the plague is twice as bad as it was, and often kills everybody in the house. Or if a man flees into the country, the same fear and horror are there, in every one who sees him, all the more because he is less known and cared for there. The country towns, villages, and hamlets are all shut up close, even their own houses are shut against the masters of them, so that they must camp out in the fields as best they can, away from all human intercourse and acquaintance: which happened at Lyon, on the Rhone, where those patients who camped out in the open country were overpowered by the heat of the day, and at night the cold gnawed upon them, and brought with it other fatal diseases. And what is worse, in these field-huts there was that sight of the father and the mother grievously ill, not able to help their child, and they saw it smothered and bitten by wasps, and the mother to save it got up and then fell dead between her child and her husband. Again, he who has vassals, serfs, or servants, is deserted by them: they turn their backs, and none dare go to him: even the father abandons his child, and the child his father:

the husband his wife, and the wife her husband: the brother his sister, and the sister her brother: and those whom you think your nearest and truest friends abandon you now in the horror and peril of this disease. And if any man, out of pity and Christian charity, or from kinship, will help and visit the sick man, nor parent nor friend will afterward talk with him or come near him. And Lyon is witness that this is true: for if the physicians, surgeons, and barbers, appointed to dress the patients, were but seen in the streets, everybody ran after them throwing stones to kill them like mad dogs, bidding them go by night only, lest they should infect them that were healthy.

How many poor women, great with child, have been deserted and left to travail all alone, on mere suspicion, though they had no trace of the plague about them—for every sort of illness, in time of plague, is feared—and so the mother and the child have died together. I found on the breasts of a woman, dead of the plague, her baby still sucking the deadly poison that was soon to kill it like its mother. And if a nurse dies, though it were not of the plague, no other nurse will be found for the child, for they all think it may have been the plague: such fear and panic come of it, that a man is no sooner stricken than all help is gone and he

must just await a painful death. Out of an infinite number of such cases as we often see, take that story * of the woman whose husband and two of her children died, and she found she too had the plague, and began to put herself into her shroud, and was found half shrouded, and the needle and thread still in her hands. In another case, a strong hearty man was seized, and went to the graveyard, and had his grave dug in his own presence, and before it was done he died on the edge of it.

Others, when the plague fell on them, were so afraid to die that they applied red-hot irons to the swelling, burning their own flesh, if by any means they might escape: others, in hope of cure, tore it out with pincers. Some in the heat and phrenzy of the disease have thrown themselves into the fire, others into wells, others into rivers: men have hurled themselves out of windows, or have dashed their heads against the wall till their brains came out, as I have seen: others have put an end to themselves with a dagger or a knife.

The Latin poet Lucretius noted that the plague once raged so furiously in Athens that many, overpowered by the vehemence of it, threw themselves into the water. And they say that the plague, about fourscore years ago, was so fierce all round

* Au livre des Histoires prodigieuses. A. P.

Lyon that many (women more than men), though they had no visible mark of the disease on them, threw themselves into the wells, overwhelmed by the phrenzy of it.*

Thus I have heard that a priest of Sainct Eustache here in Paris, a short time ago, lying ill of the plague at the Hostel Dieu, went mad and got out of bed, took a dagger, and stabbed a number of poor patients in their beds, and killed three of them: and if the surgeon of the hospital had not seen and held him—who in the struggle got stabbed in the bowels and nearly died of it—he would have killed all whom he found: but as soon as he was controlled, and the phrenzy was spent, he yielded up the ghost.

Another horrible case happened at Lyon, Rue Mercière, where a surgeon named Amy Baston being dead of the plague his wife was taken with it six days later, and went from apathy to phrenzy, and appeared at the window brandishing a little child in her arms: the neighbours all shouted to her that she should do the child no harm, but she gave no heed to them, and then and there threw him into the street, and herself after him: so mother and child died together.

There is an infinite number of like instances,

* This paragraph was added in 1579.

enough for me to be telling them for ever: and the root of the whole evil is that none dare hold converse with the patients or draw near to help them. There is no disease like it for this: not even leprosy, for men will help lepers: but the plague cuts a man off from parents, from friends, even from his own home, as I have said: which is the less strange, seeing that human charity to-day has waxed so cold that men who are free to do as they like, with gold and silver to buy all they fancy, yet in time of plague can get no help from anywhere.

Nor can I stop here without quoting good old Guidon,* how in the year 1348 came a time of death, when the plague's victims died in three days, or five at most: so contagious that one caught it from another not only by conversing with him but from just setting eyes on him: men died without attendants, and were buried without priests, and each day so many that there were not enough to bury them, and they had to make great pits in the graveyards, and throw them in pell-mell, some dead, some still in agony: the father deserted his child, the child his father, the wife her husband, the husband his wife, as I have said before: all charity was dead, all hope gone. This cursed pestilence was almost universal, and spared scarce one in four. It

* This extract from Guy de Chauliac was added in 1575.

brought great disgrace and small profit to the physicians and surgeons, for they dared not visit the sick for fear of infection: and if they had, yet all their remedies profited nothing: for this plague never struck without killing. In some parts of the country, men thought the Jews had poisoned everything, and ran them down and made an end of them: others said the Beggars had done it, and drove them out of the land: others suspected the Seigneurs, who therefore dared not be seen in the streets. And at last the gates of the towns were guarded, and no man was admitted save those who were well known. And if any one kept powders or ointments about him, they took these to be poisons, and made him swallow them. This plague lasted for seven months without interruption. There you have old Guidon's account of it: surely a most wonderful story of the wrath of God.

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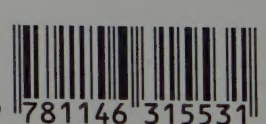

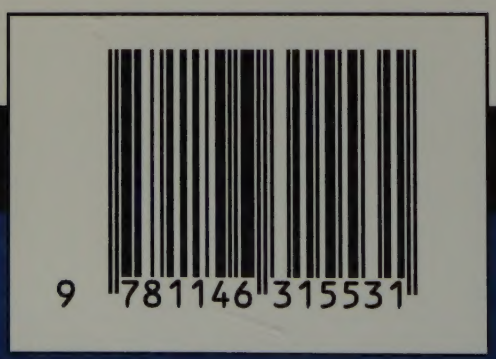
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